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LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Mrs. SHELLEY.* 3 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Shelley at Oxford—Papers in the New Monthly Magazine, Vols. 36 and 37.*
3. *The Life of P. B. Shelley.* By THOMAS MEDWIN. 2 vols. London, 1847.
4. *Gallery of Literary Portraits.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh, 1845.
5. *An Address to the Irish People.* By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dublin, 1812.

THE poems of Shelley have been gradually assuming a high place in our literature. The incidents of his life, unimportant except as they illustrate his writings, have been told gracefully and well by Mrs. Shelley in the notes to her exceedingly beautiful edition of his poetical works. His own letters to Mr. Peacock and others have been published, and everywhere exhibit the habits of thinking of a man singularly truthful, generous, and good. These letters and Mrs. Shelley's notes form a perfect memoir of his life from his twenty-second year. His life at Oxford has been well described by his friend Mr. Hogg, in a series of papers printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, some five-and-twenty years ago, and Captain Medwin had contributed some account of his earlier life to the *Athenæum*, which has, we believe, been reprinted in a separate volume. From these means of information, what is now called the "*Life of Shelley*" is compiled by the last mentioned writer. The book is hastily and carelessly put together, and adds nothing to what is already known.

The name of Shelley is an ancient one
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in the County of Sussex, and the family of the poet is traced to the time of Richard II. In 1611, Sir John Shelley of Maresfield was created a baronet—and the family of Castle-Goring, now represented by the son of the poet, is descended from a younger son of Sir John Maresfield. Bysshe Shelley, the grandfather of the poet, was born at Newark in North America, in 1731. He began life as a quack doctor, and seems to have early turned his attention to making his way in the world by matrimonial speculations. The widow of a miller is said to have been his first wife. However this be—for Captain Medwin, who mentions the fact, does not vouch for its truth—we find him in England soon after, running away with an heiress, through whom the branch of his descendants with whom we are chiefly concerned are possessed of the estate of Horsham. In some short time Sir Bysshe finds himself an active widower, and lays siege to the heart of Miss Sidney Perry—the heiress of Penshurst, the estate of Sir Philip Sidney. The present Lord De Lisle and Dudley represents this branch of Sir Bysshe's descendants. Through

some mistake the poet Shelley is repeatedly represented—even by such writers as Mr. Howitt,* as a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney. The sole connexion between them—if it can be called such—was that which we have stated. It, however, gratified the imagination of the poet.

Bysshe Shelley was raised to the baronetage in 1806. He died in 1815. Medwin tells us,

“I remember Sir Bysshe in a very advanced age, a remarkably handsome man, fully six feet in height, and with a noble and aristocratic bearing, *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*. His manner of life was most eccentric, for he used to frequent daily the tap-room of one of the low inns in Horsham, and there drank with some of the lowest citizens, a habit he had probably acquired in the New World. Though he had built a castle (Goring-Castle) that cost him upwards of £80,000, he passed the last twenty or thirty years of his existence in a small cottage looking on the River Arun, at Horsham, in which all was mean and beggarly—the existence indeed of a miser—enriching his legatees at the expense of one of his sons, by buying up his postobits.”—MEDWIN’S *Life of Shelley*, vol. i., p. 8.

Medwin was related to one of Sir Bysshe’s wives, and his account of a family whom he must have known perfectly well is far from favourable to any of them. He describes Timothy Shelley, the poet’s father, as watching with impatience for his father’s death, and he speaks of two of Sir Bysshe’s daughters as marrying without his consent; of which he availed himself—for so we understand the statement—to avoid giving them any fortune whatever.

“He died at last, and in his room were found bank-notes to the amount of £10,000, some in the leaves of the few books he possessed, others in the folds of his sofa, or sewed into the lining of his dressing gown.”—MEDWIN, p. 9.

Shelley’s father is described as a man whose early education had been much neglected. He had, however, taken a degree at Oxford—made the grand tour, and sat in Parliament for a family borough. Medwin’s recollections of him are unfavourable. He tells us that he was a man who “reduced all politeness to forms, and moral virtue to expediency.” In short he was a man very like other men of whom there is little to be said that can furnish a page to the biographer. The one feeling which seems to have absorbed all others in the

minds of the family was ancestral pride. The one great and irreparable offence which Shelley could commit against the family was to unite himself in marriage unsuitably. In remote parts of the country, among the less educated part of the higher gentry, this feeling often strengthens itself into something little short of insanity, and the fortunate adventures of Sir Bysshe Shelley, and the mésalliances of his daughters, were not unlikely to render the Shelleys most incurably mad.

The poet was born the 4th of August, 1792, and brought up at Field-Place (his father’s residence) till his tenth year with his sisters, and taught the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was then sent to Sion House, Brentford, where Medwin had been already placed.

The school was a cheap bad school, penuriously managed, and the boys for the most part the sons of London shop-keepers. The lady who was supposed to manage the household details was too fine for her business; but—as a part of her stock in trade—had a pedigree at least as good as Shelley’s. She was a cousin to the Duke of Argyle. We rather like the poor woman the better for this, we own, and though the instincts of self-defence, and the sense of what was due to her family, made her perhaps treat the Sussex Squirearchy less deferentially than they expected, her sister, who must have been as nearly related to the Duke as herself, was “an economist of the first order.”

After all, if boys of whatever rank are sent to schools selected for their cheapness, they ought not to remember and resent, as if it were the fault of their masters or mistresses, the stinginess of their parents. The usual stories of the sufferings of boys, whose health is in any way infirm or whose spirits are too weak for the kind of ordeal to which their fellow students subject them, are tediously told by “the wearisome Captain.” The incompetence of the master is proved by his punishing Shelley for some faults in an exercise written for him by Medwin, who had cribbed the bad Latin, it seems, from Ovid. This incident, and the fact that Shelley disliked learning to dance, are the Captain’s sole records of Brentford school. It was scarce worth making a book for this—and yet in one point of view Medwin’s testimony is not without some value. Shelley’s detestation of school and the tyranny of the elder boys, has been in general understood as exclusively to be re-

* “Visits to Remarkable Places,” vol.; and also “Homes and Haunts of the Poets.”

ferred to Eton, and the effect of his sojourn there. It probably arose from his detestation of this miserable place—which seems to have been, in every possible point of view, ill-chosen.

Shelley learned little at school—at least of school learning—

“—Nothing, that my tyrants knew or taught,
Cared I to learn.”

Still his mind was not inactive—

“Eager he reads whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells.”

“He was very fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays. These were mostly blue books;—who does not know what blue books mean?”—MEDWIN.

We did not. The English *lawyer's blue books* are the *numbers* of the Law and Equity Reports with which every term oppresses him, and which are becoming each day a more serious grievance. The *statesman's blue books* are those desperate piles of lumber in which are contained the wisdom of Parliamentary committees and royal commissioners, and of every person who wishes to enlighten the nation on the thousand topics which are for ever investigated, and still remain as obscure as before. But the Brentford schoolboy's blue books are not the blue books of the statesman or the lawyer,—

“Who does not,” says our comic Plutarch, “know what blue books mean? But if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what those dear dusky volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boys' minds. Among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I remember with a *recouché* delight. It was ‘Peter Wilkins.’ How much Shelley wished for a winged wife, and winged little cherubs of children!”—MEDWIN, vol. i., p. 29.

To these treasures were added the stores of the Brentford circulating library. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and novels of the Rosa-Matilda school, among which Medwin mentions the name of one in which the devil was the hero—“Zofloya the Moor”—were Shelley's great delight. Shelley believed in ghosts, and was known, once at least, to have walked in his sleep. He was

habitually given to waking dreams, from which he was with great difficulty roused. When he did awake, “his eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his voice was tremulous with emotion; a sort of ecstasy came over him, and he talked more like a spirit or an angel than a human being.”—MEDWIN, vol. i., p. 34.

From Brentford school Shelley went to Eton, where he passed two years. Of this period of his life there seems to be no authentic record. His schoolfellows, with the exception of his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, appear to have preserved no recollections of him, and we are told that in after life he never mentioned them: that he had even forgotten their names. At Eton he appears to have acquired a taste for boating, which was one of his greatest enjoyments through life.

His school education ended in 1809, and in the winter of that year Medwin and he were a good deal together at the house of Shelley's father. They wrote novels and poems, from which Medwin gives large extracts; among others, a poem called the “Wandering Jew,”* which they sent to Campbell. He good-naturedly read it, and, with pardonable dishonesty, told them there were two good lines in it,—

“It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony.”

These were the two lines which Campbell praised. If we sought to reverse his decision, and say, “Bad are the best,” it is probable that the Captain might come down on us as he did on the Brentford schoolmaster, and prove that he had stolen them from Scott.

“Shelley's favourite poet in 1809,” says Medwin, “was Southey. He had read *Thalaba* till he almost knew it by heart, and had drenched himself with its metrical beauty.

“I have often heard him quote that exquisite passage, where the Enchantress winds round the finger of her victim a single hair, till the spell becomes inextricable—the charm cannot be broken.

* The “Wandering Jew” seems to have fastened on Shelley's imagination. When he went to Oxford, the first question he asked the librarian at the Bodleian was, “Had he the *Wandering Jew*?” and in his drama of *Hellas*, written nearly at the close of his life, we have “*Ahasuerus*” introduced—

“Oh, that Heaven,
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice
Which but one living man has drain'd, who now,
Vessel of deathless wrath, wanders for ever,
Lone as incarnate Death!”

But he still more doted on Kehamah, the Curse of which I remember Shelley often declaiming,—

“ ‘And water shall see thee!
And fear thee, and fly thee!
The waves shall not touch thee,
As they pass by thee!’

And this curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever.’

“I transcribe the passage from memory, for I have never read since that romance he used to look upon as perfect; and was haunted by the witch Loranite, raving enthusiastically about the lines beginning—

“ ‘Is there a child whose little winning ways
Would lure all hearts on whom its parents
gaze
Till they shed tears of tenderest delight,
Oh, hide her from the eyes of Loranite.’

“Wordsworth’s writings were at that time by no means to his taste.”—MEDWIN, vol. 60–62, *verbatim et literatim*.

But why transcribe more of this strange medley? The passage of Thalaba which Shelley so often repeated must have been listened to by the most vacant of all minds, for there is not one word in it of “winding round the finger of her victim a single hair,”—

“He found a woman in the cave—
A solitary woman—
Who by the fire was *spinning*,
And singing as she span.
The *thread* the woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm’s—
Was finer than the gossamer.
The song she sung was low and sweet;
And Thalaba knew not the words.
The thread she span it gleamed like gold
In the light of the odorous fire.

And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine.”

That Medwin should have forgotten the passage, and substituted some general recollection for what he had heard Shelley repeat, is not surprising; but it is surprising that any one can place the slightest reliance on the record of conversations preserved by a memory so little retentive of anything worth remembering. We have, however, to make another remark on the passage that we have just cited, which makes us utterly discard, for any purpose, anything whatever that is stated on no better authority than the kind of gossip of which this very poor book is from beginning

to end made up. In one of Miss Edgeworth’s works the forgery of a deed is detected by the over-zeal of a witness brought up to prove the circumstances of its execution. He says that he now is the only person living who knows all that actually passed at the time. His grey hairs tremble with emotion as he seeks to confirm his testimony by calling the attention of the court to the fact, that under the seal was placed a silver coin—that if the seal be broken, the coin will be found. The seal is broken—the coin is found; but one of a later date than that of the supposed execution of the deed. Now, Mr. Medwin is as anxious as Miss Edgeworth’s witness to prove these conversations. He takes especial care to tell you that he transcribes from his recollection; that he has never read the poem or romance, as he calls it, since; and his mis-spelling the witch’s name, and Kehama’s too, for that matter, prevents our entertaining the slightest doubt of the accuracy of his statement that he had never read the book, or could in this way have confused in his memory the incidents of one period with those of another. He has a thousand reasons to remember the thing; and yet what he has stated is not—cannot be—the fact. Break the seal—the coin is of a later date. “Kehama” was not published for years after the supposed conversation!

The only possible object of recording Shelley’s early life is that of tracing the unusually early development of his powers; and the value of any part of the record is destroyed by proofs, such as this accident furnishes, that Medwin has composed his book from obscure recollections, in which time, place, and person are confused. For our own part, we think there is almost decisive evidence in Shelley’s writings of his not having, at this period, even seen “Thalaba,” with “the metrical beauty of which” he is said to have already “drenched” himself. The earliest works of a boy almost necessarily exhibit close imitations of whatever he most admires. Shelley at this period wrote two novels, both very dull; but in one of them are several poems, in which the cadences of the verse, and the forms of language, recall Beattie’s Hermit, Scott’s Ballads, and Monk Lewis’s, but in which there is not a single line or thought that for a moment brings to the mind the poem which Medwin says he was then perpetually repeating, and which we know, in a few years after, so possessed his imagination as to have furnished the key-note to

the versification of *Queen Mab*. This fact we think absolutely decisive of the question, particularly if it be considered in connexion with Medwin's exceeding carelessness in such statements, as proved by the instance of *Kehama*.

In 1810 Shelley was removed to Oxford. He entered University College. Of his short course there his friend Mr. Hogg has fortunately given us a distinct record. His account was published about twenty years after Shelley's death, in the *New Monthly Magazine*; and while his magazine papers have some of the faults of that kind of writing, we think that with some little condensation they would form a very interesting supplement to any future edition that may be published of Shelley's works. The acquaintanceship of Mr. Hogg and the poet commenced at their college commons, where they dined at the same table. It was Shelley's first appearance in the hall. His figure was slight; his aspect, even among young men, was remarkably youthful. He was thoughtful and absent in manner, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. Some accident led him and Mr. Hogg into conversation. Shelley praised the originality of the German writers. Hogg asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature will you compare with them?" said Shelley, with a discordant scream that excoriated the ears of his opponent. The Italian was named. Shelley waxed angry and argumentative. The dialogue had little interest for any but the disputants, who soon found themselves alone in the hall. The servants now came in to clear the tables. Hogg invited the stranger to continue the discussion at his rooms. He eagerly assented. The dialogue, however, did not continue; for when the young men became better acquainted, they acknowledged that they knew nothing whatever of either German or Italian; and Shelley said that the study of languages, ancient or modern, was but waste of time—learning the names of things instead of things themselves. Physical science, and especially chemistry, should rather be the objects of pursuit. Hogg began to feel his new friend something of a bore, and took to looking at the features and figure of the stranger.

"It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but yet he stooped so much that he seemed of low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made

according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumped, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, almost feminine—of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed, as he said, the autumn in shooting. His features, his whole face and particularly his head, were unusually small,* yet the last appeared of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy. In the agony of declamation he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features were not symmetrical, the mouth perhaps excepted—yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed enthusiasm and intelligence that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognised the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. * * * This is a fine fellow, said I to myself (we continue to transcribe from Mr. Hogg's account), but I could never bear his society. I shall never be able to endure his voice. It would kill me. What a pity it is?"

The voice of the stranger was excruciating. "It was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant; of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission; it excoriated the ears." In the evening Shelley went to a lecture on mineralogy, and returned to tea. He burst into the room, threw down his cap, and stood shivering and chafing his hand over the fire. He had come away before the lecture was concluded.

"What did the man talk about?" said Hogg. "About stones! about stones!" he answered; "about stones, stones, stones! nothing but stones, and so drily! It was wonderfully tiresome; and stones are not interesting things in themselves."

In the course of the evening Shelley dwelt on the advantages which the future generations of men may derive from the cultivation of science, and especially chemistry. He anticipated from the triumphs of science the

* Leigh Hunt, speaking of Keats, says, "His head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull: a singularity which he had in common with Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley—none of whose hats I could get on."—HUNT'S *Byron*, &c. Vol. i., p. 406.

release of the labouring classes from the unceasing toil now required to earn a mere subsistence. We are now unable to determine in what part of the substances we consume as food the nutritive property exists; this Analysis may yet detect. The cause which occasions the fertility of some soils, and the hopeless sterility of others, is now unknown. The difference probably consists in something very slight. By chemical agency the philosopher may create a total change, and transmute an unfruitful region into one of exuberant plenty. Water is, like air, composed of certain gases; why not expect to be able, by some scientific process, to manufacture it, and then transform the deserts of Africa into rich meadows? The generation of heat is unknown; but a time may come when we may communicate warmth to the coldest and most ungenial climate, with as much ease and certainty as we now vary the temperature of a sitting-room. What a mighty instrument would electricity be!—what wonders has not the galvanic-battery already effected!—and the balloon,—“why not despatch aeronauts to cross Africa in every direction, and to survey the whole Peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely under it as it glided silently over that hitherto unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery for ever!”

They spoke of mathematics. Of mathematics, Shelley said he knew nothing. Of metaphysics—“aye, metaphysics—the analysis of mind—not of mere matter;” and he rose from his chair and declaimed with animation of a future state, and a former state. He heard of Plato’s doctrine of pre-existence and suspended consciousness. But the candles were now burned out—the fire had sunk into ashes—and he started to find how long into the night he and his companion had sat. They arranged to meet the next day at Shelley’s rooms; and at parting Mr. Hogg, for the first time, heard the name of the stranger, who had interested him so much.

Hogg returned the visit the next day. The same contradictions that Shelley’s dress exhibited struck him in the appearance of his rooms and furniture. Everything new and of an expensive kind, but thrown about in indescribable confusion. Books, boots, philosophical instruments, pistols, money, clothes, were scattered here and there. The carpet, with stains of va-

rious hues, proclaimed that the young chemist had been busy with his manipulations. Books lay open on a table—a bundle of pens and a razor, that had been employed as a knife—soda-water, sugar, and pieces of lemon were there, and, resting on a double pile of books, the tongs supported a glass retort above an argand lamp. The liquor boiled over—adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most fiendish smell. Then followed some tricks with the galvanic battery. Hogg was made to work the machine till Shelley was filled with the fluid, and his long wild locks bristled and stood on end.

Hogg passed the evening with him, and during their short stay at Oxford they were very much together. Both were early risers—both attended College Chapel in the mornings; but they did not afterwards meet till about one o’clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Hogg generally went to Shelley’s rooms. They dined in the College Hall, and passed their evenings together. Hogg’s studies were little interrupted by this arrangement. Shelley was fatigued with his morning’s readings, and was generally overcome with drowsiness. He used to stretch on the rug before a large fire like a cat, exposing his little round head to such a heat, that his friend wondered how he could bear it. Hogg tried often to interpose some shelter, but in vain; for he would turn round in his sleep, and roll himself to the warmest place. In the midst of the most earnest conversation he would suddenly take to his rug, sleep for several hours—then, towards ten o’clock, start up, rub his eyes with violence, and passing his fingers through the tangles of his long wild hair, enter into argument, recite verses, his own or others’, with an energy that was quite painful. Hogg read, while Shelley was thus hid in his vacant interlunar cave, and even when he was quite awake the studies of the friends were often separately pursued. They, however, read many books together, and their walks in the open air were frequent. Shelley’s preparation for a walk was often ominous. He would take out with him a pair of duelling-pistols, and amuse himself with firing at marks: His friend contrived to disappoint this dangerous pastime, by often taking care that powder or flints should be left behind. When they came to a stream or pond, Shelley loved to linger, making paper boats, and watching their course upon the water. One of his admirers tells of his having hazarded,

in the absence of any less valuable scrap of paper, a fifty-pound-note in this amusement, but Hogg treats this as a mythic legend. Fable, however, soon passes into history, and Medwin tells us of a ten-pound-note thus ventured—reducing the amount of the note to increase, we suppose, the probability of the incident.

Hogg gives an account of one of their evenings, in which the conversation turned on the advantages to society of the Universities, and the old foundations for education. Even in the very lowest estimate of these advantages, they secured to the student an exemption from the interruption of secular cares. The regularity of academical hours cut off that dissipation of time and thought which prevails when the daily course is pre-arranged. We gather, too, that they agreed in thinking that the salutary attendance in chapel imposed duties conducive to habits of industry:—

“It was requisite not merely to rise, but to leave our rooms, to appear in public, and to remain long enough to destroy the disposition to indolence, which might still linger, if we were permitted to remain by the fireside.”

This was no doubt a low view of a very important subject; but there must have been great faults in the actual government of the College to which these young men belonged, to have rendered it necessary to deprive them of advantages which they were disposed to view in such a favourable aspect. “It would be a cruel thing,” said Shelley, “to be compelled to quit our calm and agreeable retreat;” and he then expressed regret that the period of college residence was limited to four years, and those years interrupted and broken by frequent vacations. The seclusion of college life was felt by him as its great charm: “and then,” said he, “the oak—the oak is such a blessing!” The oak, in the dialect of Oxford, is the outer door, against which the *bore* may knock and kick, and call in vain. “Who invented the oak?”—“Who but the monks, the inventors of the science of living in chambers?” It is a sad thing to think that poor Shelley’s quiet was so soon interrupted; but before we record this, we must first state, from Mr. Hogg’s account, something of their country excursions. Shelley was entirely unobservant of flowers:—

“He was able, like the many, to distinguish a violet from a sunflower, and a cauliflower from a

peony, but his botanical knowledge was more limited than that of the least skilful and common observers—for he was neglectful of flowers. He was incapable of apprehending the delicate distinctions of structure which form the basis of the beautiful classification of modern botanists.”* “I never was able,” adds Mr. Hogg, “to impart even a glimpse of the merits of Ray or Linnæus, or to encourage a hope that he would ever be able to see the visible analogies that constitute the marked, yet mutually approaching *genera*, into which the productions of nature, and especially vegetables, are divided.”

Shelley must have known something more of these things a few years after, for Mrs. Shelley tells us—

“That he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and the habits of every production of the earth.”

Hogg’s record of Shelley’s college life, and their studious evenings, brings back to us Cowley’s lines—

“Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft, unwearied, have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wonder’d at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
Arts which I loved—for they, my friend, were
thine.”†

Shelley was a singularly pure-hearted, single-minded man. Of home he thought with intense affection; and it was not without manifest delight that he received a letter from his mother or his sisters. Still, we can easily learn that at home there was some feeling of disappointment about the young student. His removal from Eton was earlier than usual; and it is plain that his conduct there did not satisfy either the authorities of the place or his father—whose dreams for him were of political advancement. Shelley, while an Oxford student, read at all times—at table, in bed, and while walking. He read not only in the streets of Oxford, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Out of the twenty-four hours he frequently read sixteen.

His food was simple as that of a hermit. He already preached, and soon began—irregularly, however—to practise abstinence

* This our readers must remember was written in 1832.

† Ode on the Death of Harvey.

from animal food. Bread was his chief food, to which he sometimes added raisins. He had a school-boy's taste for fruit, gingerbread, and sugar. Honey was a delicacy he relished. This abstemiousness increased in after life, but was probably unwise, as his friends appear to have observed an improvement in his health whenever accident led him to adopt for a few days a more generous diet.

Shelley's detestation of the plans of life proposed for him by his family was almost unbounded. The Duke of Norfolk had recommended the study of politics to him as his business in life—that to which he was naturally called by the circumstances and position of his family, and that in which he would have to expect less competition than in any other occupation of his talents. The Duke failed to persuade him. "How often," said Shelley, "have I gone with my father to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! What faces! what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings! And what men did we meet about the House—in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust!"

Shelley had brought with him from Eton the habit of composition in Latin verse; and Mr. Hogg tells us that he took great pains in the study of everything connected with metre. There is evidence in his English poetry of the mysteries of versification having been more the subject of study with him than we have any right to infer from the statements of his friends. They seem anxious to represent his power as if it were purely a gift, and owing nothing to assiduous cultivation.

Shelley, we have said, was disputative. Logic—the Aristotelic logic—is one of the great studies of Oxford, and the poet was a logician, according to mode and figure. He seems to have teased his friends by his disputativeness. His text-book for a while was Hume's Essays. He had reasoned himself into all the conclusions of the sceptical philosophy. Hogg indoctrinated him with Plato, and Shelley appears to have believed both systems—however irreconcilable they may seem. Of Plato, the knowledge of our young philosophers was then derived from an English translation of Dacier's French translation; but this did its business, when the business after all was little more than exercising the opening faculties of young men's minds. From

Plato or from Dacier, Shelley learned the doctrine of pre-existence, and it was a favourite topic with him. One day he and Hogg met a young gipsy girl, a child of six years of age—slight, bareheaded, barefooted, and in rags. She was gathering snail-shells. "How much intellect is here!" said Shelley, "and what an occupation for one who once knew the whole circle of the sciences; who has forgotten them all, it is true, but who could certainly recollect them—though it is most probable she never will!" A brother of the child's was near, and Shelley wanted Hogg to propose to him some mathematical questions: "Your geometry, you know, is so plain and certain, that if it be once thoroughly understood, it can never be forgotten."

The young gipsies did not return any answers to Shelley's questions. They understood him better when he drew an orange from his pocket, and rolled it along the grass before the retreating children. "Every true Platonist," he said, "must be fond of children; for they are our masters in philosophy. The mind of a newborn child is not, as Locke says, a sheet of blank paper—on the contrary, it is an Elzevir Plato—say rather an Encyclopædia, comprising all that ever was or all that ever will be discovered."

On Magdalen Bridge, one day, Shelley met a woman with a child in her arms. He caught the child; the mother, not knowing whether the young maniac—for such she thought him—might not throw the child into the river, held it fast. "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, madam?" In spite of the strange screaming voice in which the question was asked—in spite of its being repeated with more torturing distinctness—the poor woman saw that the inquirer was very harmless, and she replied, "He cannot speak, sir."—"Worse and worse," cried Shelley; "but surely the babe can speak if he will, for he is only a few weeks old. He may perhaps fancy that he cannot; but that is a silly whim. He cannot have entirely forgotten the use of speech in so short a time. The thing is impossible!"

Never was there a student who could have lived with more entire happiness in the seclusion of his College than Shelley; but to live at all in England, implies, in the case of the higher classes, living in the vapour of politics. Politics made their way to Shelley's quiet chambers in University College, almost as soon as he had found

himself fixed there. Lord Grenville's election as Chancellor took place just at the time. The unsuccessful candidate was unluckily a member of Shelley's College—and one whom the Heads of the House supported by every means in their power. Shelley was enthusiastic for Lord Grenville. This was what might be expected from him, as participating in the feeling of all the younger men in the University; but, in addition to this, Liberal politics were—in the shape of aristocratic Whiggery—the line in which his father and his grandfather traded: so that there was in reality little cause of offence with the boy of sixteen, when he declaimed everywhere against the candidate whom the Governors of University College sought to have elected. Shelley was, however, after this regarded with some dislike by the governing part of the body; and their power in the Collegiate institutions of old foundation is all but unlimited. As to politics in the ordinary meaning of the word, they were regarded by Shelley with utter antipathy: a newspaper never found its way to his rooms; and if he opened one accidentally in a coffee-house his reading was confined to murders and storms.

Hogg was one day surprised by finding his friend correcting for the press the proof-sheets of some poems. He looked at them, and dissuaded him from publication. "They will not do as serious poems," said Hogg archly; "but try them as burlesque,"—and he read a few lines out with some comic effect. Shelley was not without some fun in him, though it in general lay too deep for a hearty laugh. The forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland had amused him; and after some discussion it was arranged to print the poems as the work of Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, a lunatic, who had attempted to stab George the Third. A bookseller undertook to publish it at his own expense, and in a few days a cream-coloured quarto appeared. It opened with a serious poem against war—the work of an acquaintance of Shelley's, for whose opinion the manuscript had been sent, and who made this strange use of it. It formed a curious contrast with the rest of the publication, in which was recommended in every mood and tense the plan of stabbing every one less enthusiastic in the cause of Liberty than the supposed authoress.

The joke was successful—presentation copies were sent to poets and philosophers, and poets and philosophers replied with

letters of admiration. Prudence was, however, recommended by some sager spirits, as the country was not yet ripe for the doctrines inculcated; but better times were fast approaching. Among the younger students at Oxford, the book was decidedly popular.

Its success stimulated Shelley to a more dangerous adventure. He was, we have said, fond of practical jokes—jokes the entire humour of which consisted in imposing on grave and well-intentioned people. It seems, that some half-century ago it was not thought improper for a person engaged in any particular pursuit to write to men distinguished in kindred subjects of study, without any formal introduction. An old physician, from whom Shelley had, before he came to Oxford, taken lessons in chemistry, was in the habit of corresponding with strangers on scientific subjects. Shelley imitated this vile habit, and now and then received answers written in unsuspecting seriousness—some in downright anger; one gentleman, irritated by his tone, when he had entrapped him into a correspondence, and tormented him with rejoinder after rejoinder, said that he would write to his master, and get him well-flogged. It does not appear whether he thought his tormentor was an ill-conditioned school-boy or an impudent apothecary's apprentice. In either case, the suggestion was not unreasonable. At Eton, Shelley pursued this habit of correspondence with strangers, to whom he did not communicate his name during his whole stay. At Oxford he resumed it, and it led to his expulsion.

He and Hogg had been speaking of mathematics. "The mathematicians," said Hogg, "are mere dogmatists, who, when tired of talking in their positive strain, end the discussion by putting down the letters, Q. E. D." This dullish joke delighted Shelley; he would put the letters to everything he wrote—say an invitation to dinner—to attain, as he said, to a mathematical certainty.

He drew up a syllabus of Hume's doctrines, with some inferences of his own, adding these potent characters. He printed it and circulated it in every direction, chiefly for the purpose of assisting him in his strange correspondences. "The syllabus," says Hogg, "was a small pill, but it worked powerfully." The mode of operation was this: Shelley enclosed a copy, with a letter, saying that he had met this little tract accidentally—that it unhappily seemed

to him quite unanswerable. If an answer was returned, Shelley would, in a fierce reply, fall on the poor disputant unmercifully. Shelley loved truth, but he loved disputation for its own sake; and it is hard to state the above facts so as to leave him wholly free from the charge of disingenuousness. This syllabus was entitled "*The Necessity of Atheism*."

Hogg went to Shelley's rooms "on Lady-day, 1811, a fine spring morning," at an earlier hour than was his custom: Shelley was absent, but soon rushed into the rooms. He was greatly agitated;—"I am expelled!" he said; "I was sent for a few minutes ago to the Common Room; there I found our Master and two or three of the Fellows. The Master produced a copy of the syllabus, and asked me if I were the author."—Shelley refused to answer. The question was repeated. Shelley insisted on the unfairness of such interrogation, and asked to have witnesses produced, to prove any charge against him. The question was repeated; and an answer again refused. The Master then said, "You are expelled; and I desire that you will quit the College early to-morrow morning, at latest."—"One of the Fellows," added Shelley, "took up two papers, and handed one of them to me—here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up and under the Seal of the College. The indignation and compassion of a friend of Shelley's (we presume Mr. Hogg himself) were excited by what he felt to be a dreadful injustice. He wrote a note to the Master and Fellows, asking them to reconsider their decision. He was instantly summoned to attend the Board, which was still sitting. The Master produced the note which had been just sent: "Did you write this?" And then putting the *syllabus* into the hand of the astonished advocate—"Did you write this?" It was in vain urged that the question was an unfair one—that it was one which, after Shelley's case, no gentleman in the College or in the University but must refuse to answer. "Then," said the Master, "you are expelled,"—and a formal sentence of expulsion was put into his hand. This must have been antecedently prepared, and Shelley's advocate must have been regarded as an accomplice in his crime before he sent his note to the Master. He looked over the sentence, and found that the alleged offence was a *contumacious* refusal to disavow the imputed publication. On the following

morning, Shelley and his friend proceeded to London.

This account, which we have abridged from Mr. Hogg's own narrative, cannot be otherwise than substantially accurate, though, being written twenty years after the events, it may contain some unimportant mistakes. Mr. De Quincey gives a different account of the matter; and the two can only be reconciled by the improbable supposition of his being expelled not alone from his own College, but also from the University of Oxford, and by a proceeding entirely distinct from that which we have described. De Quincey says, "I believe, from the uniformity of such accounts as have reached myself, the following *brief* of the matter may be relied on;" and he then proceeds with a narrative which we shall seek to sum up in a sentence. "Shelley," he says (but in this he certainly mistakes), "put his name, and the name of his College, to the pamphlet. The Heads of Colleges felt a disagreeable summons to an extra meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty Colleges, to say nothing of Halls. They met—the greater part were for mercy. The pamphlet was not addressed to them. They were not bound officially to have any knowledge of it; and they determined not to proceed at all in the matter. Shelley, on this, determined to force the matter on them, and sent his pamphlet with five-and-twenty separate letters to the five-and-twenty Heads of the Oxford hydra. The many-headed monster waxed wroth, and the philosopher was expelled." The sentence was, according to this account, extorted from very reluctant judges by Shelley's own act.

In whatever way the proceeding took place, we think it was scarcely possible to avoid some public notice and censure of such a work as this syllabus is stated to have been. Mr. Medwin tells us that it is preserved in the notes to *Queen Mab*; but we have not ourselves read it. The College authorities—for we think it probable that there is some mistake in the fact of there having been any University proceedings—might perhaps, considering Shelley's extreme youth, have been satisfied with a less severe course; and, under any circumstances, the fact of having the formal sentence of expulsion engrossed and sealed before the accused was given any opportunity of repelling the charge—though we have no doubt of the perfect legality of the proceedings, the relation of students to the

governing authorities of a College being considered—was one of those, which, like all the forms of procedure regulated by ecclesiastical law, seems more calculated to silence than to convince the culprit.

We think it is not improbable, from Shelley's character, that gentleness and sympathy would have been likely to have dispelled much that was erroneous in his views, and, at all events, would at once have conquered whatever proceeded from mere obstinacy: for even from his own accounts, there was much of self-will in the course which he adopted. As it was, never did Reformer in the proudest days of the Church retire from a discussion with the champions of Rome in a state of mind more entirely satisfied that victory was on his side, than Shelley, when he found himself expelled from his college, and regarded as an alien by all his father's house. He was a martyr, or burning for the crown of martyrdom, and the truths which Oxford was unwilling or unworthy to hear, he was prepared, as he best could, to communicate to other recipients. He wrote, it is said, to Rowland Hill, offering to preach in his chapel.

Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is said to have spoiled a dream of true love for some fair cousin, who would hear no more of him, and who afterwards married somebody else. Was it revenge for his slight set Shelley a marrying? or did he marry, as they say in Ireland, to displease his father, thinking that they are thus suggesting a reasonable motive for a very rash act? The elder Shelleys seem to have had but an indifferent taste in schools for either sons or daughters. A sister of Shelley's was at school in the neighbourhood of London, and Shelley, while walking with her in the garden of the seminary, was attracted by a fair face of sixteen. The Shelleys, had they been consulted, would have been little pleased with their son's marrying, at the age of nineteen, a girl very young, and whom he scarcely knew; and there is little reason to think, that with all the English veneration for rank and family, that the young lady's father would have consented to the union. However this be, the young people do not seem to have asked any questions. In August, 1811, they were married at Gretna-Green. A maternal uncle of Shelley's supplied them with some money, and they went—thinking it a cheap place—to Keswick. There they were favourably received by the principal people of the

neighbourhood, the Duke of Norfolk having expressed some interest about them. Among others, the Southey's did what they could to render the place agreeable, and a friendship with Southey seemed to be almost the certain consequence of the intercourse that then existed between the families. We grieve to think on the worthless causes that in after life disturbed the feeling. Shelley too lightly believed that the reviews of his own and Keats' poems in the *Quarterly Review* were written by Southey. The solitude in which they both lived increased the echoes of the gossip which brought to Keswick the nonsense spoken at Geneva, and to Geneva the idle whispers of Keswick. Each believed that the other maligned him, and there seems to have been nothing like a foundation for the belief on either side. As to the reviews, Southey had nothing to say to them. This is, perhaps, the most annoying circumstance connected with periodical literature, that mistakes as to the authorship of articles in periodical publications have been often the cause of life-long jealousies and dislikes. Shelley remained, however, at the lakes of Cumberland for too short a time to form any intimacies there. The place was far from cheap; and Shelley, in a letter dated November, 1811, says, that after paying some debts, he had to expend nearly his last guinea on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk, through whom some negotiation with his father was going on. Shelley left Keswick for Ireland. He sailed for Cork, and after visiting the Lakes of Killarney—which, says Medwin, he thought more beautiful than those of Switzerland or Italy—went to Dublin. While in Dublin he attended some political meetings, at which he spoke. Medwin says, "He displayed great eloquence, for which he was remarkable." We have conversed with an Irish gentleman—himself a man of great eloquence, the late Chief Baron Woulfe—who remembered Shelley's going to a meeting of the Catholic Board, and making a speech there. Of the details of the speech, at an interval of more than twenty years after it was delivered, our friend remembered nothing. He did, however, remember one strange peculiarity of manner. The speaker would utter a sentence; then pause, as if he were taking time to frame another, which was slowly enunciated, the whole speech having the effect of unconnected aphorisms. His voice was, as described by Mr. Hogg, a dissonant scream. In Dr. Drummond's life of Hamil-

ton Rowan we are told, in language which he quotes as Shelley's, that the poet "selected Ireland as a theatre the widest and fairest for the operations of the determined friends of religious and political freedom." "In pursuance of this design," adds Dr. Drummond, "he published a pamphlet, entitled, 'An Address to the Irish People,' with an advertisement on the title-page, declaring it to be the author's intention to awaken in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real state, summarily pointing out the evils of that state, and suggesting rational means of remedy." He sent Hamilton Rowan some copies of the pamphlet, with a letter, from which we quote a few words:—

"Although an Englishman, I feel for Ireland; and I have left the country in which the accident of birth placed me, for the sole purpose of adding my little stock of usefulness to the fund which I hope Ireland possesses, to aid her in the unequal yet sacred combat in which she is engaged. In the course of a few days more I shall print another small pamphlet, which shall be sent to you. I have intentionally vulgarized the language of the enclosed. I have printed 1500 copies, and am now distributing them throughout Dublin."

In a letter written a month or two after, he speaks of being engaged in writing a history of Ireland, in conjunction with some friend, and says, that "two hundred and fifty pages of it were printed." Who could his friend have been? we think it not improbable that it may have been Lawless—at that time, we believe, an active member of the Political Associations in Dublin. Captain Medwin quotes from Shelley language which, in 1812, he was more likely to have taught O'Connell than to have learned from him. Like the "*Hereditary Bondsmen*," and the *First Flower of the Earth*, O'Connell made it his own by adoption. "My principles incite me to take all the good I can get in politics—for ever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied with whatever is practicable."

Shelley's pamphlet is before us. Medwin, it seems, searched in vain for a copy. Ours was obtained through an Irish friend of Shelley's, whose acquaintance with the poet originated accidentally. A poor man offered the pamphlet for a few pence—its price, stated on the title-page, was five-pence. On being asked how he got it, he said a parcel of them were given him by a young gentleman, who told him to get

what he could for them—at all events to distribute them. Inquiry was made at Shelley's lodgings to ascertain the truth of the vender's story. He was not at home; but when he heard of it he went to return the visit, and kindly acquaintanceship thus arose. The Shelleys—husband and wife—were then Pythagoreans. Shelley spoke as a man believing in the metempsychosis—and they did not eat animal food. They seem, however, to have tolerated it; for on one occasion a fowl was murdered for our friend's dinner. Of the first Mrs. Shelley, the recollection of our friend is faint, but is of an amiable and unaffected person—very young and very pleasing—and she and Shelley seemed much attached. This affection seems to have preserved a doubtful life for some little while after they left Ireland, for we find a letter dated August, 1812, in which he says—"I am a young man, not of age, and have been married for a year to a woman younger than myself. Love seems inclined to stay in the prison, and my only reason for putting him in chains, whilst convinced of the unholiness of the act, was a knowledge that in the present state of society, if love is not thus villanously treated, she who is most loved will be treated worst by a misjudging world." His theoretical objections to marriage existed even before he had contracted that engagement with his first wife. It had been preached by him in *Queen Mab*. He had learned the doctrine, he says, before, but it was confirmed by a work of Sir James Lawrence, entitled "*The Empire of the Nairs*." Shelley's Irish pamphlet was not very likely to be popular among the Irish. He said to them that their religion—the Roman Catholic—had been a bad thing in long ago times. The Inquisition, he writes, "was set up, and in the course of one year thirty thousand people were burnt in Italy and Spain, for entertaining different opinions from those of the Pope and the priests. The bigoted monks of France in one night massacred 80,000 Protestants. This was done under the authority of the Pope. The vices of the monks and the nuns in their convents were in those times shameful; people thought that they might commit any sin, however monstrous, if they had money enough to prevail on the priests to absolve them." Such was the opening of Shelley's pacific discourse—to a people not likely to admit any of his facts. The Irish are a credulous and yet an unbelieving people. Like better educated people, and in a more

advanced state of society, they believe just what they like; and it is not to be expected that they should give any assent whatever to Shelley's propositions. Your true Irishman will not even believe that a murder has been committed till some person is executed, and then it is the man who is hanged that he regards as murdered. "Some teach you that others are heretics, that you alone are right * * * Beware, my friends, how you trust those who speak in this way; they will, I doubt not, attempt to rescue you from your present miserable state—but they will prepare a worse. It will be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Your present oppressors, it is true, will then oppress you no longer, but you will feel the lash of a master a thousand times more bloodthirsty and cruel. Evil, designing men will spring up who will prevent you from thinking as you please—will burn you, if you do not think as they do." He then prophesies Catholic Emancipation, but tells them to take "great care that whilst one tyranny is destroyed another more fierce and terrible does not spring up. Take care, then, of smooth-faced impostors, who talk indeed of freedom, but would cheat you into slavery. Can there be worse slavery than the depending for the safety of your soul on the will of another man? * * * Oh! Ireland, thou emerald of the ocean, whose sons are generous and brave, whose daughters are honourable, and frank, and fair, thou art the isle in whose green shores I have desired to see the standard of liberty erected—a flag of fire, a beacon at which the world shall light the torch of freedom!"

The question of toleration is then discussed. Belief he regards as involuntary:—"We cannot believe just what we like, but only what we think to be true;" "It is not a merit to tolerate, but it is a crime to be intolerant;" "An Act passed in the British Parliament to take away the rights of Catholics to act in that assembly does not really take them away: it prevents them from doing it by force;" "Oh, Irishmen, I am interested in your cause, and it is not because you are Irishmen or Roman Catholics that I feel with you or feel for you—but because you are men and sufferers. Were Ireland at this moment peopled by Brahmins, this very same address would have been suggested by the very same state of mind. You have suffered not merely for your religion, but some other causes which I am equally desirous of remedying. The union of

England with Ireland has withdrawn the Protestant aristocracy and gentry from their native country, and with them their friends and connexions. Their resources are taken from this country, though they are dissipated in another. The very poor people are most nefariously oppressed by the weight of the burden which the superior classes lay upon their shoulders. I am no less desirous for the reform of these evils (with many others) than for the Catholic emancipation."

He assumes that those whom he addresses are agreed with him on the general object, but that he and they may differ as to the means of effecting it. "If you are convinced of the truth of your cause, trust wholly to its truth; if you are not convinced, give it up: in no case employ violence." He tells them "to think and talk and discuss." "Be free and be happy, but first be wise and good." He tells them of the failure of the French Revolution, because violence was employed by the people. "The cause which they vindicated was that of truth, but they gave it the appearance of a lie." He tells them that "rebellion can never, under any circumstances, be good for their cause. It will bind you more closely to the work of the oppressor, and your children's children, whilst they talk of your exploits will feel that you have done them injury instead of benefit." He advises sobriety, diligence in their respective callings, the education of themselves and their children, the avoidance of meeting in mobs:—"Before the restraints of government are lessened, it is fit that we should lessen the necessity for them. Before government is done away with, we must reform ourselves." * * * "In order to benefit yourselves and your country to any extent, habits of sobriety, regularity, and thought, are previously so necessary, that without these preliminaries all you have done falls to the ground. You have built on sand. Secure a good foundation, and you may erect a fabric to stand for ever as the glory and envy of the world."

In his pamphlet, a distinct plan is proposed to aid in carrying out the projects of Emancipation and the Repeal of the Union. That these and all other desirable changes are to arise as the natural consequences of the cultivation of wisdom and virtue in each family of the nation, he assumes and imagines that he proves. The pamphlet, he tells us, was written in England before his visit to Ireland, but he adds

in a postscript the amusing information that "*he has now been a week in Dublin*,"—that he has made himself acquainted with the state of the public mind, and is prepared to recommend "an Association for the purpose of restoring Ireland to the prosperity which she possessed before the Union;" and he promises another pamphlet, in which he shall reveal the plan and structure of the proposed Association. Whether he printed that pamphlet we have not been able to learn. It does not take long to learn all about Ireland! Shelley—a boy of nineteen—learned all about it in a week! Mr. Nicholls, when devising a system of Poor-laws, destined to vary all the relations of property in that country, was able to accomplish his inquiry and prepare his Report in about six!

Shelley left Dublin for the Isle of Man—and after some time we find him seeking to take a place in Radnorshire. He afterwards rented a cottage in Caernarvonshire, from a gentleman whom Medwin knew intimately, and with whom long afterwards he had many conversations about a strange incident in Shelley's life while in Wales: Shelley stated that at midnight, while in his study on the ground-floor, he heard a noise at the windows, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a head advanced into the room armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, the weapon cocked, and the trigger drawn. The pistol snapped fire, Shelley rushed out to seize the assassin, and soon found himself face to face with the ruffian, who again raised his pistol, and it again snapped fire. Shelley seized his opponent, whom he described as a short, stout, strong man. "Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and though incapable of supporting much fatigue, had the faculty at certain moments of evoking extraordinary powers, and concentrating all his energies to a given point. This singular phenomenon, which has been noticed in others, he displayed on this occasion, and it made the aggressor and Shelley no unequal match." After long wrestling his antagonist extricated himself from his grasp, and disappeared. Shelley the next day made a deposition of these facts before a magistrate. We cannot but think that the conclusion to which it would appear that Captain Medwin and his friend, when conversing on the incident, came, must have been the true one, and that the whole scene was the coinage of the poet's own fevered brain. He had come from Ireland, where

such an incident would have been too probable. It is curious that Medwin's language in narrating the circumstance, seems almost borrowed from a scene in *Thalaba*—a poem which at that time haunted Shelley's imagination, and Medwin's account must have been given by Shelley.

"Sinewy and strong, of limb, Mohareb was
Broad-shouldered, and his joints
Knit-firm, and in the strife
Of danger practised well.

Time had not yet matured young Thalaba;—
But now the enthusiast mind,
The inspiration of his soul,
Pour'd vigour like the strength
Of madness through his frame.

Mohareb reels before him! he right on
With knee, with breast, with arm,
Presses the staggering foe."—*Thalaba*, Book v.

We think it certain that the confused recollection of this, or some such passage, and of some frightful scene enacted in the country which he had just left, at a time when he was living in strange solitude, oppressed his imagination. He was at this time, be it remembered, at war with his family and with society—and this is a state of existence in which a man is likely enough to fancy society at war with him, and to fall into that first stage of madness, which dreams of conspiracies, and mixes up actual events with unrealities. We state this, because we think, if it does not actually solve, it yet aids in the solution of some of the problems which Shelley's life suggests.

His first marriage was unhappy—it could scarce have been otherwise, though the recollections of those who have met the first Mrs. Shelley are exceedingly favourable to her. Shelley had neither house nor home, and a woman's heart is in her home. A boy of nineteen—disowned by his family—often without a shilling—flying from one spot to another—sometimes because of debt—sometimes because regarded by the police as mixed up with political objects of doubtful legality—can it be surprising that there was little opportunity for the feeling which he mistook for love, to ripen into anything of real affection? If there be one impulse stronger than another in a woman's mind, it is that which seeks in a higher nature than her own, an object in which her thoughts may find all repose. What happiness could be anticipated when this hope was torn from her on earth by Shelley's indifference or alienation, and when it is probable that the refuge which

she might have had in religion was also destroyed by his insane speculations? This unhappy union did not last many years. In spring 1813, a separation took place between him and his wife, and she went to reside with her father and sister in Bath. Her death occurred about two years after the separation.

When Shelley had separated from his wife, he seems to have wandered for a year or two over the continent. On her death he went to Bath to reclaim his children that were under her father's care. Whenever this incident is alluded to, the writers of Shelley's life feel it not unbecoming to upbraid Lord Eldon for his conduct, in what is called depriving Shelley of his children. The language is probably thoughtlessly used, but it suggests an absolutely false state of facts. One of the children was born after the separation, and neither of them had ever been under Shelley's exclusive care. When the separation took place, his daughter and the child then born were left with her father. Shelley never saw them afterwards. We cannot think it possible that any one who ever sat in the Chancellor's seat in England could have, on the facts stated, come to any other conclusion than that which was forced on Lord Eldon, in the case of a man who had printed and circulated works—his friends stupidly seemed to rely on the fact, that they were not, in the bookseller's sense of the word, *published* works—in which he denied the existence of a God, and who gave the court no reason to think that he had changed his opinion. To such a man the education of children could not and ought not to have been intrusted—and we confess that our sympathies are altogether with the unfortunate grandfather of the children who had already lost his daughter, and who had bitter reason to judge of Shelley's principles by the fruit which he had seen them bear. Of Shelley himself it is impossible to think with other than feelings of tenderness; but the question for Lord Eldon was not how Shelley's opinions originated—and what the virtues of the individual were, which may perhaps have been in some views of the subject evidenced by the sort of persecution he underwent. We think Lord Eldon was throughout right in his judgment on this case, and his language, as given in Jacob's Law Reports, is calm and forbearing. Some very fierce verses of Shelley's, against Lord Eldon, are preserved by Mrs. Shelley, and Medwin interprets—we think

wrongly—some verses in an allegorical poem, called *Epipsychidion*, into an attack on his first wife.

In 1816, Shelley married again. The restlessness of mere boyhood had ceased. His pecuniary circumstances had greatly improved. This alone would be likely to render his second marriage happy. His wife, herself a woman of great genius, and who regarded Shelley with almost idolatrous veneration, has preserved a perfect record of his latter life. It was passed, for the first two or three years of their union, between visits to the continent and occasional residences in England, often in the neighbourhood of the Thames.

"As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the continent," says Mrs. Shelley, "he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne by the Reuss and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favourite poem of *Thalaba* his imagination had been delighted by such a voyage. The summer of 1815 was passed, after a visit to Devonshire, on the borders of Windsor Forest. He visited the source of the Thames, making a voyage in a wherry from Windsor to Cricklade. '*Alaster*' was composed on his return."

Alaster is a poem beautifully conceived, and beautifully executed. Of Shelley's poems, it alone is perfect in its truth—of Shelley's poems, it alone is free from the disturbing influences of the war with society in which he had so early and so madly engaged. We have said that in all Shelley's poems his study of Southey's works is manifested. In all Shelley's poems there is evidence of original genius of the very highest order; but the early works of a poet cannot but exhibit the food on which his spirit feeds. Shelley had not, at any period of his life, studied largely our earlier writers; and at the time *Queen Mab* and *Alaster* were written we think it improbable that he had read any English poetry of an earlier date than that of the great poets of his own time. Wordsworth's poem of *Tintern Abbey*, and the passage in *Joan of Arc* which describes the inspiration of the heroine, seem to have possessed his imagination when "*Alaster*" was written. Such imitation as this implies is for the most part unconscious, and only analogous to a child expressing its own thoughts and feelings in its parents' language. "*Alaster*" represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius—we use Shelley's language—drinking deep of the fountains of knowledge, and

yet insatiate. While his desires point to the external universe, he is tranquil and joyous; but the period arrives when this ceases to suffice. "His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for an intelligence suitable to itself. He images to himself the being whom he loves." He is the creature of imagination, and seeks to unite in one object all that he can picture to his mind of good, or pure, or true: he seeks that which must end in disappointment. "Blasted by disappointment, he descends into an untimely grave."

"The poet's self-centred seclusion is avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin; and hence the name of the poem—the word "Alaster" signifying the avenger of crime, and the criminal. Both uses of the word seem present to Shelley's mind in a case where the crime was that of too intense indulgence of imagination, and where the punishment is a vain search in the world of actual life for an ideal which is the creation of the mind itself, and which could not, under any conceivable conditions, be realized. Shelley wrote the poem in the belief that he himself was dying. Abscesses had formed on his lungs, and recovery seemed to his physicians impossible. Physical suffering is the hot-bed of genius; and the strange circumstances of his life were calculated to make Shelley look inward on his own nature and being. The poem is one of touching solemnity. In the language there is not, as far as we know, a strain of melody sustained throughout at the same elevation.

The tale is the simplest in the world. The hero, a poet, leaves,

"When early youth has pass'd,
His cold fireside and alienated home,"

and wanders over the world. He visits the ruins of a hundred cities. He views with delight the most magnificent scenes of nature. At length, in the valley of Cashmere, while he sleeps, behold a vision!

"He dream'd a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low, solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought. * *
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty
(Thoughts the most dear to him) and poesy—
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
A permeating fire; wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs

Subdued by its own pathos; her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony:

Night
Involved and swallow'd up the vision: sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Roll'd back its impulse on his vacant brain."

Nothing can be finer than the passage that follows:—

"Roused by the shock, he started from his trance:
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley and the vacant wood,
Spread round him where he stood. Whither have
fled

The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his
sleep,

The mystery and the majesty of earth,
The joy, the exultation? His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has such
A vision to the sleep of him who spurn'd
Her choicest gifts. *He eagerly pursues,
Beyond the realm of dreams, that fleeting shade:*
He overleaps the bounds!—

Lost, lost, for ever lost,
In the wide, pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep?

* * *

"While daylight held
The sky, the poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came
Like the fierce fiend of a distemper'd dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness. As an eagle, grasp'd
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates,
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and
cloud,
Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide æry wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadows of that lovely dream,
He fled."

His wanderings are described, and then follows a very striking passage:

"The cottagers
Who minister'd with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant: the mountaineer,
Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deem'd that the spirit of wind,
With lightning eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In his career: the infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe,
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after times; but youthful maidens, taught
By nature, would interpret half the woe

That wasted him, would call him with false names;
 Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand
 At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
 Of his departure from their father's door."

"A strong impulse urged
 His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there,
 Beside a sluggish stream, among the reeds.
 It rose as he approach'd, and with strong wings
 Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
 High over the immeasurable main.
 His eyes pursued its flight!—"Thou hast a home,
 Beautiful bird—thou voyagest to thine home,
 Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
 With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
 Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy!"

Startled by his own thoughts, he look'd around—
 There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight
 Or sound of awe, but in his own deep mind."

The mystery of the poem deepens. A little shallop, floating near the shore, catches his eye,—

"It had been long abandon'd, for its sides
 Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
 Sway'd with the undulation of the tide.
 A restless impulse urged him to embark,
 And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste;
 For well he knew that mighty shadow loves
 The slimy caverns of the populous deep."

His voyage is described, and finally his death. The poem is in form narrative, but, throughout, the language is steeped in the deepest hues of passion, and from it might be augured with certainty the future great dramatic poet. The romance of the subject justifies and almost demands a pomp of words which would be out of place in the more sober scenes in which Wordsworth has placed the interlocutors in the *Excursion*. We are far from regarding Shelley as in any mental power inferior to Southey, but we can everywhere trace the influence of the elder poet's mind. We have alluded to Joan of Arc and Thalaba, and in the passages which we have just quoted from *Alaster*, is it possible to avoid remembering the dream by which *Roderic* is summoned to his appointed task, and the effect of his appearance among those engaged in the business of ordinary life?

"Through the streets he went,
 With haggard mien and countenance, like one
 Crazed and bewilder'd. All who met him turn'd
 And wonder'd as he past. One stopt him short,
 Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
 In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
 To bless him."

The Mussulman
 Shrunk at the ghastly sight, and magnified
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The name of Allah, as he hasten'd on.
 A Christian woman spinning at the door
 Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd
 She laid her spindle by," &c.—SOUTHEY'S *Roderic*.

The composition of the two passages is the same, although the probability is, that Shelley had no distinct recollection of the passage he was imitating. *Alaster* is in all respects superior to *Queen Mab*, Shelley's earliest poem. The vicious structure of society is the subject of *Queen Mab*—and all its evils are presented to the imagination as if they could be at once removed by strong exertion of the will. It is but for each individual to will it—war, marriage, religion, and all the miseries that disquiet life will at once cease. Shelley's self-deception arises from his contemplating man's nature as it is in self, as it existed in Paradise anterior to the existence of society—and from this drawing inferences that can have no application to the artificial state of existence which we, and our parents, and our children, are born into. Absolute, unmodified rights there are none; and of the necessary modifications it is not possible that a boy of eighteen should have experience enough of life to form any right estimate. Shelley is almost inspired when he holds communion with his own mind alone and reveals its movements. His fantasies, when they would stretch at all beyond that which ought to have been "the haunt and main region of his song," are mere dreams, and ought to be remembered or forgotten as such. As to religion, perhaps the most valuable lesson that can be learned from Shelley's poetry is, that man cannot exist without one. Keats dreamed out a sort of heathen mythology for himself, in which he seems to have had a kind of belief;—and Shelley in his *Queen Mab*—a poem in which the existence of a Creator of the world is denied—speaks of a spirit of the universe, and a co-eternal fairy of the earth. Verily, this Atheism is a strange pretence. It is at once lost in pantheism or polytheism; indeed, nothing but the transitoriness of words, and the impossibility of permanently uniting by such ties the combinations of thought in which Shelley almost revelled, enabled him to distinguish his state of mind from that of a pagan, dreaming of Apollo, and the Hours, and the Graces. In Shelley's case "the figures quaint and sweet," are "all made out of the carver's brain;" but they are, as in the case of the idolatries of old, a sort of fanciful religion, evidencing the

yearnings of the human mind for something beyond itself, which it is unable to supply—and which it seeks to create for itself by one fiction or another. Shelley was a child, with a child's simplicity and goodness; but a child's entire inexperience;—of the world within his own bosom none could be more entirely conscious. There he saw clearly—as clearly as natural reason—"The light that lighteneth every man that comes into the world," enabled him. It seems strange how a boy educated in a Christian country should have been left so entirely to himself on subjects of religion; for his education in which, no adequate provision seems to have been made by his parents or his masters. He seems to have been left to himself almost entirely, and to have judged by the evils which he everywhere saw in the institutions of society, many of which seemed to exist in direct counteraction of their original purposes. The astonishing thing in Shelley is, that in spite of great neglect in his instructors—in spite of a sort of self-education conducted on the principle, that everything his masters thought to teach him was worthless—in spite of his early studies of all circulating library nonsense—in spite of his own additions to its store—in spite of his extreme disputatiousness—in spite of boyish vanity; there can be no doubt that there are, through his whole short life, decided improvement—an increasing disposition towards a juster appreciation of the views of other men—a benevolence that led him, not alone in his writings to inculcate, but in his practice to realize the lesson of never returning evil for evil. We do not think that there is reason to say, as has been sometimes said, that his views had changed with respect to Christianity; on this subject—and not on this subject alone—we really think there was in his mind a taint of insanity. The hatred, the malignity of feeling with which Christianity is treated by this preacher of unlimited toleration, is we think to be accounted for by nothing else. His infidelity is something not unlike Newman's, and arising very much in the same way. He excludes the books in which the doctrines of Christianity are contained, as any part of the evidence which is to show what Christianity is, and assumes the history of a world, warring with every one of its doctrines, to be the history of Christianity. Nothing can be more offensive than the tone in which, to speak of no higher considera-

tions, good taste is violated by the introduction of sacred names, for the purpose of increasing the effect of some of the scenes in his poems. Prometheus is made, in one passage, to witness in vision the stupendous mystery of our Lord's crucifixion, and to sympathize with the sufferer. We feel this sort of patronage more offensive—absolutely more offensive than the passages in *Queen Mab*, in which the language is of unmitigated scorn; yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge that it shows an improved state of feeling on the subject in Shelley's mind. In the *Revolt of Islam*, too, we are glad to state our entire belief in Shelley's statement, that "the erroneous and degrading idea, which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being himself." This is different—essentially different—from the temper in which *Queen Mab* is written, and in which he himself indulges in the violent passions which he imputes to others. The "*Revolt of Islam*," though written a few years after "*Alaster*," was written in the same feeling of approaching death, and in the hope—nay rather with the determination—of leaving a record of himself. It contains many passages of great beauty, but is deformed—we speak of it as a poem—by much political disquisition, which has neither the calmness of philosophy, nor the less sober charm of poetry. It was written in the summer months of 1817, when he lived at Marlow; "in his boat as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty." Marlow was then inhabited by a very poor population—the women lacemakers. "The poor laws," says Mrs. Shelley, "ground to the dust, not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates." Shelley was generous, and did what he could to relieve the distress. Howitt went a year or two ago to Marlow, to look after such recollections or traditions as might remain of the poet. One man remembered his boat, on the stern of which was painted its name—"The *Vaga*," and that some Marlow wag had added the letters *bond*. This he told exultingly—and this seemed to end the record. At last an obscure whisper ran among the circle that gathered round the inquisitorial quaker, of one man who did remember him. He was sent for, and he

came. Howitt sat silent, listening till the squire—for so the man in black seemed to be—might deign to speak.

“Art thou the squire? Or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?”

was the thought of the wondering quaker, as he gazed on the tall gaunt figure. Can he be the executor? was the thought of the man in black, who at last revealed the secret of his recollection, and said he had good cause to remember Mr. Shelley. He was a very good man. When they left Marlow they directed all their bills to be sent in—all that were sent in were paid. His—he was a chandler—was neglected to be sent—and was not paid. Howitt rushed to his carriage, indignant at the baseness of mankind, indignant too at the sad fact that the house once occupied by Shelley is now a pot-house!

It is impossible for us, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, to speak as we could wish of Shelley's mastery over language—which was gradually becoming perfect. The exceeding subtlety of his thoughts was such as to demand every aid that words could give, and the result was a power of language such as no English poet has before attained. This, had Shelley lived, would probably have made him our greatest poet, for there is no one of his poems that gives in any degree an adequate measure of his intellectual power. We feel of him as if he had created a language, in which he did not live long enough to have written anything. He died while his best powers were yet immature. The effect of such poems as he did write was diminished by his lavish expenditure of this rich and overflowing language, which goes beyond the thought, and instead of expressing conceals it or magnifies it into undue pomp. Each successive work exhibited increased power of condensation—and language, by doing no more than its proper business, had a thousandfold more power. Of this the Cenci is a remarkable instance. It is Shelley's greatest poem. The others are, in comparison with it, scarcely more than the exercises of a boy, disciplining himself for the tasks of an after period of life. In modern poetry there is nothing equal to the passage describing the scene of the proposed murder—shall we not say execution—of the father.

“*Lucretia.* To-morrow before dawn,
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,

Petrella, in the Apulian Appenines
If he arrive there.

Beatrice. He must not arrive.

Orsino. Will it be dark before you reach the
tower?

Lucretia. The sun will scarce be set.

Beatrice. But I remember,

Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine—'tis rough and narrow
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustain'd itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging leans;
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm.

* * * What sound is that?

Lucretia. Hark!—No, it cannot be a servant's
step,

It must be Cenci. * * *

Beatrice. That step we hear approach must
never pass

The bridge of which we spoke.”

In this passage, the description of the rock overhanging the precipice, and the simile forced as it were on the imagination of the speaker, by the circumstances in which she is compelled to think of her father's guilt, is absolutely the finest thing we have ever read. In the Prometheus there is a passage of great power, which in the same manner is justified by the way in which it is put into the mouth of Asia, the devoted lover of Prometheus:

“Hark! the rushing snow!

The sun-awaken'd avalanche—whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gather'd there,
Flake after flake,—in heaven-defying minds,
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosen'd, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now!”

Whatever the merit of the passage may be, considered as descriptive, its true value is of another kind. That every object in nature should suggest Prometheus to his bride—that his defiance of Jupiter should be above all things, and by all things presented to her imagination, in a journey which is taken for the very purpose of appealing against the tyranny of the despotic ruler of the skies to some higher power, is, we think, a proof of the highest dramatic genius in the poet. We are reminded of a

triumph of the same kind, in which, however, fancy predominates rather than imagination; but in which the description of natural scenery is rendered subservient to dramatic purposes, and thus gains tenfold beauty and propriety, in De Vere's noble poem of the "Waldenses." A dignified ecclesiastic finds himself ascending a glen in the valley of Rosa:

"*Cardinal.* This cloud-heap'd tempest
Roars like a river down yon dim ravine!—
See you! those pines are tortured by the storm,
To shapes more gnarl'd than their roots—fantastic
As are the thoughts of some arch-heretic,
That have no end—aye, self-entangling snares—
Nets for the fowls of air!"

Shelley's Prometheus, though inferior to the Cenci in the concentration of power, is a poem of wonderful beauty. These mythical legends easily mould themselves to any shape the poet pleases. When Shelley wrote *Queen Mab* he recommended abstinence from animal food, and even doubted the fitness of eating any vegetables except raw. The story of Prometheus then typified to his fancy the cruel man who first killed the ox, and used fire for culinary purposes. In the Prometheus of 1819, he gives the legend another color. Evil is an usurpation and an accident, and is finally to pass away through the effects of diffused knowledge and the predominance of good will, to the triumph of man acting in the spirit of love. The language of many of the old mythologists represents Jupiter as a disobedient son dethroning Saturn, and the restoration of Saturnian times is anticipated. On this view is Shelley's drama founded. "Prometheus is the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends." With the exception of a passage which we have before adverted to as deforming the drama, it is a work of the very highest power. The opening is in the spirit of Æschylus, and we think equal. In Æschylus the gifts which Prometheus is supposed to have given to man, are somewhat inartificially made the subject of boasting by Prometheus himself; in Shelley they are more naturally and more gracefully related by Asia. The scene in which Prometheus desires to bear the curse which he had imprecated against Jupiter, and the calling up the phantasm of Jupiter himself to pronounce it, because he will not expose any living thing to the suffering consequent on uttering it, is un-

equalled by anything in Æschylus or Goethe.

When the curse is repeated, Prometheus addresses the Spirit of the Earth:

"Were these my words, oh Parent?
The Earth. They were thine.

Prom. It doth repent me; words are quick and vain,
Grief for awhile is blind, and so is mine;
I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

We wish greatly that we had room for the scene in which Asia and Panthea are represented as on their journey to the cave of Demogorgon, a mighty spirit superior to Jupiter, but himself bound by the Fates. In the description of the dreams that suggest the journey, in the songs of Spirits accompanying or welcoming Asia and Panthea as they advance, in the change of external nature and all its objects, animate and inanimate, when breathed on by the spirit of love; every word of Shelley's has its own peculiar beauty. This may be, and no doubt often is, as the author of *Philip Van Artevelde* has told us, a fault, and poetry should be, in the words of Milton, simple rather than subtle and fine; yet here the language is spiritual as that of Ariel, and the fancy of the hearer already awakened and alive, conjures up images as rapidly as the successive words can suggest them. To do anything like justice to this passage, we should print several pages of the poem. The scene in which Jupiter himself is presented, is we think altogether a failure. The change which earth is supposed to undergo in consequence of his actual fall, is represented in a number of choral hymns, and this part of the poem is unequal to the two first acts.

The Prometheus and the Cenci were both written in Italy. "The Prometheus," says Shelley, "was written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms, and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

KEATS died at Rome in February, 1821, and Shelley's poem on his death is perhaps the poem of all others of his, which, carefully studied, gives the truest notion of his mind.

It is scarce possible that it should ever be popular in the ordinary meaning of the word, or should excite admiration in the same way as the "Cenci," or some scenes of the "Prometheus." As in the case of Milton's "Lycidas," the reader has to transpose himself into an imagined position, without the aid which dramatic forms give to produce that effect. "Lycidas" was not only not understood when it was first published, but the reader has only to look at any of the editions of Milton, with illustrative notes, to see that it is still misunderstood, even by his best commentators—so gradually and so slowly is it that the class of poetry which would overfly common sympathies, and address itself to any peculiar state of feelings, is appreciated. In the Adonais among the mountain shepherds—the imagined mourners for the dead—Shelley describes himself; and it is some evidence how little the poem is understood, that we have repeatedly seen the lines quoted as Shelley's description of Chatterton.

"Midst others

Of less note—came one frail form
A phantom among men : companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell ; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,
A love in desolation mask'd—a Power
Girt round with weakness :—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour ;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow ; *even whilst we speak*
Is it not broken ?

"All stood aloof—well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own."

The poem closes—as Mrs. Shelley has remarked—with words almost prophetic of his own approaching fate.

"The breath, whose might I have invoked in
song,
Descends on me : my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given ;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven !
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar ;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of
heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

At no period of Shelley's life did he enjoy good health ; and when he and Byron lived in the same neighborhood, "he was too much broken in upon and distracted by society to concentrate his mind on any one subject." To him the society of Byron must have been in every way injurious. Indeed, Moore's "Life of Byron," and Medwin's "Conversations," give abundant proof that it was so in every higher point of view ; and even intellectually its effect was to prevent his writing. Byron did not read Shelley's poems ; at least so one of his letters says ; and Shelley describes himself as the glowworm which ceased to emit its light in sunshine. Whenever Shelley, then, was not supported by dramatic forms, which compelled him to assume the language and the passions of men, and thus to appeal to our common sympathies, he shrank from the contemplation of his own sufferings, and of the wrongs—as he supposed them to be, and as they perhaps were—which were the consequence of his early alienation from his family and natural friends—and retired into a world of dream and mysticism. In this spirit, "The Witch of Altun," "The Triumph of Life," and the "The Epipsychidion," are written. In these we think he exhibits more thoughtful appreciation of the powers of language than is *apparent* in his greater works ; but in all these there is an almost morbid life, as if each particle lived and were releasing itself from the vital action of imagination that ought to have animated all. From this fault, his strong good sense—the distinguishing attribute of his mind as proved in all his later letters—would have undoubtedly rescued him. From these poems of more subtle woof, of which the colors seem to exist only in particular dispositions of light and shade, it would be idle to give any extracts. They are often of consummate beauty.

There is no great English poet who has not at times exercised himself in translation. It is spoken lightly of only by those who know nothing whatever of the subject on which they are speaking ; but none more than the poets who have best succeeded, know how "miserably inadequate" translation must always be.* Yet there are circumstances in which this exertion of mind is possible when works properly original are out of the question. Carey's Dante, Cowper's Homer, perhaps Coleridge's Wal-

* See Shelley's Essays and Letters from Abroad, vol. ii., p. 249.

lenstein, are instances of this. Shelley, in one of his letters, says he will not allow himself to be seduced into translation; and there can be little doubt that powers of the same kind, that in moments of happiness would be better employed in original works, are required for this task. What Shelley, however, shrank from at first, was at last assumed by him from the promptings of a generous spirit. He could not assist the periodical work which Byron and Leigh Hunt projected, by original contributions; and it occurred to him that Hunt might be served by a few specimens from Calderon and Goethe. This originated his "Scenes from Faust," and "The Magico Prodigioso." Some inaccuracies have been pointed out in the translations from Goethe, which so far injure their effect. The translations from Calderon are, we think, in every way superior to his "Scenes from Faust," with the wild song chanted by *Mephistopheles*, *Faust*, and *Ignis Fatuus*, as they ascend the Hartz Mountains.

Shelley, in sending his "Prometheus" to a friend, observed that poets are a camelion race, and in their colors exhibit the ground over which they are travelling, and he expresses fears lest he may have unconsciously imitated Faust. It is more certain that in translating "Faust," he adopts his own former language of "Prometheus," and heightens the effect by a line or two scarcely altered from the songs of Asia and Panthea. Of his translations, the best—indeed we think the best translation in the language—is Homer's Hymn to Mercury. Its power, too, is of a kind which no other work of Shelley's would prepare us for. We cannot but think that his "Peter Bell the Third," and "Œdipus Swellfoot," which Mrs. Shelley has given in her last edition of his works, and which we hope she may feel herself at liberty to omit from every future one, are exceedingly heavy. Were it not for his translation of this hymn, we should have thought that he had no appreciation of true humor.

In Mr. Medwin's book we find a passage from the Purgatory of Dante, translated by Shelley, which we have not before seen. It perhaps deserves preservation; but it is not, we think, equal to the corresponding passage in Carey. The fantastic image of the "interwoven looms" in Shelley has no warrant from anything in the original. We can imagine the exigencies of rhyme suggesting the word "looms" and the poet deceiving himself with assigning to it the

semblance of a meaning. Metaphors are dangerous things, and "looms" bring with them the thought of "weaving;" but "interwoven looms" defy all interpretation. This Mr. Medwin thinks very admirable. "The fragment leaves on the mind an inextinguishable regret"—such is his absurd language—"that he had not completed it; nay, more, that he did not employ himself in rendering others of the finest passages." Can the "interwoven looms" have been Shelley's? Is it not probable that there is some mistake in the transcript?

"And earnest to explore within, around,
That divine wood, whose thick, green living woof
Temper'd the young day to the sight, I wound
Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
With slow, slow steps, leaving the mountain's
steep,
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep.

Already had I lost myself so far
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I enter'd; but no fear
Of wandering from my way disturb'd, when nigh
A little stream appear'd; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly
My going on. Water of purest dew
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing hue
Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine would endure.
My feet were motionless; but 'mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms
That start'd that night, when even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take
wing.
Appear'd a solitary maid. She went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady! who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Unto this bank—prithce, oh! let me win
This much of thee—oh, come! that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,
Thou seemest to my fancy—singing here,
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden, when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her—more dear!"

With these lines we close our notice of Shelley. There are some subjects connected with it, at which we have not had time to glance. As far, however, as they connect themselves with the philosophy of language, which an examination of Shelley's

works almost forces on the mind, future opportunities of considering the way in which the words in which thought is expressed re-act on the mind itself, will no doubt arise. As far as the speculations on society are concerned, and on the awful subjects which, in his earliest youth, Shelley ventured to discuss, we think that we should be guilty of actual irreverence in introducing any rash discussion on them in a paper devoted to a subject purely literary. In the course of our paper, it was impossible that we should not have expressed strongly our feelings that Shelley was throughout wrong in all his speculations on religion and morals. But of himself—of his own purity of views—generosity of conduct—gentleness of disposition, and unwearied efforts to

promote the happiness of all with whom he was in any way connected—there are none more entirely satisfied than we. And the evidence—which we have been the first to produce—given by his Pamphlet on Ireland, of the young reformer calling on those whom he addresses to begin by reforming themselves, may prove that ardent as was the passion for reforming society with which he was reproached, it was tempered with discretion. Mrs. Shelley has led us to hope that at some future time a detailed account of Shelley's life may be published by herself, or with her sanction. We trust that such purpose, if still entertained, may not be interrupted or interfered with by Captain Medwin's unreadable and presumptuous book.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MADEMOISELLE LENORMAND.

MANY of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the name of the extraordinary person who, since the year 1789, has practised the arts of chiromancy and astrology in the French capital, and who, in the most sceptical epoch, and among the most sceptical people of modern times, has been able to maintain, for more than half a century, the reputation of an almost infallible interpreter of the decrees of fate. Some anecdotes of this Pythoness of our own days, derived from sources which we have reason to believe authentic, are offered in the following pages to those who take interest in such things. Of what may seem to verge on the marvellous, in the circumstances we have to relate, it is not our task to supply the *rationale*; we leave that as a problem for our psychological friends, to whose ken there is no mist impenetrable, no millstone opaque. He that can fathom animal magnetism may try his plummet in the mysteries of the palm and of the stars: we go not into matters that would take us out of our depth.

Mademoiselle Lenormand was born in 1772, at Alençon, in Normandy, and received her education in the Benedictine convent of that place, at the royal expense. The good nuns were far from dreaming what an embryo sorceress their cloister nursed in its bosom; though by her own account, there must have been something

about her, even then, unlike other children, and calculated to give the impression that the little king's charity-scholar was not altogether "canny." "She remembers," writes one who was much in communication with her between the years 1811 and 1813, "having a singular power of observation and imagination since she was seven years old, and an expression she often uses, in reference to that period of her life, is—*I was a waking somnambulist.*" At an early age, Paris became her abode, and here we find her, in her seventeenth year, already embarked in the profession of a fortune-teller, and applying herself with ardor to the study of astronomy and algebra, the knowledge of which she believed indispensable to the perfection she aimed at in the divinatory art. She rose rapidly into note. The persons who came, led perhaps more by curiosity than by credulity, to test her prophetic powers, were confounded by the acquaintance she displayed with the most secret details of their past history, and learned to place a reluctant confidence, at variance with all their habits of thought, in her predictions of the future. Meanwhile, the revolution proceeded, and it was the lot of our Pythoness to become involved in one of the countless plots which the distracted times were hourly bringing forth. It was a project for the liberation of the queen, then in the Temple prison, which

proved fruitless, from the impossibility of inducing Marie Antoinette to embrace any opportunity of escape, which was to involve a separation from her children. Lenormand's connexion with this enterprise led to her own arrest, and she found herself an inmate of the prison of the Petite Force, from which she afterwards removed to that of the Luxembourg. Although at this time the "reign of terror" had already begun its course of blood, and the citizen once breathed on by suspicion—especially of royalist plotting—had little to do but prepare for the guillotine, Lenormand was no way frightened by this turn in her affairs, her astrological calculations assuring her, as she said, that her life was safe, and that her imprisonment would not be of long duration. The result showed that, unlike the augur-tribe in general, she had read the book of fate as truly for herself as she did for others. Robespierre's fall found her happily still among the unguillotined, and placed her at liberty, with the remnant that were in the same case.

Her sojourn in the Luxembourg, however, had brought her into contact, among others, with Josephine Beauharnois. Josephine had once had her fortune told, by an Obi woman in the West Indies; she now got it done a second time by Lenormand, and had the satisfaction to find that the black and the white sybils spelled her destinies alike. We say the satisfaction, because it really was satisfactory, to one for whose neck the guillotine's tooth, so to speak, was on edge, to hear from two different fortune-tellers, so widely apart both in geography and complexion, that years of life and greatness were before her. The agreement could not but dispose to belief, and it is not rash to surmise that Josephine's mind was all the easier, for her conference with the Norman prophetess, during the term that yet intervened, before the auspicious event that restored both to freedom. This event itself was no slight confirmation of Lenormand's credit; and when Josephine, about two years after, married Napoleon Bonaparte, and perhaps discovered in him the aspirings of that ambition which boded her the fulfilment of those more dazzling promises of her horoscope, that stood yet unredeemed, she did not fail to talk to him of the gifted mortal who had shared her captivity, and by whom such great things had been prognosticated for her, and, by the plainest implication, for him as her husband. Few men

were more superstitious at heart than he to whom these conjugal revelations were made: he saw Lenormand, and it is said (though we fear on doubtful authority) that she foretold him the successive stages of the career he was destined to run—his elevation to the summit of power, his fall, and his death in exile. What measure of faith may have been yielded by Napoleon to these vaticinations (supposing they were ever uttered), we have of course no means of knowing; but from the time of his attaining the imperial dignity, it is certain that Lenormand became an object of suspicion to him, the effects of which she often found troublesome enough. Perhaps the emperor thought that she who had predicted his overthrow would not scruple to use means to compass it. Be that as it may, a jealous watchfulness was now exercised, not only towards the prophetess herself, but towards those who came to consult her; more than once she was arrested, and had to undergo a rigorous interrogatory at the *palais de justice*. On one of these occasions, a remarkable expression fell from her: it was on the 11th of December, 1809, when, being pressed to explain an obscure answer she had just given to some question which had been addressed to her, she said, "My answer is a problem, the solution of which I reserve *till the 31st of March, 1814*." What the question was, to which this reply was given, does not appear, but we hardly need to remind the reader that, eight days before, the fifth anniversary of Napoleon's coronation had been celebrated with a splendor enhanced by the presence of five of his royal vassals, the kings of Saxony, Westphalia, Wirtemberg, Holland, and Naples; and that on the day named by Lenormand for the solution of her "problem"—the allies entered Paris.

And now to our promised anecdotes, the first of which we find in a communication addressed to our friend Doctor Justinus Kerner, by a lady who subscribes herself "Countess N. N.," and who is the same we referred to a while ago, as having had a great deal to do with the Pythoness, between the years 1811 and 1813. Let us premise that the countess's real name is known to the doctor, though she chooses to be only N. N. to the public:—

"On the 5th May, 1811, the Duchess of Couland and I, having disguised ourselves as citizens' wives of Paris, drove to the entrance of the Fau-

bourg St. Germain, and, leaving our carriage there, took a *fiacre*, and proceeded to Mlle. Lenormand's, in the Rue Tournon. After we had rung and knocked several times, a young girl appeared, and told us we could not see Mademoiselle L., as she was at that moment engaged, and that we must either come another time, or wait till she was at leisure to receive us. We chose the latter, and were shown into a room, in which books, prints, paintings, and stuffed animals, musical and other instruments, bottles with snakes and lizards in spirits, wax fruits, artificial flowers, and a medley of other articles, covered the walls, the tables, and the floor, leaving scarcely an unoccupied spot for the eye to rest on. It was fully two hours before any one came near us, during which time we heard the house-door, as well as that of the adjoining cabinet, open and shut repeatedly. At last, when our patience was almost worn out, the door of the room we were in was opened, and a figure, of a height and breadth that surprised us, made its appearance. It was Mlle. Lenormand. There was undeniably something imposing in the picture she presented: her bulk nearly filled the door; her air was marked by a stately composure, and the expression of her countenance had the kind of solemnity one expects to find in the professor of a mysterious art. She had broad, flat features, and wore a black silk morning dress, and a cap with a deep border, that completely covered the hair. She beckoned us into the cabinet, seated herself in a high arm-chair, before a large table, on which lay astronomical charts and papers covered with calculations, and pointed to two lower seats, which we took possession of. She now looked good-naturedly at us, and told us we were disguised. We confessed it; she said nothing further on the subject, and when taking leave, we named ourselves of our own accord."

We must here interrupt the countess to say, that we regret she should have thought it necessary to maintain an *incognito* with us, which she was so obliging as to drop towards Mlle. Lenormand. Countesses that have anything out of the common way to tell, should eschew the anonymous, lest readers of an incredulous turn of mind should be led to suspect that they are no countesses at all. Letters of the alphabet are bad vouchers for a tough story; even the newspapers will not insert your account of a "man's nose bitten off by an oyster," unless you send your real name and address. "Q. Z." will not do. And what better is "N. N.?" For anything one knows, it may stand for Nobody, of Nowhere.

As our countess, however, has not thought proper to name herself, it is well that she has not practised the same reserve in relation to the Duchess of Courland. The duchess is a good guarantee for the authenticity of the countess; for this Duchess of Courland is a real personage,

Anna Charlotte Dorothea by name, a born Von Medem, and third wife and relict of Peter, last Duke of Courland, who died the 13th of January, 1800. She was born the 8th of February, 1761 (consequently had entered her fifty-first year but three months before the "lark" we find her engaged in), and was married the 6th of November, 1779. She lives (if she has not died since 1822) on her estate of Loebichau, in the principality of Altenburg, and has a jointure of sixty thousand florins (or five thousand pounds sterling) a year. Her youngest daughter, Dorothea, was married, in 1809, to the nephew of Prince Talleyrand. The reader sees that in the Duchess of Courland we have got a tangible fact, taken in connexion with which, the Countess N. N. becomes at least a fair probability; and now let the fair probability proceed with her narrative, secure from further interruption:

"After the duchess had been disposed of, my turn came, and Mlle. L. interrogated me as follows:—

" 'The first letter of your Christian name?'

" 'A.'

" 'The year, day, and hour of your birth?'

" 'Sunday, the 18th of May, 1777, four o'clock in the afternoon.'

" 'Your favorite colors?'

" 'Black and white.'

" 'Favorite fruits?'

" 'Pine-apple and mulberry.'

" 'In walking, whether do you like best to go up hill or down?'

" 'Up.'

" 'Your favorite animals?'

" 'Eagle, swan, dog, and horse.'

"She now glanced into the chart of the heavens, told me that I stood under the influences of Venus and Jupiter, and then proceeded to detail the events of my past life, with a particularity and a fidelity, which filled me with wonder—many of the circumstances which she related being such as I believed known to no human being but myself. While thus engaged, she did not once look at me, but kept her eyes fixed on the chart, from which she seemed to be reading aloud.

"At last she raised her eyes to mine, and asked—

" 'Do you desire to know the future?'

"I took this opportunity of observing the expression of her eyes, into which I looked for a few moments before answering. There was, however, nothing unusual to be detected in them, nothing indicating a state of somnambulism, no gleam of prophetic rapture, not a characteristic to mark them as the organs of a preternatural vision. You would say that the soul which looked through such eyes was guiltless of all commerce with the powers of an invisible world, and that if Mlle. Lenormand *really* divined at all, it was by the rules of an art learned by rote, and not by any oracular promptings from within.

"Incredible as the existence of such an art might seem, it was not more so in relation to the future than to the past. If the sibyl could see all I had left behind me in the journey of life, why should that which was yet before me be hid from her? She had shown me what was gone: why should I doubt her ability to bring to my view that which was to come?"

"With such thoughts as these, I answered her question in the affirmative. On this she took my left hand, gazed on its lines, wrote down some numbers on a sheet of paper, reckoned, contemplated the celestial chart, again pored over my hand, again wrote and reckoned, and so on for not less than two hours. The duchess got tired, and went away, and I at last began to be faint with hunger. Mlle. L. had a cup of soup brought to me, and said, 'Have patience, for I have something to learn here.' At last her calculations appeared to be brought to a satisfactory result, and she dictated to me what follows;—

"'A singular destiny! You will see more high mountains than you think—will ascend more than you will wish to do. One day, and that in 1813, during the war, you will have to fly; your people will be ill-used and made prisoners; you yourself also will be carried away one morning, at 1 o'clock, by men with long beards, and by men wearing chains and coats of mail, who will require of you a breach of fidelity towards him who will die on the rock. Three state prisoners will owe their lives to your intercession. In Venice, a poet, whom you have never seen, and never will see, will feel himself impelled to make it a request to you, that after his death you will pray for him, as often as you enjoy the view of anything pre-eminently beautiful in nature. Your life will be spent in courts, because the choice of your heart is solitude; this is the contradiction that presides over your earthly existence. Your first long journey will be from Germany to Italy, whither you will go at the instance of a sovereign; and you will be invested with an order, the decoration of which you will either never wear, or wear for the first time at a very advanced age. Satiated with honors, and weary of the great world, you will die of years, in a fair *château*, standing in the midst of gardens. Many will be around you at your death, and form, as it were, a little court. Your life, and all that awaits you, is wonderful. Your wishes point to tranquillity and retirement, but these will evade your search: they are denied you, just because you seek them.

"'One thing more—a great thing—will happen you, but I cannot tell you what it is; it is nothing bad, but it must remain a secret. Before 1867 all will have been fulfilled.'

"After this followed much that related to family matters, and which, except in some few points, has since been verified. But as a great part of these communications were of a painful nature, turning on the death of friends, and other sorrows which were in store for me, I can say that I learned from my horoscope at least one lesson—never to wish again to pry into the secrets of futurity. As to the fulfilment of the above, I have to say, that the year 1813 brought all that was pre-

dicted. The poet in Venice proved to be Lord Byron, and I keep the promise I made him, and will keep it as long as I live. The journey to Italy was undertaken in consequence of an invitation of Pope Leo XII. His death prevented the establishment of an institution for sick persons at Varenna, which he wished me to preside over, and for which the arrangements were already in a state of forwardness. With a view to my holding this position, the Maltese cross was promised me; but I made no application to the pontifical government for the performance of this promise, wishing neither to wear the order, nor to pay the fees for it, when the object for which it was to have been conferred on me, was given up. From that time the prophecy awaits its further accomplishment.

"This was but the first of many visits which I paid, in that and the next two years, to Mlle. Lenormand. Friends living at a distance commissioned me to consult her, and, as long as I remained at Paris, a month seldom passed without some communication between us. To calculate the nativity of absent persons, she required the day and hour of their birth in their own handwriting; she asked neither the name of the applicant, his birth-place, nor the country in which he lived. I brought her the leaf on which the necessary particulars were written, settled the price to be paid (six francs, one, two, or four louis d'or), and in eight days I had the answer. It turned out that the prophecies which went most into details (that is, those which were the highest paid for), were least borne out by the result.

"Since 1813, when I left Paris, I have had no further intelligence of Mlle. Lenormand."

So far Countess N. N., of whose unsatisfactory way of telling her story we must here again complain. After giving us the prophecy word for word, she ought to have given the fulfilment, event for event, told us all about the "high mountains" (which we have to guess were the Alps and Apennines), the "men with long beards" (Cosacks, of course), the others wearing "chains and coats of mail," and explained what "breach of fidelity" they required of her, towards "him who was to die upon the rock"—in whom there is no very great difficulty in recognising Napoleon. She might have done worse, too, than let us know who were the "three prisoners of state that owed their lives to her intercession."

Our next contribution is from a personage every way more authentic and responsible than the Countess N. N., namely, the President Von Malchus, who, about forty years ago, played a somewhat considerable part in European affairs. He was born in 1770, at Mannheim, where his father held some subordinate appointment in the house-

hold of the Duke of Deux-Ponts. The duke, discovering indications of talent in the boy, took care that he should enjoy every advantage of education; he was placed in the Gymnasium of Mannheim in his fifteenth year, and, after two years of preparatory study, proceeded to the University of Heidelberg, from which he afterwards removed to that of Göttingen. In 1790, he exchanged an academic life for one devoted to diplomacy, being made private secretary to the Count of Westphalia, minister of state to the Elector of Mayence. After this he occupied various posts of gradually increasing importance, till 1803, when he was intrusted with a high "cameral" appointment by the King of Prussia. When the kingdom of Westphalia was erected, in 1807, he was called to give King Jerome (the most brainless of the Bonaparte family), the aid of his financial abilities, first as a member of the council of state, and afterwards as director-general of imposts, and liquidator-general of the national debt; the last-mentioned office, however, after a short tenure, he gave up, and we rather think the office itself was abolished, as calculated to create a popular delusion—to say nothing of its being a sinecure. During the next three years he was employed in various missions (to Berlin, Hanover, Paris, &c.), the object of which, it is our impression, was generally something connected with money matters, as the bent of his genius was decidedly that way. From this period the rise of his fortunes was rapid. In 1811, he was named Minister of Finance; in 1812, of War; and in 1813, of the Interior: simultaneously with this last charge, he received the title of Count Merienröde, Jerome probably thinking that such an accumulation of employments (leaving no one domestic or foreign affair of the kingdom that Malchus was not to manage) would be too much for the head of a simple commoner. After the dissolution of the Westphalian monarchy, Malchus took up his residence at Heidelberg, where for some time his position was by no means an enviable one, in consequence of the violent attacks, both in reference to his administration and his personal character, of which he found himself the object. However, he showed his assailants a bold front, and published a memoir, in which the charges against him were ably combated. He lived some years in privacy, and with straitened means; at length, in 1817, he entered the service of

the King of Wirtemberg, who placed him at the head of his old department of finance. From what causes we are not informed, he held his appointment little more than a year. A pension of four thousand florins was conferred upon him at his retirement; and, taking up his abode once more in Heidelberg, he devoted the rest of his days to the "cultivation of the sciences." In this occupation—a considerably pleasanter one, we reckon, than liquidating the national debt—he was engaged up to the year 1838, and may, for anything we know, be engaged at the present writing.

So much to advise the reader who President Malchus properly is or was, and now to his account of what passed between himself and Mlle. Lenormand.

He had heard, he tells us, of the far-famed divineress long before he saw, or supposed that he ever would see her, and the way in which her name came to his ears was this. There was a certain Count Morio in the Westphalian service, a Frenchman by birth, whom King Jerome had appointed marshal of the palace, and in concert with whom the finance-minister had received orders to remodel the royal household, with a view to its being placed on a more economical footing. This business necessitated frequent and prolonged interviews between the two officials, which took place at the house of Malchus; and at these, Morio, after the lapse of about an hour, generally became uneasy, and showed a marked anxiety to terminate the sitting and to get home. This impatience was quite inexplicable to his colleague, who one day asked him the reason of it.

"The reason is," replied Morio, "that my wife is in an agony of dread if I remain out of her sight a moment after the time she has reckoned to see me."

"And why?" inquired Malchus.

Morio then related that his wife, before he met with her, had had her nativity cast by Mlle. Lenormand, who, among other things, had told her that she would be married three times. Her first husband would be a man between whom and herself no acquaintance at that time existed: the marriage would be a very advantageous one, and put her in possession of all she could reasonably wish for, but when blest with the fulfilment of her highest wish—to be in the way of becoming a mother—she would, soon after a great fire, receive in her house a visitor of great distinction, and, not long after, lose her husband by a violent death.

Married a second time, not so brilliantly, but still very well, she would return to her native country (she was a Creole), where she would in a short time lose her second husband, and marry a third, who would survive her.

After this explanation, Malchus seems to have indulged, as far as it was possible, the wish of his fellow-laborer to shorten the hours of business. One day, however, he found it necessary to continue the sitting considerably beyond the usual time, when Morio, unable to contain his anxiety, at last insisted upon breaking off, and said, "Come, *monsieur le ministre*, do me the honor to accompany me home; you shall see for yourself the state of terror in which my absence places my wife, and you will never again blame my reluctance to prolong that terror an avoidable moment." Malchus complied, and found the countess in a state of suffering which her husband had not at all exaggerated. When she learned that he had been acquainted by Morio with the ground of her apprehensions, she said, "You can judge, then, whether I have cause to tremble for my husband's life. In every other particular the prophecy has been verified. I did not know him, nor he me; my marriage with him was a most advantageous one, and has truly put me in possession of all I could reasonably wish for; I am so happy as to have the prospect of being a mother, and that very soon; the "great fire" has unfortunately taken place—it was the burning of the palace; the "distinguished visitor" is no longer to be waited for, for the king, in consequence of that calamity, established himself here in the Bellevue (the name of a palace in Cassel, in which Morio, as chief of the royal household, resided), and we had to give him up several rooms. Yes, I must tremble when I think of the stage to which my fortunes are arrived, for I am driven to the conclusion that the violent death of my husband is now very near."

Malchus said what he could to tranquilize her; assured her that with him, at least, her husband was perfectly safe, and that one more meeting—though she must not alarm herself if it should prove a somewhat lengthened one—would now terminate the business which took him away from her.

A day or two after this, Morio was at the minister's till about eleven o'clock, and then rode out with the king. On their return, Malchus saw them both pass his

house: they rode through the royal mews, where Morio explained various things to the king, while the countess was in such extreme anguish of terror that they had to put her to bed. After a while the king rode home, but Morio was still detained in the mews. On a sudden a shot was fired; the countess heard it, sprang frantic out of bed, and shrieked out, "That is my husband—they have shot him!"

It was but too true: poor Morio had been maliciously shot by a French farrier, over whom, on account of his disorderly conduct, it had been found necessary to give a German the preference.

This occurrence made a deep impression upon Malchus, and when the Westphalian catastrophe, in 1813, brought him to Paris, he was not surprised at finding the name of Lenormand in all men's mouths, nor at being urged—almost teased, as he says—by many of his friends, to have his fortune told by her. Among other things, he was assured that she had predicted to Murat, in the time of the consulate, that he would one day be a king; but that Murat had only laughed at her, and said, if that ever came to pass, he would make her a kingly present, which also, on his ascending the Neapolitan throne, he did.

Another story, which he heard had some years before been avouched by all the journals of Paris, was this. During the Spanish war, an officer came to Mlle. Lenormand, to learn his destiny, when she assured him distinctly, that a week from that day, somebody would give him, in a coffee-house, the information of his brother's death in Spain. The officer, who was not even certain that his brother was in Spain at all, determined not to go into any coffee-house till after the time predicted. But on the eighth day, some good friend, knowing nothing about the oracle, dragged him by main force into one, the threshold of which he had hardly crossed when his servant brought him a letter, announcing that his brother, at such and such a place, on such and such an occasion, had been killed in Spain.

Further, it was positively asserted that Napoleon had twice spoken with the sorceress—once at her own house, and the second time at the Tuileries; but as nobody but Duroc was present, nothing certain could be known of what had passed, for neither of these worthies was likely to give it wind, and she dared not. All, therefore, that people told so confidently, as having been said by her to the First Consul

—that he would be emperor, that his wife (Josephine) was his guardian angel, that he would for a time reign and make war prosperously, but afterwards become unfortunate, subsequently be overcome and dethroned, and at last die in exile—all this, Malchus considers, could have been only conjecture; at least no one knew anything certain about it. It struck him more, he said, that the Countess Bochoitz (whoever she was) was more than once very pressing with him to feel the pulse of the fates, and protested to him that Lenormand had told her circumstances out of her past life, which it had given her a positive thrill of terror to hear, they being things known almost to no human being, and of which Lenormand could by no earthly chance have been informed. Many others of his most intimate friends spoke in the same way, but there was nobody that so much aroused his curiosity, respecting this singular woman, as Dr. Spangenberg, the queen's (what queen's?) physician. This personage, who is described by Malchus as a particularly dry, clear-headed man, who brought everything to the bar of reason, and admitted nothing that was not susceptible of mathematical proof, assured him, just as every one else did, that it was perfectly incomprehensible what this woman knew, and could tell one. To him, as well as to the Countess Bochoitz, she had presented the picture of his earlier life, in its leading outlines, with the greatest fidelity, reminding him of many things which, even in Mecklenburg (his native country), very few people were aware of, and which, here in Paris, no human soul could know. Also with respect to the present and the paulo-post-future, she had said things to him, which were true, or had since become true, to a degree that was enough to drive one mad. For instance—"he would in eight days' time receive very interesting intelligence, through an old friend, respecting affairs in his own country, but the bringer of this intelligence would die two days after." He and his friends, with whom he was living at Compiègne, had several times joked about this, and wondered when the messenger, who was to die two days after delivering his message, would make his appearance. At last, on the eighth day, the actor Narcisse, who had spent a considerable time at Cassel, and elsewhere in Germany, arrived, and brought him several pieces of news which were of great interest for him, but—two days after Narcisse died.

Dr. Spangenberg mentioned further, that at the time of his consulting Lenormand, he was for the first time of his life at Paris; that he had no mind to consult her, but had been teased into doing so by Monsieur de Pful and other friends. He had never before been in the neighborhood of her house, had never seen her until that day, and, at his visit, told her neither his name nor his circumstances, nor suffered anything to escape him which could have served her as a clue.

Malchus was at length prevailed on to visit the divineress; the following is his account of the visit, which we give in his own words:—

"All this at length overcame the repugnance I felt towards a sybil of this species, and I determined to go, intending however to put the reality of her miraculous knowledge to every test in my power.

"I was glad to find that the street in which she lived, and even the quarter of the town in which it was situated, was one in which I had never been. I put on a threadbare cast-off surtout, and a very shabby old hat, got into a *fiacre*, and drove to the Faubourg St. Germain, alighted before turning the corner of the Rue Tournon, and proceeded to her house on foot. On my ringing, the door was opened by a little girl, who might be about fourteen years of age. I asked for Mlle. Lenormand, and received answer that she would scarcely be able to speak with me just then, as she was extremely busy. 'Very well,' said I; 'ask her when I may call again?' After a few moments, the child returned with the answer, 'Next Saturday, any time after twelve o'clock.' I expressed my wish that she would appoint the hour herself, as I had, I said, abundance of leisure, so that it was equal to me at what time I came, and I was anxious that her reception of me should interfere with no other engagement. The little maid disappeared and presently there came out of the adjoining chamber a woman advanced in years, and, I must confess, not without somewhat witch-like in her appearance, her eyes glancing about her not exactly with fire, but still with an expression of uncommon intelligence and subtlety. Coming straight up to me, and giving me no time to speak, she put a card into my hand, and, with the words, '*Samedi, trois heures, monsieur*,' disappeared again into her cabinet: she hardly saw me half a second and I had not opened my lips in her presence.

"Saturday came, and I was there (in the same dress) punctually at three o'clock, was again received by the little maid, and requested to wait a few moments, as somebody was just then with Mlle. Lenormand. About ten minutes might have passed, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a young woman, supported by a man under the middle age, came out, weeping so excessively, that one could literally have washed oneself in her tears, and giving utterance to the most heart-piercing lamentations. Her companion did everything possible to assuage her grief, reminded her that

'the thing, after all, had not been infallibly declared, that the question still remained, whether it would really come to pass,' and so on. There must something terrible have been said to the poor soul.

"I was now ushered in, and made to sit down near the sorceress, at a table that stood by the sofa. As I had heard that, when asked only for the *petit jeu* (which cost two napoleons), she left out many details, in her sketch of the past, the present, and the future, I at once signified my desire to have the *grand jeu*, of which four napoleons is the price.

"She then asked me—

"1. The initial letter of my Christian name.

"2. That of my surname.

"3. Of my country.

"4. Of the place of my birth.

"5. My age—to be given with as much exactitude as was in my power: it so happened that I could state it even to the hour, and did so.

"6. The name of my favorite flower.

"7. The name of my favorite animal.

"8. The name of the animal to which I had the greatest repugnance.

"Upon this, she took, in addition to some seven packs of cards which already lay on the table, seven packs more, making in all fourteen packs. They were, however, of very different kinds; for instance, Tarok-cards, old German cards, whist cards, cards marked with the celestial bodies, cards with necromantic figures, and I know not what all besides. She now shuffled one pack after another, giving me each pack, after she had shuffled it, to cut. Naturally, I was going to do this with the right hand, but she prevented me, and said, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' To try whether she said this merely to mystify me, or would seriously make a point of it, I cut the second pack with the left hand, but took the right again to the third; but she interposed instantly, and repeated, '*La main gauche, monsieur.*' Out of each pack, after cutting, I had to draw (still with the left hand) a certain number of cards, prescribed by her; not the same number out of each pack, but from one more, from another less: from the Tarok cards, for instance, twenty-five; from another pack, six; from a third, ten; and so on. The cards thus drawn she arranged in a certain order on the table: all the rest were put aside.

"She then took my left hand, and surveyed it very attentively, taking particular notice of all its lines and intersections. After a little while, she commenced counting the lines upwards and downwards, and from side to side, pronouncing at the same time the names of the heavenly bodies. At length, she opened a great necromantic book which lay near her, and in which were drawn an immense variety of hands, with all their linear marks: these drawings she compared carefully, one after another, with my hand, till she found one that was marked in a similar way. Then, turning to the cards arranged on the table, she studied them with great intentness, went from one to another, numbering and calculating very busily, till at last she began to speak, and to tell me, out of the cards before her, my past, present, and future des-

tinies. She spoke very rapidly, and as if reading out of a book; and I observed that if, in running on, she happened to revert a second time to anything already mentioned, she stated it in the very same words as at first—in short, exactly as if she were reading it again out of the book.

"Of my past history, she told me, to my infinite astonishment, much that I myself had almost forgotten, which, probably, there was no one in my own country that knew or remembered, and which most certainly was known to nobody at Paris.

"Among other things, she said—'You have more than once been in peril of life; in particular, within your first five years, you had a narrow escape of drowning.'

"Who told her that in my fourth year I fell into the great pond at Schwetzingen?

"More than once you have been in danger of losing your life by fire.'

"This, too, is true.

"You were born in circumstances which did not offer you the prospect of high station in the world; nevertheless, you have attained it. Very early in life you began to labor for distinction of some sort; you were not yet five-and-twenty when you first entered the service of the state, but it was in a very subordinate position.'

"How did she find out that I received my first official appointment at nineteen?

"Then she proceeded to reckon up to me a multitude of particulars of my past life, in particular placing the different *sections* of it before me in so definite and distinct a manner, that I began to feel a kind of horror creeping over me, as if I had been in the presence of a spirit.

"With respect to the last section but one (my taking office in Westphalia), she remarked, that it had not at first appeared likely to become very brilliant, but that circumstances had soon occurred, which had given it such a character.

"Of the present she spoke with the same accuracy.

"Of the future, some things that she said were characterized by a true Sibylline obscurity, or might have been compared to that Pythian utterance, 'If Cæsar crosses the Phasis, a great kingdom will fall.' Some things, on the other hand, she expressed in a clear and unambiguous manner, and they have proved true.

"For example, she said, 'You are in great anxiety about your family'—which indeed I was, for I knew that my wife and children had got in safety as far as Elsen, but whether they had got happily to Hildesheim, and if so, how matters stood with them there, I knew not—'but,' proceeded the sorceress, 'you may be tranquil on this score, for in eight days you will receive a letter, which will indeed contain various things not agreeable to you, but will relieve you of all uneasiness on your family's account.'

"In effect, by the eighth day I received a letter from my wife, which acquainted me that she and the children were well, but of which the remaining contents were by no means of a character to give me pleasure.

"Within the next eight days I should four times successively obtain accounts of the state of

things in my native country, and on one occasion should hear very minute particulars respecting my family.

"This was said on the 28th of March. Two days after, the allies entered Paris, an event the most unexpected to all its citizens. About six days after, I went to walk on the Boulevards; a person in the uniform of the Prussian artillery came eagerly up to me, and to my astonishment I recognised Monsieur N., who had lived with us a short time before at Compiègne, had then returned to Hildesheim, and joined the Prussians, and was now come direct from Hildesheim to Paris, consequently had no end of things to tell me about my family, whom he had seen and spoken with. A little after, I met Monsieur Delius, formerly prefect of Göttingen, and, in short, I really, in the course of eight days, had news from Germany just four times.

"She proceeded—"You will not remain long in France, but will return to your own country, where you will at first have to encounter a host of annoyances, some of them trifling, some grave. You will be arrested, but speedily restored to liberty."

"All this took place here in Heidelberg.

"She now said very distinctly, that before the 23d of November, 1814, I should receive an important decision, but one very unacceptable to me. In effect, on the 21st of that month, I received the letter of the Hanoverian minister, Count Munster, conveying to me the determination of his government on my claim to the estate of Marienrode: the purport of this determination was, that my claim was rejected, but the appeal, which I spoke of, to the Congress of Vienna left open to me.

"Your destiny," she added, "will, for the next three years, be but precarious and unstable: and you will not find yourself in prosperous circumstances again until 1817."

"When she had completely finished, I wished to have the whole written down (this costs a napoleon more), as it interested me too much to allow of my trusting the retention of it solely to memory. 'Much,' said I, 'of what you have said to me, respecting my past life, has put me in no small astonishment.'

"Ah," replied she, drily, '*c'est bien fait pour cela.*'

"She had no objection to write it all down for me, but assured me that she had more to do than could be told, and must, therefore, request of me three things. First, that I would write down for her the three answers above mentioned; secondly, that I would not require her to go into the past and the present at such length as she had done in her verbal communication; and, thirdly, that I would give her three weeks' time, before coming for the paper. 'That will be the easier for you to do,' said she, 'as you will remain two months longer at Paris.' This struck me much, because, in the position I then occupied, and under the political circumstances existing, I could not engage to be at Paris three days.

"Surement," repeated she, as she observed my perplexed looks; '*vous resterez encore deux mois à Paris.*'

"And in this also she was right! I remained at Paris just two months longer, and no more.

"After three weeks I revisited the house of Mlle. Lenormand, but found her engaged, and heard from the little maid that, with the best will in the world, she had not yet been able to make out time to write what I wished for; but, if I would come again in four days, it should positively be ready.

"I was glad of this delay; the test, I thought, would be all the severer, whether she really read the same things in the cards, this second time, that she did three or four weeks before, or whether she only recalled, by an effort of memory, what she had said to me on a former occasion. I therefore quitted the house with pleasure, and returned after four days. Mlle. Lenormand was gone out. The little maid excused this on the score of urgent business, begged me in her mistress's name, to enter the cabinet, and opening a drawer, showed me a paper intended for me, but which was not yet quite finished. I read it through, as far as it went, and found that it already contained about two-thirds of what the sorceress had said to me orally. Errors there were none, and the little variations from what I had heard near four weeks before from her, were of the most inconsiderable nature.

"In four days more, the little maid assured me, the manuscript should, without fail, be ready. In effect it was so, and corresponded accurately with what she had spoken more than four weeks before. Yet how many nativities might she not have cast in the interval! How many men's destinies must have thrust mine out of her recollection! I went purposely, from the time of my first visit to her till my departure from Paris, into her neighborhood several times, and always found one or more carriages standing before her house, which had brought persons desirous of learning their destiny at the lips of Mlle. Lenormand."

We offer no opinion on the above, except that it is "curious." "True" we must presume it, coming, as it does, not from a professional inditer of fugitive romance, but from a grave man, with a character to lose—a man of arithmetic and red tape, and such solid realities of life—whose only flight of imagination, that we can find any trace of, was that very high, but very brief one, of accepting the office of "liquidator of the national debt." Somebody has called chiromancy a "*monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*" It may be so; still these coincidences (to use a word without much meaning) are strange. Malchus was not the only celebrated person of the last generation whose horoscope Lenormand constructed: Talma, Madame de Stael, Mlle. George, and numerous other notabilities of that age, also had occasion to acknowledge that her predictions were not thrown out at random; and it is but a few years since the accomplishment of a prophecy of hers, respecting Horace Vernet, delivered in 1807, when he was a child. This was to the effect that he would, in about thirty years

from that time, stand in such high consideration as an artist, that the king would send him to Africa, to paint the storming of a fortress there by the French army; a prediction which was literally fulfilled in 1839. It is also asserted, as something generally known, that she foretold Murat the place and the hour of his death, twenty years before that event. People will tell us, these were all "coincidences;" which means, if it means anything, that the event "coincided" with the prediction. Quite true; the event did coincide with the prediction, and here is just the wonder. If there had been no "coincidence"—that is, if the prophecy had not been fulfilled—there would have been no mystery in the case.

But the certainty with which Lenormand divined the lucky numbers in the lottery, is said to have thrown all her other oracular exploits into the shade. The following anecdotes, illustrative of her gift in this way, are told by Doctor Weisskampff, who had them from Colonel Favier, at Paris:—

"Mlle. L. once declared to the celebrated comic actor, Potier, that one, two, or even three prizes, were assigned by destiny, generally speaking, to every man; but that she could not tell when and where any particular person's fortunate numbers would be drawn, without inspecting such person's hand. She said, further, that if she could collect about her all the individuals to whom fortune is favorably disposed, all the lotteries of all Europe would not be able to pay the immense winnings they would have to claim. Potier very naturally desired to know what were his own fortunate numbers. Mlle. L. contemplated his left hand, and said, 'Mark the numbers, 9, 11, 37, and 85; stake on these—but not sooner than sixteen years hence—in the imperial lottery at Lyons, and you will obtain a *quatern*.' This was in 1810; in 1826, Potier remembered it; the drawing at Lyons took place in May; he staked on the four numbers the sorceress had named, and chose for himself a fifth, the number of his birth-day, 27; and Paris talks yet of the sensation produced when the five numbers Potier had set his money on were drawn. He won 250,000 francs, a sum which made a rich man of him, and by which he sprang, as it were, into the arms of fortune; his wealth increased from day to day, and when he died (which was in May, 1840), his heirs divided a million and a half among them.

"Potier's good luck reached the ears of Tribet, another actor, a man to whom nature had been somewhat chary of talent, but, to make amends, extremely liberal in the matter of children. He flew to Mlle. Lenormand—she declined to give him any information; he besought her on his knees, but she continued inflexible; he supplicated, he conjured her, she perused his hand, but only shook her head in silence, sighed, and left him. Tribet was out of his senses at this silence of the oracle—he follow-

ed Lenormand, represented that his happiness was in her hands; that he was poor, helpless, the father of ten children, whom it was not in his power even to educate, and for whose future prospects he was in despair. At last the sybil looked on him with a grave aspect, and said, "Do not desire to know your numbers; it is true that they will be drawn in the next *tirage* at Paris, but they will bring you far greater evils than you now have to contend with. Seduced by the first smile of fortune, you will become a passionate gambler; you will neglect your art, renounce, in your elated folly, the profession that insures you bread, abandon your wife and your children, play again, and again play, and not cease playing, until, beggared, maddened, and lost irretrievably, you will only hasten, by suicide, a death already creeping towards you by starvation."

"Tribet vowed and swore he would be the most regular, the most staid of men, and would suffer no degree of prosperity to intoxicate him; as for play, he bound himself by a solemn oath to avoid it, and to apply his gains in the lottery solely to his family's good. 'Well,' said Lenormand, I will tell you the numbers. I will even let you know that one of them denotes the year of your death—it is 28; another is 13, your name-festival, and a third 66, the number of your star. There is still another number, which is full of good luck for you, but—you once wounded yourself in the left hand on the stage with a pistol, while playing the part of a brigand."

"'I did so—it is just twelve years since.'

"'Well, that number is, since then, no longer to be traced in your hand.'

"'But I know it,' exclaimed Tribet; 'it is 7.' That has been a remarkable number to me all my life. At seven years of age I came to Paris; seven weeks after my arrival here I was received into the Royal Institute to be educated; seven years after I entered the Institute, Nicci noticed me there, and, finding that I had an ear for music, took me as a pupil; when I was just three times seven years old, I fell in love, married, and obtained, through Nicci, an appointment at the Royal Opera, with a salary of seven hundred livres. Finally, it is a man who lives at No. 7, on the Boulevard, that advised me to come to you. Without a doubt, seven is my fortunate number."

"'Good; choose, then, 7 for your *quatern*; very likely this number also will win.'

"Tribet staggered from her presence like one drunk with joy. But he had not money enough to stake a large sum, and the prophetess had declared, as she did in all cases, that it would not do to stake borrowed money. The poor actor had only twenty francs in the world—he went and staked the whole sum. The day of the *tirage* arrived, and Tribet's four numbers came out of the wheel; not one failed—and the man who but the day before had not a *sou*, found himself the possessor of ninety-six thousand francs! Who can describe his happiness? He ran through the streets without his hat; he embraced friends and enemies; he told every one he met that he was become a capitalist; he was so wild that he took a box at the theatre 'to see Tribet play;' in short,

his head grew giddy, and what Lenormand had prophesied came literally to pass. His good luck had made him crazy; his family, his good wife, his children, seemed to him a burden; Paris was too narrow for him; he put up his money and set off in secret for London. Arrived there, he speedily dissipated the half of his fortune, and then became a constant guest at the hazard table. At first, like most tyros in play, he won, but fortune soon turned against him, and loss followed loss, till nothing more was left him to lose. There now remained nothing of his destiny unfilled but its dreadful close, and this was not long wanting. In 1828, his body was taken up in the Thames, and it came out on the inquest, that for the last eight days of his miserable life, he had not tasted even a spoonful of warm soup!

"This event was a terrible shock to Lenormand; she called herself Tribet's murderess, execrated her art, and, for more than a year after, steadily refused every request to divine numbers for the lottery.

"In 1830, however, she was induced once more to do so, under the following circumstances. A man one day hastily entered her cabinet, stated himself to be a printer, Pierre Arthur by name, and entreated her intercession with a creditor, Monsieur So-and-So, whom he knew to have a great veneration for her, and who was at that moment pursuing him with bailiffs. While he spoke, the creditor himself appeared with his attendants: he had seen his debtor enter Lenormand's house, and followed him on the spot. This man was a money-lender: Arthur had been so unfortunate as to borrow a sum from him four years before, and had, since that time, been paying him the usurious interest of twenty-four per cent.—a drain on his earnings which scarcely left the poor man in a condition to give dry bread to his children. A half-year's interest was now due; he was totally unable to raise the requisite sum, and his merciless creditor, rejecting all his entreaties for an extension of time, was about to consign his children to inevitable starvation, by throwing their only support into prison. Lenormand readily undertook the intercessor's office, and appealed to the usurer's compassion, but it is scarcely necessary to say that the appeal was vain. The sibyl grew warm: the violation of the sacredness of her roof incensed her, and she said some bitter things to the man of money: this incensed him in his turn, and he told her with a malicious grin, that if she had so much pity for the printer, she had but to pay the two thousand francs which he owed; he would then be her debtor, and she could show him as much indulgence as she pleased.

"Instead of replying to this taunt, she took the usurer's left hand, and studied its lines in silence. 'Arthur,' said she, after a few minutes, 'I have found help for you where you least expected it—in the hand of your oppressor. If you yet possess five francs of your own—not borrowed, but honestly earned money—go immediately and stake it on these three numbers, 37, 87, and 88, in the royal lottery. The *tirage* is to-day; to-morrow you are the possessor of 24,000 francs.

You will be able to pay your creditor, and be a rich man still; the hand that has brought you to beggary shall raise you to fortune, or there are no stars in heaven.'

"But poor Arthur had not a *sou*, for it was but a few days since the usurer had swept his house by a distress: he had nothing either to pawn or to sell. The creditor coolly directed the bailiffs to remove him; then, finding himself alone with the sorceress, he addressed himself to the task of deprecating her resentment, assumed his blandest aspect, thanked her for the fortunate numbers she had so unexpectedly revealed to him, and avowed his intention to stake ten francs on them without delay. The same sum he counted out on the table of the divineress, as a free-will token of his gratitude. 'I have long wished,' said he, 'to learn from you what are my numbers: thank heaven, that an accident, which I must call providential, has this day led to the accomplishment of my wish.'

"'Do not suppose,' replied Lenormand, 'that you will escape the consequences of having offended me. Go; stake what sum you will on the numbers: I will take care that you shall win nothing by them.'

"The usurer did not believe, however, that it was in the power even of the redoubtable Pytho-ness to alter the course of fate; he hurried to the lottery office and recorded his venture.

"Lenormand had often murmured, that while she could point out to others the road to wealth, it was forbidden her to tread it herself. She could tell those who applied to her the numbers by which prizes would be obtained, but was herself obliged to refrain from staking anything on these numbers, because her doing so was certain to change good fortune into bad. She had read her own destinies as well as those of others, and knew that she was one of the few to whom prizes in the lottery were peremptorily denied. She now rejoiced at this; she resolved to stake the ten francs the miser had given her on *his* numbers, sure that when she made them *her* numbers, they would not be drawn. It happened as she anticipated; the numbers were *not* drawn, the usurer lost his ten francs, and the only drawback on the sibyl's gratification was, that his disappointment did not open the doors of the prison to poor Arthur."

Colonel Favier, we ought to mention, does not guarantee the truth of these stories, but merely gives them as having been current at Paris in 1831, and on the alleged authority of the witch herself. They, therefore, do not stand on the same footing, as to credit, with the communications of Malchus and the Countess N. N. One thing, however, the colonel states as a matter of notoriety, that Lenormand, eight days before the death of Louis the Eighteenth, gave the following as the five numbers destined to come out of the wheel at the next drawing, viz. the number of the

king's age, 68 ; the number of years he had reigned (reckoning from the death of his nephew), 36 ; the year of the entry of the allies into Paris, 14 ; the day the king had ascended the throne, 26 ; and the number affixed to his name in the list of the sovereigns of France, 18. All the numbers were drawn, and the lottery undertakers of the French metropolis will long remember the day of reckoning that followed.

We now take our leave of Mademoiselle Lenormand, to whom, witch or no witch, some admiration will always remain due, for having contrived to be believed in by a generation that neither believed in God and his angels, nor the devil and his imps. As to her art, we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions about it, whether mere chance, or some undiscovered properties of numbers, or a real understanding with the invisible world, have most to do with its results. If he decide for the first, we recommend to his consideration the following utterances of the inspired Novalis:—

“The fortuitous is not unfathomable ; it, too, has a regularity of its own.”

And again :—

“He that has a right sense for the fortuitous has the power to use all that is fortuitous for the determining of an unknown fortuitous : he can seek destiny with the same success in the position of the stars, as in sand-grains, in the flight of birds, and in figures.”

With respect to the two other solutions, we subjoin some remarks of a writer in Kerner's “Magikon,” who states it as something “not to be denied,” that the powers of invisible beings often exercise a strange influence in games of chance, an influence which it would be difficult to resolve into the mere effects of “undiscovered properties of numbers :”—

“We should have many proofs (proceeds this writer) that the old demons of the heathen creed still carry on their game, under other masks, in Christendom (especially in southern countries). if we were to collect and comment upon the many instances which occur to every traveller. What diabolical mischief is wrought in connexion with the lottery ! Even in Germany, how many heads do you find turned by dreams and presentiments in relation to this most ruinous species of gambling, and that not only among the common people, but often among those who have enjoyed the advantages of education ! Cross the Alps, and the still fury becomes an open one ; and the further you travel southwards, the more universally stark

mad do the people appear. Dreams and presentiments go but a small way : the very beggar swims in an element of omens and suggestions of fortunate numbers, and there is no possible casualty that can befall him, but it betokens an *ambo*, a *terno*, a *quaterno*, and so on.* Even the execution of a criminal is explored for oracular meanings : how the blood gushes, how the body falls, how the poor sinner looks, moves, bears himself in the last moment—all is eagerly noted, and auguries are deduced from each particular, that infallibly indicate the winning numbers in the next *estrazione*. Here we have the whole trade of the *haruspices* of old : your Roman will not be robbed of his heathenism : he only mixes up with his faith in these oracles an occasional ejaculation directed to some favorite saint, like those prayers for rich *Inglese*, or other children of the north, which form so large a part in the devotions of the innkeepers of the eternal city.”

We conclude with a short anecdote corroborative of this author's views. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, a Roman Catholic priest, named Maas, of Paderborn, practised a kind of divination by means of numbers, which made some noise at the time. He had learned it from a Jew, whom he had charitably taken into his house in a dying state, and who, as a tribute of gratitude, communicated the mysterious art in question to his benevolent host, before he died. It was a method of obtaining answers, in any language, to inquiries respecting the future, or on other subjects unknown, by reckonings made according to certain rules : the practice of it was called “consulting the *cabala*.” Many remarkable responses are recorded, which Maas obtained in this way, both on private and on public affairs ; but the following circumstance is said to have, in the end, induced him to renounce the art. He once

* In illustration of the above we quote what follows from the book of the year, Father Prout's “Facts and Figures from Italy :”—

“There is a book which has a greater circulation in the Roman States than the New Testament, or Thomas à Kempis, called the ‘Book of Dreams, or the Oracle of the Government Lottery.’ Wheelbarrowfuls are sold at every fair, and it is often the only book in a whole village. The faith of credulous ignorance in this book is a most astounding fact ; and no later than four days ago, at the drawing of the lottery, an instance of its infallibility was quoted in all the haunts of the people. A laborer fell from the scaffolding of the new hospital in the Corso, and was killed on the spot ; his fellow-workman left the corpse in the street, and ran to consult his ‘Book of Dreams.’ *Paura, sangue, cascata* (fear, blood, fall), were the cabalistic words, whose corresponding numbers, set forth therein, he selected for his investment of fifteen bajocchi. On Saturday, his three numbers all came forth from the government urn, winning a prize of three hundred ollars.”

put the question to the "cabala"—Who was its author? Contrary to what usually happened, no intelligible answer was returned: he repeated his calculations, and the result was a kind of admonition, not to make any inquiry on this subject; but, on his persisting, and a third time tempting the oracle with this too curious question, the answer was given—"Look behind you." At this our experimenter was

seized with a feeling of horror, he laid his face on the table, called his housekeeper, and when he raised his head again, there was nothing unusual to be seen.

We do not know whether Mademoiselle Lenormand is still living. She ought not to be dead, for she told Countess N. N., in 1812, that she was sure of completing her hundred-and-eighth year.

From Tait's Magazine.

THOMAS MACAULAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

[This critique upon one of the most brilliant and successful of modern essayists, is conceived in Mr Gilfillan's happiest style, and will be perused with interest. For what reason the writer persists in excluding that portion of his Christian name by which he has been best known, we do not understand. The full name of the subject of the paper is, or has been, Thomas Babington Macaulay. — Ed.]

To attempt a new appraisalment of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him* was short, hurried, and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a school-boy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature; (witness his description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincer-

* In a "Gallery of Portraits."

ity, his boundless *bonhomie*, his fantastic humor, his sympathy with every day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a Fairy King, or Prince Prettyman—strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamor of his tiny rod. Louis XIV. walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note Nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely, glee-some "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandified a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoft, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyer, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather

wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of Letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to “Bonnie Prince Charlie.”

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class—a statesman of no ordinary calibre—a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood—a scholar ripe and good—and, mounted on this high pedestal, he “has purposed in his heart to take another step,” and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given—the power that cannot be counterfeited—the wind that bloweth where it listeth—the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth—the “light which never was on sea or shore—the consecration and the poet’s dream.”

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula*—to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic—to write history without enacting it—to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of

himself, and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach—a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. “Macaulay the Lucky” he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accomplishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with); but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is everything to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not—or if he does, it is only Maia’s son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this—the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon like reflections of the Divine—the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is

energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe—whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with De Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelley—whether in Coleridge,

“With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;”

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death—whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword—is the only magnet which can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as it exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrel-sies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes

a personification of art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning—broken, but broken off from some supernatural circle of thought—no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much—no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions—and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the “terrible crystal” of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French Revolution and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, “dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes,” he has taken what he might have lent, and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the Revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were stupendous when either were possessed: it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall—Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without re-arguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never

successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully coned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer are wanting.

In connexion with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden, and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocoons, or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight Sun of the Past. It may appear presumptuous to criticise his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that, "Beauty is truth and truth beauty;" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp—what is it that I clasp?" Towards the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fer-

vor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency, on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position, or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man however gifted and favored, who so slenderly sympathizes with it, in this high though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views—as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigné's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great outshining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigné's, and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole—curiously and minutely learned

—written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence—heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale—it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

“Broader and deeper,” says Emerson, “must we write our annals.” The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, “This is a history.” The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature—nor is the hardy, but one-sided Iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could—nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and phrensy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man—a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity—and after Macaulay’s History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay’s writings do actually confer upon their millions of read-

ers? Much information, doubtless—many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure—either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy “beyond the name of pleasure” have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally “beget children—they travail in birth with children;” thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay’s eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any Apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer’s or a confectioner’s office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the “Castle of Indolence,” they

weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while riveting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *litterateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the speech was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, showed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, “perfect through suffering.” Here is one in public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought thou art contradicting thy former

and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that “fine old geography of Strabo” the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, “out of his sleeve.” But the other proceedings and harangues of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they *were* calculated, in the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in Parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions—never startles or offends—never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the House was silent—its perpetual undersong subsided—even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax—when the right honorable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But *he* is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence—who snatches the prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him—and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard—and felt as well as heard—and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him

rather a large and broad, than a subtle, sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspective thought—vivid vision of the characters he describes—an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine—strong, but subdued enthusiasm—learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy—a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range—full of force, though void of freedom—and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up—a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled—was exhaled, and went to —;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur—at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of "Blackwood," "Tait," or the "Old London Magazine."

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems, entitled, "Lays of the Roundheads." These, though less known than his "Lays of the League," which also appeared in "Knight," are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Like Scott,

vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his "Lays of Carthage" would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his "Lays of Rome." "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his "Life of Cromwell" to a panegyric on the "Man of Blood," whose eyes

"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry, in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets. The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurning laughter), but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the "Earnest Cry," and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled

by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulph between the Lays---amazingly spirited though they be---and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the *Lady of the Lake* it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term Eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the "*Edinburgh Review*."

We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new *Waverley* tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*?' Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. School-boys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties? but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty rising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected—when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight—at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading

something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved—his originalities are so orthodox—and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured—that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *juste-milieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements—such as that common one of subjective and objective—are sternly shyed. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but, as it is, it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has—apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style—a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness—a prodigality of image, and a recklessness of statement—which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at

ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader—always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what everybody will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these—he has a genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben—his first-born—the beginning of his strength; and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton, that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and

learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in Hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm—sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. *Here* he catches his Radamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Boszy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a most disproportionate expenditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects—"Rasselas" and the "Lives of the Poets" do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the "Idler" as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the "Rambler," as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one *great* sentence of his Idol—such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings—nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for the "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that

the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide—not that his style is modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesquipedalia verba*—he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere common-place, or to express absolute originality—but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march—want of flexibility and ease—consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects—perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writing, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime, movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliancy, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron—the one is the Monody, the other the Impeachment; this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness—the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey), than Macaulay. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten, since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every

earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer "Turpin's Ride to York," or "Tam O'Shanter's Progress to Alloway Kirk." But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combated his slump and summary condemnation, in "Dryden," of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's "Seasons," lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder "Robbers"—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find anything so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and lite-

rary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and crude magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connexion!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is all by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look, proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun—Sirius, the throne of God? Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First, we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary History* of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two further! Of such a “progress” we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength. This was the redeeming point in Byron’s history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after bland-

ishments of society could not weaken. Society did not—in spite of our author—spoil him by its favor, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But *he* has been the favored and petted child of good fortune. There has been no “crook,” till of late, either in his political or literary “lot.” If he has not altogether inherited he has approached the verge of the curse, “Wo to you, when all men shall speak well of you.” No storms have unbared his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to—

“Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.”

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats; and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the “strength of the lonely,” in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself.

From the British Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF HOBBS OF MALMESBURY.

The English Works of Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury. Now first Collected and Edited by SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, Bart. 11 vols. Longman and Co.

Thomæ Hobbes, Malmesburiensis, Opera Philosophica, quæ Latine scripsit omnia. In unum corpus nunc primum collecta, studio et labore GULIELMI MOLESWORTH. 5 tom. Apud Longman et Soc.

[An article of singular candor and ability, which does better justice to the fame of the celebrated philosopher than he has usually received at the hands of the critics. The subjects incidentally discussed with such vigor and erudition, as well as the facts it groups together, entitle the essay to the reader’s attention.—ED.]

AMONG the pleasures of an author, who has sufficient vanity to think that his works will live, and yet never become common, we have no doubt that the anticipation of a complete edition, printed in elegant type, and enriched with copious notes, is one that affords peculiar gratification. In past

days, when there were fewer readers, and the press was slower in its operations, a sort of foreknowledge of the advancement of society must have given great vividness to the dream of posthumous renown. Nevertheless, when the author is no more, and his visions are realized, there is, in some cases, good reason for the inquiry, why they were not allowed to remain a shadow? Why he has been reanimated and brought again under the notice of the public? Is he introduced to us afresh, merely on the score of individual taste, or is there a large sympathy ready to welcome him, owing to the

profound interest which he has inspired on the great questions of human existence? Is he a writer who was over-rated or ill-appreciated while living, and from whose fame posterity is, in the one case, to make the necessary deduction; in the other, to award him ample vindication? And further, among those who own his power and do homage to his genius, is the main bond which unites them to him, that full cordiality of head and heart which makes them one with his principles; or, amidst the confession of his intellectual pre-eminence, does he revolt the better feelings of his readers, and lead them to look upon his doctrines with considerable detestation? If he wrote on topics of permanent interest, did he, or did he not, take those broad views of mankind, which, rising above the changes of an age, are new in substance whenever quoted, and are applicable to all generations?

These are some of the questions which we have asked, while musing over the goodly volumes before us; and the most of them will necessarily receive an answer in the course of the present article.

With regard to the censures so freely thrown on Sir W. Molesworth, for becoming the editor of Hobbes, we may be allowed to express our regret that the tone of several of them is anything but Protestant; evincing little confidence in the best of causes, and much more fit for an assembly engaged in the formation of an Index Expurgatorius, than for men having comprehensive views of literature, liberty, and truth.

The motives which prompted the honorable baronet to engage in this work, are partly detailed in the dedication to George Grote, Esq., M. P. for the City of London.

"I am indebted," says he, "to you for my first acquaintance with the speculations of one of the greatest and most original thinkers in the English language. It gives me great satisfaction to gratify a wish you have frequently expressed, that some person, who had time and due reverence for that illustrious man, would undertake to edit his works, and bring his views again before his countrymen, who have so long and so unjustly neglected him."

We cannot suppose that either Mr. Grote or Sir W. Molesworth admires the political principles of the *Leviathan*, and we should be sorry to think that its moral principles were more to their taste.

We are, indeed, informed that both the

editor and his friend regard the publication of this edition not only as an act of justice to the memory of Hobbes, but also to his "Views;" which, having been culpably neglected by his countrymen, are now, under the patronage of two members of a British House of Commons, submitted to us for re-consideration. This is, we confess, somewhat ominous; but, at the same time, we are willing to ascribe it to a philosophical temper, and to their stern sense of literary equity. A wide range of reading in moral and political science befits the legislative function, and no "reverence" that is *due* to Hobbes, is likely to diminish any man's respect for the English constitution. And when we take into account the relation which the original publication of his works bore to the progress of speculative philosophy, and the clearness, energy, and systematic perfection with which his views were explained, instead of consigning the hoary sceptic to oblivion, or being satisfied for him to exist in fragments, we prefer that he should be viewed as a whole; and have, as far as his genius is concerned, a monument worthy of himself, erected in every sanctuary of learning throughout the civilized world.

We are by no means insensible to the danger which threatens minds of a peculiar cast, if they take part in this work; or, if they pay homage exclusively at the shrine of one author, whose assaults on all truth and piety they unhappily mistake for assaults on superstition, and, regarding the obloquy he has met with as a part of his fame, are prepared to bestow on him a philosophic deification. But this is an evil incident to the votaries of fiction and poetry, as well as to the worshippers of other divinities. It is impossible to prevent prejudice and one-sidedness in the formation of opinions; and if, while the temple of Truth is visible, and its spacious courts stand open, we find one and another turning aside to lies, no effectual remedy for this evil can be found in shutting up every sanctuary but the true. It would be genuine Hobbism to do so. It would be taking upon ourselves the precise office which *it* confers on *Leviathan*, though wherever possessed it must be useless, as false keys would easily be obtained to unlock the recesses of those impure gods, who, until public sentiment be cleansed, will ever find a Pantheon to receive them, and priests to burn incense on their altars.

Believing, therefore, that nothing is more

pernicious than the suppression of thought, we have not the least sympathy with those who would commit all sceptical works to the flames. It is an article of our faith, that truth and goodness are immortal; that they are the end of the universe, and that all evil and evil agents are their unconscious ministers.

We look at the latter, therefore, without alarm for the ultimate interests of man, and are prepared to register their history and deeds. These are all that remain to us of other scenes and other days that have for ever vanished from the theatre of time. In so doing, we have, in the present instance, no lack of information; and, availing ourselves of it, we shall lay before our readers some connected account of the life and works of the author of the *Leviathan*.

Malmesbury in Wiltshire—once the residence of hermits and scholars and celebrated for its castle and monastery, where Aldhelm wrote Latin verse, and William, the historian, was educated—became, April 5th, 1588, the birth-place of Thomas Hobbes. A report, then widely circulated, that the Spanish fleet had sailed from the Tagus, and was fast approaching our shores, threw his mother into such a state of alarm, that he was born out of due time—a circumstance that makes his long life—more than nine-tenths of a century—matter of admiration. His father was a clergyman of humble attainments, of whom he says very little, though there is reason to believe that he was no inattentive observer of the precocity of his child. Thomas began Greek when he was six years of age, and was shortly after sent to the grammar-school of his native town. Here he distinguished himself by his classical attainments; was the favorite pupil of his master; and, in these his school-boy days, gave evidence of his extraordinary progress, by translating the *Medea* of Euripides into Latin iambics. Being fortunate enough to have an uncle, a wealthy glover and alderman of Malmesbury, who was inclined to aid his prospects, by giving him a collegiate education, he entered Magdalen Hall, Oxford, at the early age of fourteen; and having passed through the usual course of philosophy, and taken his bachelor's degree, was, on the recommendation of the principal of his college, engaged by the Earl of Devonshire as private tutor to his son. He was then only in his twentieth year, and the young nobleman nearly as old. Thus, however, does ability command place. Hobbes appears

to have spared no pains to convert his employer into a patron. Equally distinguished by prudence, industry, and liveliness of humor, he was an illustration of both the advantages and the charms of knowledge. Instead of shrinking from manly exercises, he went hunting with his pupil, and showed him how to reconcile the pleasures of the study and the chase. Some men of considerable powers are intolerably dull, and some who are not so, allow the idea of office to quench their vivacity. The young student of Magdalen knew his vocation, and took good care to stir up the rare gift that was in him, of keeping—in the moderate degree that was requisite—the weighty matters of learning afloat upon the buoyant element of wit.

With such qualifications we need not wonder that he was equally acceptable to the earl and to his son. When the latter, therefore, went abroad to enlarge his acquaintance with the world, his tutor went with him as the companion of his travels. They visited France and Italy; and, though Hobbes was only twenty-three years of age, we are told that he returned from this continental tour with a store of solid wisdom for the future.

One can hardly imagine circumstances more favorable for the highest culture of the mind than those in which he was now placed. Retained in the Cavendish family, he celebrates the liberality with which his patron allowed him both leisure and books, for the purpose of amplifying his attainments. His classics had, in fact, fallen into neglect, and needed revision. The logic and philosophy that were then current, he threw aside, and devoted his attention to the poets and historians of Greece and Rome, not forgetting the annals of modern times. The fruits of these twelve or fifteen years of his life were subsequently given to the world.

When a mind is richly furnished with the materials of thought and discussion, there is no element more quickening than that in which other minds, of equal force and comprehension, lay under contribution the treasures that are thus in hand.

The intercourse of Hobbes with the men of his day, most distinguished for genius and speculation, began early, and ceased only with his life. We find him during this period, at Gorhambury, in the friendship of Lord Bacon, who was nearly thirty years older, taking part in his researches, and noted for the ease with which he seized and

registered those profound responses which nature gave to the queries of her sage. According to his own statement, which Aubrey reports, he translated two or three of his lordship's essays into Latin.

With Lord Herbert and Ben Jonson he was also on terms of intimacy, and entertained so much respect for the judgment of the poet, that he submitted to him the translation of Thucydides prior to its publication.

This introduces us, properly speaking, to the literary history of our author.

On the 3d March, 1625, the Earl of Devonshire died, and his son, the pupil of Hobbes, who then came to the earldom, enjoyed it only till June, 1628. This event affected him deeply, and, in recording it, he dwells upon the friendship and generosity of the earl, with feelings of sincere gratitude.

Twenty years had then run their course since he first entered the Cavendish family, and, during this time, in addition to a Latin poem on the Wonders of the Peak—*Mirabilia Pecci*—he had made his version of the noble Greek historian, to which we have referred. It was intended to scare Englishmen from working out their freedom.

Dean Smith, who is said to have been "replete with knowledge, and himself a living library," in his translation of the same author, questions whether Hobbes had a political end in view. The latter, however, states distinctly, that this was the case, and instead of the notion originating with Bayle, it was his own declaration. Bancroft and the Puritans, in James's time, were surely wide enough asunder to characterize a political system, and thinking that the stream of popular sentiment might run in the wrong channel, he sent forth Thucydides "in order to lay open to his fellow-countrymen the follies of the Athenian democracy;" and, as he says elsewhere, to warn them against giving heed to demagogues—that is, in fact, to the advocates of freedom. With him, every Pym was a Cleon,—a firebrand of sedition.

Indeed, the perusal of this celebrated historian gave Hobbes a disgust to popular forms of government, though there were unquestionably other reasons for his monarchical principles.* This translation, therefore, was his first political manifesto—a medium of inferences and suggestions—

* *Is democratia ostendit mihi quam sit inepta
Et quantum cætu plus sapit unus homo.*

VITA HOBBSII.

having an important bearing on the interests of society. The general sense is given with great care, in a style which, though cramped, is marked by vigorous simplicity; and, notwithstanding occasional omissions and coarseness, the version still retains its value. In the present edition, notes are added from Dr. Arnold and Bishop Thirlwall.

In order to remove the melancholy which the death of his patron had occasioned, Hobbes accepted an invitation from Sir Gervase Clifton, to accompany his son to the continent. He remained at Paris about eighteen months, and in 1631 was sent for by the Countess of Devonshire—a woman whose talents and character were alike admirable—to undertake the education of the young earl, who was then only about thirteen years of age. A more decided proof of her confidence she could not well give, nor pay a higher tribute to the faithful services which our author had rendered to her lord. Hobbes was his tutor for the space of seven years. He had, it seems, ready powers of acquisition, and repaid the care bestowed on him by his attainments in every department of learning. Nearly half of the above time was spent in France and Italy; and it was altogether an important period as to the influences which gave a final and positive form to the various philosophical and theological doctrines which subsequently became the theme of so much speculation.

There had, however, been some preparation for the present drift of his meditations. More than forty years of his life had elapsed ere he gave any thorough attention to mathematics. Had he done so at an early age, we can scarcely doubt of his signal success. As it was, mere chance threw Euclid in his way. Struck with the forty-seventh proposition of the first book, he no sooner read the enunciation, than he pronounced it impossible. He, however, went through it, and, for once in his life, revoked his decision. Eventually, his mathematical controversies became the bitterest and most disreputable portion of his history. Such is the nature of the angry passions, that everything they touch becomes heated, and, in their progress, we see even lines and curves catch fire. The whole matter is one of ludicrous contrast to those who know the frequency with which, in his attacks on the *Dogmatici*—the theologians and moralists—he lauds mathematics as admitting of no dispute. Delighted, therefore, with the

clearness and logical dependence of geometrical reasoning, he thought that, by adopting its method, he could settle some vexed questions in other departments, that lie wide of the field of demonstration.

The *standing-point* at which he had now arrived, has ever acted like a powerful magnet on a certain class of minds, and left them no escape. In 1634, when he was staying at Paris, and studying natural philosophy, he appears to have accepted as a fundamental truth that *motion* produces all the phenomena of the universe.* There was nothing new in this, considered in itself. He had known it long, we may suppose, as a philosophy of elder date than Epicurus. The *adoption* of it, however, is a leading fact in the history and development of a mind that intended, in due time, to discourse on human nature, and to teach men their being and their end. Preliminary to this great work, the future hierophant of philosophy, and the expounder of her holiest secrets, has the generalization, which grasps all the particular facts of existence, already in his hands. A man with no creed is not half so dangerous or beneficial as a man with one. In the affirmation of a principle is the venom or the virtue. Should the man whose chief article of faith is, that the affections of all bodies, and the sensations and thoughts of all animated beings are only atomic mutations, write for his fellow-men, we know beforehand what he will say, and where he will end. The connecting links and illustrations, his more limited or ample range of thought, we shall have to learn, but the high road he will take all thinking men have travelled by anticipation. Such, in fact, was pretty nearly the dogmatic position of Hobbes in the manhood of his powers. His most intimate friend at this time was Father Mersenne, who daily shared in his thoughts, and seems to have regarded him with sincere admiration. The mind of Gassendi, however, was more fitted to influence Hobbes, and there was a strong bond of sympathy between them in the materializing character of their speculations. The philosophy of both, indeed, ran down a similarly inclined plane.

In the year 1637, Hobbes returned with his pupil to this country. We may suppose him to have paid serious attention to the conflicting principles which were at work both in this and the preceding reign,

* *Quæsitum imprimis, qualis motus is esse posset qui efficit sensationem, intellectum, &c.—VITA.*

and to have well weighed the events which arose out of them. Ten years before this, the decision in the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Darnel, Corbet, and several others, who had resisted an arbitrary taxation, had, as Hallam observes, rendered every statute from the time of Magna Charta, made to guard the liberties of the subject, a dead letter. A writ of *habeas corpus* was useless. Any man might be detained in prison by the King's command on the presumption that there was a sufficient reason for it, though none was specified. This was corrected by the Petition of Rights in 1628, which provided that no freeman should be deprived of liberty "without cause shown, to which he might make answer according to law." Of all this Hobbes was fully aware. Examples were multiplying fast, demonstrating the necessity of such safeguards of personal freedom; and in the very year of his return, which we have named above, not John Hampden's, but the nation's cause was trembling in the balance. Should we here find a writer on the duties of a citizen diverting his readers from the point at issue by ridiculing the amount for which the patriot stood out—should he make the Great Charter merely a protection against fraudulent warrants and the unauthorized use of the King's name, we shall justly deem him a partisan, not a philosopher—a perverter of facts, not the honest servant of truth. This the author before us did in his old age, and there can be little doubt that he had in early days decided as to the light in which to place all transactions of this nature.*

The affairs of this country were already in a deplorable condition, and were every hour growing worse. The storm was sleeping in the clouds. Fitful starts and gleams, seen now and then, made spectres in men's minds, while some were waiting timidly, and others boldly, till it should burst, and Heaven and earth both rock with the commotion. They did not wait long. Events in Scotland, as well as here, made every man who had a spark of patriotism left feel that the question must now be settled, whether the Divine right of kings placed at their disposal the life, liberty, and wealth

* 'One of their members that had been taxed but 20s. (mark the oppression—a parliament man of 500l. a year taxed at 20s.) &c.

"That statute (Magna Charta) was made . . . for securing of every man from such as abused the king's power, by surreptitious obtaining the king's warrant," &c.—*Behemoth*, Part I.

of all their subjects or not; in short, whether the nation existed for them, or they existed for the nation?

Contemplating, therefore, the struggle then going on between the monarch and his subjects---having the entire roll of events open before him---we might expect that a writer whose principles were to be applicable to these, and all similar disasters, would take care to lay a sure foundation.

Professing to do this, Hobbes now appeared to expound the grounds, evils, and sovereign remedy of civil dissension. The strictly scientific character which he wished to claim for his writings we learn from his own words:---

"To examine cases thereby between sovereign and sovereign, or between sovereign and subject, I leave to them that shall find leisure and encouragement thereto. For my part, I present this to your lordship for the *true and only foundation* of such science."--*Human Nature, Dedication*, 1640.

He had, it is said, circulated in manuscript the substance of his views, the perusal of which occasioned no small sensation in some private circles. It was, however, at that moment, but as the ripple to the billow. Blacker became the horizon--so black as to fix the eyes of all men upon the tempest that was just awaking from its uneasy slumbers. The 3d of November, 1640, had dawned on Britain. To Englishmen, it will never again be like other days, and, until history shall cease to be read and studied, the chapter that opens there shall teach important lessons to mankind.

The early proceedings of the Long Parliament, led Hobbes to conclude that England was soon likely to be involved in a civil war. He therefore retired to Paris, to study Philosophy with Mersenne, Gassendi, and other distinguished cultivators of physical science. He occupied himself, however, chiefly with the treatise *De Cive*, some copies of which were in the hands of his friends in 1642. A new edition of it was printed four or five years after at Amsterdam, with various notes in explanation and support of his opinions.* It is divided into three parts, and consists of four chapters on liberty, ten on the supreme power in the

State, and four more on religion. Both the first and the last he immolates on the altars of despotism. And still he stood by them to repeat the sacrifice. Thus intent on this service, he employed his time, while in France, in giving systematic unity to his plan. The hopelessness of the royal cause in England did not diminish his zeal. On the contrary, the death of the King and the triumph of the Parliament seem to have quickened it: and so much so, that, upon his own supposed principles, as we shall speedily see, he exposed his loyalty to suspicion.

As no man was ever more tenacious of his opinions, so no man ever trusted more to their reiteration. His main doctrines reappear again and again, in every part of his writings. Before ten years, therefore, had passed away, namely, in 1650, he published his treatise on Human nature, and another in English, with a Latin title, "*De Corpore Politico*;" while, in 1651, the substance of all the works we have named, with sundry omissions and amplifications, came forth in a new shape under the title of "*Leviathan*;" or, the Matter, Forme, and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiasticall and Civil."

Some writers appear to have mistaken the meaning of this portentous name. "Il designe," says Bayle from Blackbourne,* "*le corps politique sous le nom de cette bête.*" Dugald Stewart (*Prelim. Diss.*) repeats this notion:—"Under this appellation he means the *body politic*; insinuating that man is an untamable beast of prey, and that government is the strong chain by which he is kept from mischief." A fatal objection to this representation is, that Hobbes does not chain his monster at all, but confers upon him a power second only to Omnipotence. He is the *representative* of a whole people; and if a *beast of prey*, instinct with such collective ferocity, that by no logical consistency could he have been erected into a Savior from the horrors of a state of nature. The latter part of the title misled them, which, throughout his writings, is nothing but a synonyme for sovereign authority. His own explanation is decisive.

"By art is created that great LEVIATHAN called a COMMONWEALTH or STATE, which is but an artificiall man; though of greater stature and strength than the naturall, for whose protection and defence it was intended," &c.--*Leviathan, Introduction*.

* Per stupendum illud animal designatur Corpus Politicum.--*Vita Auctorum*.

* *Michelet* does not always register the births of time accurately. The following is a curious example:—"Spinoza, as early as 1670, had declared the immobility of God, &c. And in 1676, Hobbes gave his theory of political fatalism."--*Priests, &c.*, 3rd ed. chap. vii. Eng. trans. Hobbes was forty-four years of age when Baruch was born!

Again:—

"Hitherto I have set forth the nature of man—whose pride and other passions have compelled him to submit himself to government—together with the great power of his governour, whom I compared to Leviathan, taking that comparison out of the two last verses of the one-and-fortieth of Job; where God having set forth the great power of *Leviathan*, calleth him King of the Proud. *There is nothing, saith he, on earth to be compared with him. He is made so as not to be afraid. He seeth every high thing below him; and is king of all the children of pride.*"—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxviii.

And, once more,—

"This is the generation of that great Leviathan, or rather (to speak more reverently) of that mortal God, to which we owe under the *Immortal God* our peace and defence."—Pt. II., ch. xvii.

Leviathan, in short, is the impersonation of absolute power.

When this work was completed, the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., was at Paris, and a copy of it, written on vellum, in a beautiful hand, was presented to the prince. On the first leaf of the manuscript was that curious frontispiece, exquisitely drawn, which faces the Leviathan in this as in the earliest edition. We well remember our first gaze at that singular representation, when its meaning was a mystery. Philosophy was then a spell, and our novice wonder. What a celebrated author would say on any metaphysical question, whether innate ideas or substantial forms, was rather an exciting affair—verging often on palpitation of the heart—

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."

By degrees, under the guidance of the great mystagogue himself, the enigmatical became plain. Rising, as it were, out of the centre of the earth, Leviathan, in human form, appears towering above the hills. A crown is upon his head, a sword in his right hand, a crozier in his left. His person looks as if wrapped in a coat of mail; but, on nearer inspection, you find that it is covered with figures of human beings, who, in their multitudinous aggregation, compose the body of this wonder of the world—the artificial man. Beneath him is a city, in which a church is the most prominent object. His right hand represents the civil power, having supreme sway over castles, coronets, ordnance, arms, banners, and the strife of war; his left, power ecclesiastical—an epis-

copal autocracy—having at command mitres, colleges, thunderbolts of excommunication, and the logic of the schools—the latter demonstrating, syllogistically, that the temporal and spiritual functions must be united in one sovereign head, or else that the commonwealth must be tossed on the horns of a dilemma, and, by the one or the other, gored to a miserable death.

Such significance is there in that pictured page. Hobbes had been engaged, in 1647, to instruct the prince in mathematics, and was in considerable favor. He was, however, disliked by the theologians who were sharing in exile the fortunes of their master; and, on the publication of the *Leviathan*, so effectual were their complaints, that the author was forbidden the royal presence. The charges brought against it were two-fold,—the one, its impiety; the other, its manifest tendency to pave Cromwell's way to any thing he pleased—a Protectorate or a Crown. The latter was the only reason likely to affect Charles; but what he did was, in fact, merely a concession to the clamors of the clergy. We believe the loyalty of Hobbes was unimpeachable, however easy it might be to put an ugly construction on his words. Clarendon, it is true, tells a queer tale. He says, that he himself asked Hobbes, "Why he would publish such doctrine?" and that the latter, "after a discourse between jest and earnest," said, "*The truth is, I have a mind to go home.*"—View, p. 8. We have no doubt that the whole was a piece of harmless mystification. It was time, however, for him to seek an asylum. An attempt was made to seize him by the satellites of Rome. Fortunately he escaped to England, and spent 1652 in London, amidst the society of Harvey, Selden, Cowley, Vaughan, and Scarborough—society a prince might envy, though few princes could so well enjoy. Faithful to his old tutor and friend, the Earl of Devonshire received him into his family the following year, and under such auspices his studies flourished. In this retreat we shall leave the youthful old man for a time, and turn our attention to those writings which have made his name ever memorable. That we still think of them, and that posterity is likely to do so, shows to what depth, and with what vigor and manifold tenacity, the roots of his existence struck into the foundations of society.

Whoever treats politics as a science, must solve problems as different from those of

mechanics as man differs from matter. He has to deal with the soul of the world—the real *anima mundi* of thought and passion—that sets in motion the mass of living men. His first work, therefore, is to take a sound and comprehensive view of human nature. He may invert this order, and first shape his government; but, in so doing, he violates method, and is necessarily driven to make facts square with his system. Whether Hobbes was really chargeable with this inversion in his mental development we do not know. From his comprehensiveness and logical consistency, we should think otherwise. He was too attentive to the sequence of propositions to overlook his minor premise. In his *Computatio* he tells us, that this usually comes before the major. It does so here.* He saw what his plan required, and knew the materials of the edifice he was about to raise. And though the *centre* of the structure—the political portion of his scheme—was first visible, the real entrance to it was through winding passages already built and covered in, and in which he himself was not likely to be lost. It is true, that his book, *De Cive*, was published before the treatise on *Human Nature*, but the latter work was an earlier composition. It is dedicated to a branch of the illustrious house of Cavendish—the Earl of Newcastle—who was governor to the Prince of Wales, and by him, after the restoration, raised to a dukedom. The date of the dedication is May 9th, 1640. In it, however, the author says, “The principles * * are those which heretofore I have acquainted your lordship withal in private discourse, and which by your command I have here put into a method.”

And thus the work begins. “The true and perspicuous explication of the elements of laws natural and politic (which is my present scope) *dependeth* upon the knowledge of what is human nature, what is body politic, and what it is we call a law,” &c. We see, therefore, that the first question which Hobbes discusses is, *What sort of a being is man?* The answer to this inquiry we are to gather from his writings. Before, however, giving this, there is one other point worthy of consideration—How and whence did he acquire his thoughts? What was his method of investigation? Des Cartes had, several years before the

* *E.g.* Man is a selfish and ferocious animal: now—all creatures of such propensities require to be put under absolute power; ergo, &c.

time we speak of, told men to look within, and to scrutinize *ideas* in their own souls. In 1641, he published his *Meditations*, and Hobbes supplied the third set of objections to that celebrated work. In these he persisted in restricting the term *idea* to the objects of sense—“aux images des choses matérielles dépeintes en la fantaisie corporelle,”—as Des Cartes complains, whereas the latter included likewise the *modes of thinking* that are born with us. If, however, we drop for the present this notable word—the abuse of which, now-a-days, Plato execrates from the spheres—and inquire whither Hobbes directed his thoughts, in order to understand human nature, we shall find that, in one sense, he and the French philosopher drew from the same fountain. There is a sentence in the opening of his *Elementa Philosophiæ*, published in 1655, which, standing by itself, would be quite to the heart of a Transcendentalist, though by no means consistent with other passages of his writings.

“Every man brought philosophy, that is, natural reason, into the world with him.” One would suppose this to imply a set of fixed laws, and that no quarrel with a word, to which he had attached an arbitrary sense, would allow him to suffocate a favorite child, at whose birth “the morning stars” might have made music. How far he did so will appear in the sequel. Meanwhile we make another quotation, which will show not only that Hobbes knew where to find philosophy, but that he also well understood his object.

“There is a saying much usurped of late, that *wisdom* is acquired not by reading of books but *men*. . . . But there is another saying not of late understood, by which they might learn truly to read one another if they would take the pains; and that is, *Nosce teipsum, Read thyself*; which was meant . . . to teach us that for the similitude of the thoughts and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looketh into himself, and considereth what he doth when he does *think, opine, reason, hope, feare, &c.*, and upon what grounds; he shall thereby read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasions. I say the similitude of *passions* which are the same in all men—*desire, feare, &c.*, not the similitude of the *objects* of the passions, which are things *desired, feared, &c.*: for these the constitution individuall, and particular education do so vary, and they are so easy to be kept from our knowledge, that the characters of man’s heart, blotted and confounded as they are, with dissembling, lying, counterfeiting, and erroneous doctrines, are legible only to him that searcheth hearts. And though by men’s

actions wee do discover their designe sometimes; yet to do it without comparing them with our own, and distinguishing all circumstances, by which the case may come to be altered, is to decypher without a key, and be for the most part deceived, by too much trust or by too much diffidence; as he that reads, is himself a good or evill man.

"But let one man read another by his actions never so perfectly, it serves him only with his acquaintance, which are but few. He that is to govern a whole nation must read in himself not this or that particular man, but mankind; which though it be hard to do, harder than to learn any language or science; yet when I shall have set down my own reading orderly, and perspicuously, the pains left another will be onely to consider, if he also find not the same in himself. For this kind of doctrine admitteth no other demonstration."—*Leviathan, Introduction.*

The whole passage is an admirable text for the expositor of human nature. Hobbes, therefore, is going to find out principles, to make an *analysis* of the faculties and passions of mankind, in order that hereafter, by a synthetical process, he may build up a political edifice, under the shadow of which men shall dwell in peace. At present, with introverted eyes, we are to engage in the work of self-inspection.

"Man's *nature* is the sum of his natural faculties and powers, as the faculties of nutrition, motion, . . . sense, reason, &c., and are contained in the definition of man, under these words, animal and rational. Of the powers of the mind there be two sorts, *cognitive* . . . and *motive*."—*Human Nature, c. 1.*

This division he intends to embrace the energies of thought and action,—the faculties by which we receive knowledge, and the appetites which stimulate to exertion. Making ourselves, therefore, the object of thought, we discover that we have notions, *alias* cognitions, of animals, trees, minerals, stars, &c. Now how were these notions acquired? Omitting, just now, the answer of Hobbes, we give what a better philosophy has taught us. We are indebted for them to perception,—and perception is the *immediate* knowledge of external objects. The books, the inkstand, the pens, the paper, the shed, the garden, the tulips that are before me, I *see*, which is only another name for an act of consciousness that is as certain as my own being, and co-exists in one and the same absolute conviction. A percipient—man—supposed, *light* is merely the condition of their visibility.

The reader who is in love with antiquity will complain that we are fallen on the dog-

days of philosophy, and are making the world look dry. The ancient doctrine on this subject had in it the elements of poetry. Greek mythology did not people nature more richly than Greek metaphysics peopled the mind. Its tenants were ethereal forms, that travelled on sunbeams and depicted themselves in the soul, as the heavens and flowery fields are seen in the bosom of an ample lake. The comprehensible is not always the most poetical; and, therefore, for our own private behoof, we are content to ignore criticism, when we are told, that at a Christmas dinner in a peripatetic hall, during the middle ages, sensible species, of a sylph-like slenderness, to which Mr. Dickens' shapes are gross, floating through the visual and other portals, would have found their way into the mind by the gentlest motion; and there, ere we sat down actually to discuss what was before us, have given a preliminary feast to the imagination. We confess, in this view, to a sort of regret in losing them. Alas, the poetry of the Stagirite and the dance of philosophical fairies are no more! In the extinction of these Hobbes took an active part. They, however, had their revenge; for in casting them off as absurd, he only supplanted one absurdity by another.

"To know," says he, "the natural *cause* of sense is not very necessary to the business now in hand. Nevertheless, to fill each part of my present method, I will briefly deliver the same in this place. The cause of sense is the external body or object, which presseth the organ proper to each sense either immediately or mediately; which pressure, by the mediation of nerves and other strings and membranes of the body, continued inwards to the brain, is that which men call sense, and consisteth, as to the eye, in a light, or color figured; to the ear in a sound, &c.; all which qualities, called sensible, are, in the object that causeth them, but so many several motions of the matter by which it presseth our organs diversely. Neither in us that are pressed, are they anything else but divers motions, for motion produceth nothing but motion."—*Leviathan, Pt. I., ch. i.*

As our sensations originate in this mechanical way, so our *ideas* are solely the *imagery* and *representations* of the qualities of external objects—"an apparition unto us of the *motion*, agitation, or alteration which the *object* worketh in the brain or spirit, or some internal substance of the head."—*Human Nature, Ch. ii.*

We need not say that all this is gratuitous assumption. No one can tell *how*

thought is produced. The old maxim—nothing can act where it is not—is here put into a new shape. Hobbes was, however, already too closely imbedded in materialism, to throw on this subject the light of sound speculation. He was hunting after the *physical* causes of ideas, presuming that all causes were of this description. All the aliment of the mind, in his view, was taken up from external nature by a set of intellectual absorbents, whose mysterious laws, however, were not to come into notice from first to last; and all the phenomena of the intellect he would reduce to a single *force*, identifying *in kind* the thinking and the digestive process, and rendering it possible, with a transparent automaton, to show “the cause of the coherence of one conception to another” with quite as much ease as the peristaltic motion.

We have therefore, according to this theory, nothing but *fancy, the image and apparition* in the brain,—“imagination being conception remaining, and by little and little decaying from and after the act of sense;” and we have nothing more. What becomes then of the certainty of knowledge? What right have we to go beyond the sphere of our own sensations and their feeble representatives? *We have no right whatever.* From this point, therefore, first, Berkeley annihilated a material world, and next, Hume annihilated the Deity who had been reverently left by the Bishop to regulate the phantasmagoria of existence,—the grand spectral illusion of the universe. And in our opinion, when doubt had gone so far, the latter was of the two the more consequent.

Contemporaneous, therefore, with the decrease of sensible and intelligible species was the rise—that is, in vigorous germination—of the doctrine, *We know only our own sensations*, leaving us no outlet into objective nature. Man was shut up to his thoughts, and if he created a *philosophy* of the mind, it could never pass into outward being, and affirm the existence of either the world or God. While the *belief* of mankind, both as to the one and the other, might remain untouched, which is not the present inquiry—the strict logical consequences of the above position keep us *within* ourselves; make even causality a notion; and leave us, if our logic be more potent than our conscience, nothing whatever that *transcends* mental experience. Everything in this case becomes purely subjective, and all man can do as to psychology, is to

grope about and classify the objects in his cave.

“Hence it followeth, that whatsoever accidents or qualities our senses make us think there be in the world, they be *not* there, but are seeming and apparitions only. The things that really are in the world without us are those motions by which these seemings are caused.”—*Human Nature*, Ch. ii.

Here, however, is the pinch. Grant only a *seeming*—how to know a *reality*? Grant a *reality*—that is, an immediate external object of knowledge—how to know only a *seeming*? The latter belonged to his analysis, indeed both, for he postulates outward existence, which, therefore, we must know, if the postulate be just. The more rigid spirit of the present day would be outraged by the easy air with which the author jumps the broad chasm which divides him from actual nature.

1. “By sight we have a *conception* or *image* composed of color and figure,”—that is, a thought or idea of the one and the other.

2. This image or conception is “but an apparition unto us of *motion in the brain*.”—*Human Nature*, Ch. ii.

3. “There are of knowledge two kinds, whereof *one* is knowledge of fact, the *other*, of the consequence of one affirmation to another. The *former* is *nothing else but Sense and Memory*, and is *Absolute Knowledge*; the *latter* is called *Science*, and is *conditional*.”—*Leviathan*, Ch. ix.

Thus seemings give realities. Science, it must be confessed, treads here on “shadowy ground,” and is somewhat brought down from that eminence of certainty on which it was the delight of Hobbes to enthrone her. The truth, however, is, that his analysis is at fault. A world of *appearances* is a world of dissolving views, in which absolute knowledge is an impossibility. Divine philosophy, in chase of it here, is in chase of a phantom. It is Laodamia’s love and lot.

“Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp;

Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial form eludes her grasp,
As often as that eager grasp is made.”

We have dwelt thus far on the theory of perception held by Hobbes, on account of the serious extent to which it affects his speculations. With him everything has its application, and thus he reasons:—“*All evidence is conception; all conception is imagination*”—“*motion in the brain*”—“and proceedeth from *sense*,” therefore, as to *spirits*, “it is not possible by natural

means only to come to knowledge of so much as that *there are such things*."—*Human Nature*, Ch. xi.

This is true, admitting his definition of *ideas*, but equally true on these grounds, that we cannot know our own personal identity, for of which sense is it the object? Now, as we have seen, it must be either sense or science, an image or an inference: it is neither;—not the former, for what is its prototype?—not the latter, for it is pre-supposed in every act and inference; therefore it is not possible, by natural means, nor by logic, to know that there is any such thing.

The change that has taken place in the *doctrine* of perception has resulted from a more correct view of those facts which have daily and hourly reappeared in the soul, ever since man, with his five senses, found himself in contact with matter. The consciousness of the species is one. The difference produced by climate is only fractional, or rather is nothing to the purpose in a question relating to the uniformity of the percipient faculty from age to age.

But man has other powers. He *remembers* the mountain, the cave, the spring, and the valley which he has once seen; he learns also the signs of rain and frost, of flowers and fruit; he has a variety of emotions in the contemplation of what is great and lovely; he discovers by degrees what is useful or pernicious to himself and others:—all of which, and much more, might have existed in a speechless world—a thing untold save by expressive gesticulation.

This earth might have been one vast asylum for the deaf and dumb,—voiceless from the equator to the poles. Instead of this, language was born with mankind. It was a great, harmonizing influence from the first, and no one can exaggerate its value. The heroic ages—its legacy—were a recitation. "Winged words" celebrated the deeds of gods and men; and Mnemosyne, the mother of the Muses, engaged the winds of heaven in her service; and sent the name of Homer to distant lands and times, on the vocal undulations of music and of song. *Now*, was oral communication the gift of God, or an invention? Hobbes has a touch, quite in his own way, upon this subject.

"The passions of man as they are the beginning of voluntary motions; so are they the beginning of speech, which is *motion of the tongue*."—*Human Nature*, Ch. v.

Every one knows how much the feelings have to do with utterance, and therefore we quote the passage mainly as an amusing instance of the pertinacity with which we are reminded of the grand expository principle of natural phenomena. A stammerer, however, would find that he had something else to do, besides moving his tongue, if he wished to remedy a defective articulation. It might be enough for Gideon's three hundred when once they got their mouths to the water; but however it may pass as an explanation of *lapping*, or, in Johnsonian phrase, "feeding by quick reciprocations of the tongue," it is wholly inadequate to explain the faculty of speech.

Ten years after, he returned to this question, and showed by the more elevated tone of his language, that the prolonged study of it had excited in him a slight swell of admiration.

"The most noble and profitable *invention* of all other was that of speech, consisting of names or appellations and their connexion; whereby men register their thoughts; recall them when they are past; and also declare them to one another for mutual utility and conversation; without which there had been amongst men, neither commonwealth nor society, nor contract, nor peace, no more than amongst lions, bears, and wolves. The first author of speech was God himself, that instructed Adam how to name such creatures as he presented to his sight; for the Scripture goeth no farther in this matter."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., c. h. iv.

We are obliged to doubt every religious acknowledgment which Hobbes makes; and especially when it comes to us in the way of scriptural allusion. Had he, however, in this case, fully believed his words, the connecting of language with a peculiar provision for it by the Author of Nature would have been not only the most scriptural, but the most philosophical hypothesis. Only dig deep enough, and it is, in reality, as wise to talk of the *invention* of handling, walking, seeing, hearing, and smelling, as it is of the invention of speaking. The senses are no more natural to man than speech. It is an energy that bursts forth at the dawn of rational existence, and is its child, embodying even in its infancy a decision on the great problems of life. General grammar bespeaks *a me* and a *not me*, the subjective and the objective; and identity, freedom, duty, God, are marvellously blended with the earliest state of language, long ere man thought of abstract truth, or speculated on the ultimate principles which

lay at the basis of even the very first assent or doubt that ever fell from his lips.

The power of verbal utterance in facilitating the operations of the mind is very great, but perhaps the reader will be hardly prepared to regard speech as the *parent* of reason, rather than its offspring. This, however, is the theory of Hobbes.

"When a man *reasoneth*, he doth nothing else but conceive a sum total from addition of parcels, or conceive a remainder, from subtraction of one sum from another," &c. "Reason is nothing but reckoning."

"By this it appears that reason is *not*, as sense and memory, *born* with us; nor gotten by experience only, as prudence is; but attained by industry: first, in apt imposing of names; and, secondly, by getting a good and orderly method in proceeding from the elements which are names to assertions made by connexion of one of them to another, &c.

"Children, therefore, are *not* endued with reason at all, till they have attained the use of speech: but are called reasonable creatures for the possibility apparent of having the use of reason in time to come."---*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. v.

Had the Abbé Sicard been alive when this was penned, he would have told the writer that the old definition—admitted by himself—of man as a *rational* animal, involved something more than an articulating, or even calculating machine—for an idiot may speak, and a madman may *reckon*—and that his celebrated *Sourd-Muet*, Massieu, had no small claim to the ancient classification.

Here, indeed, is the confusion we so frequently meet with, in which Reason is identified in kind with Reasoning. Nothing can be more fatal to a sound analysis of the faculties of the mind. The latter process is, in fact, a subordinate operation, dignified by the subject on which it is employed. But the existence of a will, the capacity for religion, the immediate recognition of right and wrong, in motive and affection, ---distinguishing vice and virtue as such,---are among the chief characteristics of Reason, to which mere argumentative power, and even that of generalization, must bow the knee. Some degree of perplexity, as to the use of this important term, is occasioned by the verb *to reason*, which signifies to argue; to infer consequences from given premises; but it is into these premises, these primitive truths, that we must look, if we want to find out what is the highest power in man, of which we speak, and duly to estimate its transcendent authority.

"Reason," says Coleridge, "is the power of universal and necessary convictions; the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves."---*Aids*, p. 218, 1st Ed.

Hobbes had no faith in such convictions, and discarded all such illumination. Still he slips once; and notwithstanding all the efficacy he has ascribed to speech, allows that man may arrive at necessary truth without it.

"For example, a man that hath no use of speech at all (such as is born and remains perfectly deaf and dumb), if he set before his eyes a triangle, and by it two right angles, he may by *meditation* compare and find that the three angles of that triangle are equal to those two right angles that stand by it. But if another triangle be shown him, different in shape from the former, he cannot know, without a new labor, whether the three angles of that also be equal to the same. But he that hath the use of words, when he *observes* that such equality was consequent, not to the length of the sides, nor to any other particular thing in his triangle, but only to this, that the sides were straight and the angles three, and that that was all for which he named it a triangle, will boldly conclude universally, that such equality of angles is in all triangles whatsoever, and register his invention in these general terms, *every triangle hath its three angles equal to two right angles*."---*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. iv.

The *observation*, according to this, is *prior* to the naming, an exercise to which a deaf and dumb man, in the use of reason and eyesight, is equally competent, and by no means likely to lose his conclusion, because he has not the talking man's mode of registration.

We shall hereafter see that Hobbes, in one sense, attached far too much, in another far too little, importance to language, and was the victim of his ultra-nominalism. His own well-known maxim, that "words are the counters of wise men, and the money of fools," was not enough to make him separate the precious from the vile.

When he asserts that "perspicuous words are the light of human minds," the important problem to solve is—what is the light of the *words*? Being for the most part arbitrary signs, and each nation having its own, translation becomes possible only upon the ground of something impersonal,—the thought, sentiment, truth, demonstration, under every change of symbols, standing the same.

If, therefore, they show man where to plant his footsteps in the path of scientific

research, who gave them this power, and from what luminary do they receive their beams? From the necessary forms of thought; from an antecedent reason, ever evolving itself in history, poetry, philosophy; in all the principles of taste and beauty that reign over sculpture, painting, and the other arts—the æsthetics of the soul—which exist as truly there as did music in the infant Mozart, long ere, beguiled by some mysterious power, he sang his *Requiem*, and was borne on its melting strains, while its echoes were floating around him, away into “the valley of the shadow of death.”

Hobbes, we see, inverts this order, or rather will know nothing about it, and thus is evidently pocketing the “counters” and letting the gold slip through his fingers. In every instance in which our primary beliefs are denied, the grandest province of truth is struck out of the chart of knowledge, and man is reduced to a state of dependence upon “seemings” and “apparitions.”

From speech, the invention of letters, and reasoning—under all of which heads there are many admirable observations in connexion with “the powers cognitive”—the course of analysis leads to “the interior beginnings of voluntary motions, commonly called the *passions*, and the speeches by which they are expressed.”

The school to which Hobbes belonged, and his favorite doctrine of *motion*, may lead us to expect a somewhat mechanical account of love, hate, good, evil, aversion, and desire, with all other affections and qualities of a similar description. In these lie some of the deepest springs of moral feeling. The whole character of ethical science depends on the source to which we trace the emotions. There can be only two views of good and evil. The one, that moral qualities are immutable; constituting the perfection of the Deity, lying at the basis of his laws, and imposing unalterable obligations on his intelligent creatures; the other, that no such qualities exist and no such obligations, that objects are merely pleasurable or painful, and that good and evil are consequently as variable as the appetites of men. The latter is the doctrine we are taught throughout these volumes.

“In the eighth section of the second chapter is showed, that *conceptions* and *apparitions* are nothing *really* but motion in some internal substance of the *head*; which motion not stopping there, but

proceeding to the heart, of necessity must there either help or hinder the motion which is called *vital*; when it helpeth, it is called *delight*, *contentment*, or *pleasure*, which is nothing really but motion about the heart, as conception is nothing but motion in the head, and the objects that cause it are called pleasant or delightful, &c. The same delight, with reference to the object, is called *love*: but when such motion weakeneth or hindereth the vital motion, then it is called *pain*, and in relation to that which causeth it, *hatred*, &c.

“Every man, for his own part, calleth that which pleaseth and is delightful to himself, *good*, and that *evil* which displeaseth him; insomuch that while every man differeth from other in *constitution*, they differ also from one another concerning the *common distinction of good and evil*. Nor is there any such thing as absolute goodness considered without relation; for even the goodness which we apprehend in God Almighty is *His goodness to us*.”—*Human Nature*, ch. vii.

The way to support this theory—one destructive of all morality—is to disregard the most solemn convictions of the mind, to dwell on the lower passions and on the variety of outward objects which men pursue in life. A little deeper insight into the matter would exhume some common principles of right and wrong, even from the dregs of society. It has happened in this question as in languages. By marking only their diversities, comparative philology did not grow, and the brotherhood of tongues was unknown. Thus also the seeming contradictions of some moral principle or law in the varying customs of nations, have been aggravated; without at all inquiring into the extent to which superstition, &c., may modify an original sentiment. Most of the phenomena in this perverted form attest a religious sensibility, which has been spoiled by craft and sin; and thus rest at length on the very law which is asserted not to exist. Let phenomenal diversity be given up for an inquiry into the *fountain* of good and evil, right and wrong, noble and ignoble, kind and unkind, benevolent and malicious, truth and falsehood; and, allowance being made for a diseased state of feeling, as for bad health amidst *malaria*, it will be found that these judgments imply antecedent susceptibilities of moral discrimination, partially or more fully developed in all, without which man would never have advanced beyond the mere elementary distinctions of pleasure and pain. The word *ought* would never have existed.

When *goodness* is thus reduced to anything whatever for which a man has an inclination, it will be no matter of surprise

that the *will* should be arranged under the category of *appetite*. The reader's own consciousness will tell him whether or not his volitions are regulative of his desires, or whether they are one and the same affection of the mind.

"In deliberation, the last appetite or aversion immediately adhering to the action, or to the omission thereof, is that we call the will; the act (not the faculty) of willing. And *beasts* that have deliberation, must necessarily also have *will*. . . . Will, therefore, is the last appetite in deliberating."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. vi.

Any such *faculty* he denies, and has, therefore, very properly conferred a will on *beasts*; who, if it be what he says, have as sound a claim to such dignity as Socrates or Saint Paul. Suppose, now, the tenth commandment to condemn a man's habit of feeling, and that, after a severe struggle, he triumphs over his propensities; this stern authority of conscience, according to the definition here given, becomes identical *in kind* with the base appetite which it restrains. The essential distinction between good and evil being denied, he merely substitutes one pleasure for another. Such, and with such abuse of language, is the *reading* of the inmost thoughts that Hobbes and his followers would pass off upon us for a profound analysis of *the interior beginnings of voluntary motions*.

While Hobbes was staying at Paris, he entered on the question of Liberty and Necessity with Bramhall, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and gave a distinct statement of his views in a letter to the Marquess of Newcastle, published 1654; which, with the treatise on Human Nature and the "De Corpore Politico," composed the *Tripos*,—a three-legged stool for the utterance of portentous oracles to mankind; and aptly placed, like the ancient one, over sulphurous exhalations, though perhaps from a deeper pit. The general principle of all his reasoning on this point is contained in the following extracts:—

"Nothing taketh beginning from itself, but from the action of some other immediate agent *without* itself. And, therefore, when first a man hath an appetite or will to something to which immediately before he had no appetite nor will, the *cause* of his will is not the will itself, but something else, *not in his own disposing*. So that, whereas it is out of controversy, that of *voluntary* actions, the will is the necessary cause, and by this which is said the will is also *caused* by other things *whereof it disposeth not*, it followeth that voluntary actions have all of them *necessary* causes, and therefore are *necessitated*."—Letter, &c.

"Man can have no passion, or appetite to anything of which appetite God's will is not the cause."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxi.

"Appetite, fear, hope, and the rest of the passions are not called voluntary; for they proceed not from but *are the will*, and the will is not voluntary: for a man can no more say he will will, than he will will will, and so make an infinite repetition of the word *will*, which is absurd and insignificant."—*Human Nature*, ch. xii.

If any, therefore, ask what is meant by the use of the term *voluntary*, it is merely "freedom from impediment" in the performance of what is thus necessarily chosen; and, in this manner, liberty and necessity of action unite precisely as in a stream of water that flows in a falling channel. The illustrations which he employs are mostly of this kind, and reduce the freedom of *man* to the very same law as that of an atmospheric railroad—irresistible impulse behind, and a vacuum in front.

The great difficulty which perplexes religious necessitarians, is to elucidate the ultimate distinction between physical and metaphysical necessity, and consequently to explain the nature of morality, and the foundations of moral law. Should this distinction be denied—as it was by Hobbes, who resolved all vices and virtues into motion—logic is inexorable and knows but one cause, properly speaking, in the universe. Nay, even here it does not pause, but carries its iron sceptre into the dominion and very bosom of the Deity. There were *reasons*, that is, *motives*, for the divine conduct, and, in the then view of the supreme mind, such conduct was necessary. Moreover, as *He* is self-existent—no more easy conception to us than self-determination—he cannot be otherwise than absolutely perfect; and therefore, in any objective good he may originate, the above reasoning will give optimism as the result. Whatever *is* is best. Again:—*Motion* is justly considered a proof of a deity; and, as long as it continues, it is one form of divine operation. Thought is intellectual action, and is equally dependent on the Creator. He being, therefore, the primordial source of *all* activity—unless you *postulate* free agency to account for sin—fatalism is the legitimate consequence. The original impulse in nature and in man involved all the expanding circles of thought and action that, from the dawn of time to the present hour, have spread throughout the universe. Millions of minds and worlds beat with these pulsations, but their common centre

is the living God. A wise destiny, therefore, rules all things, and naught but good can exist.

We have made these observations as applicable to the ground on which the question of liberty and necessity is *here* brought before us. Hobbes presumes that a volition is a phenomenon of *nature*. This is to beg the very point at issue, and to settle it by his own arbitrary classification. We think his success is on a par with his notorious pretensions to the quadrature of the circle. And moreover, we are of opinion that logic is as little likely to decide the one, as the axioms of Euclid the other. Kant judged wisely in removing it to a totally different province. Without dreaming, therefore, of ever answering the necessarian; convinced that each party must presume the whole question in his *data*; we fall back upon our *faith*, that "*conscience*---practical reason if you please--demands the freedom of man, as a postulate, ere he can be regarded as the possible object or subject of moral law." There is in this maxim a philosophical depth and verity which comes home to us; and, satisfied with it, we leave the *logical* advocates of free will to get necessarians, who have their eyes open, to grant them that beautiful fact, *spontaneity*, and the logical advocates of necessity to get libertarians, equally awake, to grant *them* the ugly concession, that all things, both mind and matter, range under one common mechanism of cause and effect, and then to argue the question. Whoever succeeds, in either case, has impaled his victim. He has his pound of flesh in the bond, and may claim the blood too. If he be a metaphysical Shylock, he will have ample satisfaction.

Moral distinctions and a will having disappeared, there can be no occupation for a *conscience*. Our readers will, however, guess long ere they divine its elementary state, and discover what it becomes under the power of analysis.

"It is either *science* or *opinion* which we commonly mean by the word *conscience*; for men say that such and such a thing is true, in or upon their conscience; which they never do when they think it doubtful; and therefore they *know* or *think* they know it to be true. But men when they say things upon their conscience are not, therefore, presumed certainly to know the truth of what they say. It remaineth, then, that that word is used by them that have an *opinion*, not only of the truth of a thing, but also of their knowledge of it, to which the truth of the proposition is consequent.

Conscience, I therefore define to be *opinion of evidence*."—*Human Nature*, ch. vi.

We doubt whether any culprit, from Cain downwards, ever dreamt of this definition. Had it only flashed across the imagination of Catiline and his band of profligates, of Felix when before Paul, or of the wretches who fell under the lash of Juvenal and Tacitus, with what infinite delight would they have announced the discovery that conscience is a calf. This, however, was reserved for a later age. They knew not the genius of their own language.

"When two or more men know of one and the same fact, they are said to be *conscious* of it one to another; which is as much as to *know it together*. Afterwards, men made use of the same word *metaphorically* for the *knowledge* of their own secret *facts* and secret *thoughts*, and therefore it is rhetorically said, that the conscience is a thousand witnesses."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. vii.

At the first touch of this philological wand, *crimes* vanish; the Furies assume a placid, marble look; no avenging spirit haunts the guilty; but, by an etymological virtue, to which Medusa's head was nothing, all that has ever been visited by remorse, punished by God, and deemed base by man, is resolved into *opinion of evidence*, or into matter of private intelligence? The process indicated here and carried out in the "*Diversions of Purley*," is what is meant by the *ultra-nominalism* of Hobbes. Even on the old question of the schools, the ridicule poured on the doctrine of the realists, that besides Aristides and Cato, and all other men, there is "*something* which we call *man*, viz. *man in general*,"---has led us to forget that universal terms have still a foundation in nature. There are *conceptions*, it is true, but they rest upon a collection of qualities which are embodied in each of the species. In reality, there is no individual *nature* about a man. He may be a dwarf or a giant, a hunchback or an Apollo Belvidere, and he will be known and distinguished by these marks, but his *nature* is not an individuality. It is the incorporation of that common idea which embraces the essentials of each and all of the human race; the *general form* which is realized in every particular example, and the only possible basis of scientific classification. There are sorts in nature, and sorting in all that man does. He never makes the sort, he merely recognises the fact of its existence. No extent to which he may believe in the subjective character of the

laws of the understanding can destroy the differences of external objects, as the unalterable consciousness of every moment. It is the same with resemblances. The conditions of my *nature* exist in every man; those of my individuality, only in myself. The *former* make me *human*. It is, however, to a matter of far greater consequence than that of general names that we at present refer. *Ultra-nominalism* is the bane of morals and of moral philosophy. It specially consists in evacuating the most important terms in law, ethics, and religion, of everything beyond a conventional import. It denounces and labors to undermine the principle, that moral *attributes*, existing in intelligent beings, are the antecedents and ground-work of *attributives*, which rightly describe or *mark* their character. We have already given one example in the gross and selfish view which Hobbes takes of "goodness." Another, taken from his tabular view of science, is as follows:—"Consequences from Speech. In contracting, the science of *Just* and *Unjust*."

All law, therefore, becomes exclusively positive. Moral law can have no possible foundation. Where this view of the philosophy of language is carried out, God himself becomes an abstraction, and retains only a *nominal* existence. Against every such system reason and *realism* equally protest. They assert the principle we have announced, and affirm that benevolence is one and the same *quality* to all holy beings in creation. The Apostle Paul and the philanthropist Howard, in cherishing the spirit of Jesus Christ, aimed at a moral assimilation to its great pattern. Love to man brought him from Heaven. His incarnation did not make *it* different from what it was when he was in the bosom of the Father. It is not simply relative to human faculties, any more than it is simply a name; but is immutable, varying in its operations according to its objects. We, therefore, know moral qualities in their own absolute nature; and the goodness which our highest powers accredit and recognise, is goodness likewise to all rational existence. These views are, in the philosophy of Hobbes, so much delusion and absurdity. He speaks, and they disappear, as by diabolical enchantment.

"Words, and consequently the attributes of God, have their signification by agreement and constitution of men, &c."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xxxi.

The only important question—Is there anything that *necessitates* the *agreement*?—is here shuffled out of sight. If, however, all nations call the rainbow beautiful, we infer some common sense of beauty. And though languages are thus far arbitrary that one will do, in many respects, as well as another, yet the laws and conceptions of the mind are one. We reject the assumption that we have no knowledge of God, and the consequent impiety that we fashion him according to our fancy. Words are an effect, not a cause. What justice, goodness, veracity signify, must be *known*, before these abstract terms are formed and known in a just, good, and truthful being, or by an intuitive perception of their nature and obligation. *Ultra-nominalism* is a bare-faced denial of the moral consciousness of mankind.

We have now detailed the chief points of the reply which Hobbes makes to the question—What sort of a being is man? There is nothing ennobling in his account of the species. Without a will to rule his lower nature; equally destitute of a moral faculty; establishing good and evil *ad libitum*, there being no immutable principles of either; the creatures of absolute necessity, and dragged in chains, not by kindness, but by cupidity; it follows that the character of man is throughout a lone and naked selfishness, which moulds all the elements of nature into so many instruments of personal gratification.

As each has a similar end, war must ensue. In a chapter which treats of the *difference of manners*, by which he means "*those qualities of mankind that concern their living together in peace and unity*," the great battle of the passions is announced. Man is in search of his own happiness, and his unvarying object is "not to enjoy once only and for one instant of time; but to assure for ever the way of his future desire." Hence he aims at "power after power, in order to secure his prior acquisitions."

Here, then, we have arrived at the threshold of Hobbes' political system; and before we enter upon it, it may be necessary to quote a few of his fundamental maxims, by way of explanation. We shall do so without much criticism.

"First, '*All men are by nature equal*,' for as to bodily strength, in which men may be thought to differ, 'the weakest has strength enough to kill the strongest, either by secret machination, or by confederacy with others that are in the same danger with himself; and as to the faculties of the

mind, there is a greater equality amongst men than that of strength."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

If history teaches anything, it is just the reverse of this position. Hero-worship is as old as time; and Nimrod, Samson, and Achilles; David, Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Scanderbeg, and Napoleon; the poets, and philosophers, and mathematicians of Greece and Italy in all ages; Shakspeare and his equal, Milton; Bacon, and Hobbes himself; indeed, the whole galaxy of warriors, statesmen, metaphysicians, painters, and sculptors, from Phidias and Apelles, down to the great masters of recent times; yes, the entire family of genius proclaims its inherent and original superiority,—its right to teach and govern man, and to lead him into regions of knowledge and conquest, "flowing with milk and honey," not one foot of which had he possessed unless its guidance had taken him from eating acorns or making bricks, and conducted him through seas and deserts into the better land.

"Secondly, 'Every man by nature hath right to all things, that is to say, to do whatsoever he listeth to whom he listeth, to possess, use, and enjoy all things he will and can.'—*De Corpore Politico*, Pt. I., ch. i.

Right he defines to be—

"The liberty each man hath to use his own power, as he will himself, for the preservation of his own nature; that is to say, of his own life; and, consequently, of doing *anything* which in his own judgment and reason he shall conceive to be the *aptest* means thereto."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiv.

Thirdly. From this equality of nature and right, united with the appetites of men, contention is a necessary consequence. For—

"If any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies; and in their way to their end * * * endeavor to destroy or subdue one another."—*Leviathan*, Pt. I., ch. xiii.

Universal distrust follows, and each man may

"By force or wiles master the persons of all men he can * * * till he see no other power great enough to endanger him."—*Ibid.*

"Fourthly, 'Hereby it is manifest that during the time men live without a common power to keep them in awe, they are in that condition

which is called *warre*, and such a warre as is of every man against every man.'—*Ibid.*

The reader has only to throw his imagination into this tumultuous scene, to think of men and women without union or love, and of each man trying to circumvent his neighbor, and he will own that the wildest uproar of the elements that was ever raised is tame in comparison with a general conflict of the passions, that threatens the extinction of mankind in a deluge of blood. *A state of nature is, according to Hobbes, a state of war.* The world is in arms. Brotherhood, justice, peace, do not exist. The earth is sown with dragons' teeth. All men dip their arrows in poison. Union is unknown. The inhabitants of the globe are a set of independent marauders, each of whom scorns to own himself inferior to his fellow. To quarrel is their nature, and "*Competition, diffidence of one another, and glory, are the three principal causes of quarrel.*"

Stimulated by these, human beings become more rapacious than vultures, and wild beasts that roam the forest for their prey promise better society. Were one placed at a little distance from this planet, and able to contemplate these tragic scenes, throwing their shadows before them, he would be apt to pray, if no remedy were discoverable, that heaven would convert the habitable world into a solitude, and by letting loose its central fires, or breaking up the fountains of the great deep, on whose waters no ark should appear, once and for ever put an end to all flesh.

Perhaps, however, there will be no need of imprecations. We can easily see that the great question with men in such a condition would be how to escape mutual destruction. Whence, then, shall deliverance come? Who shall change this state in which there is "continual fear and danger of violent death;" and human life is "solitary, poore, nasty, brutish, and short?" What chance is there of lessening the peril and of lengthening existence, when there is as yet no justice among men?

"To this warre of every man against every man this also is consequent—that *nothing can be unjust.* The notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, have there no place. Force and fraud are in warre the two cardinall vertues," &c. —*Ibid.*

In this exigency one would look for a band of Sabine damsels to touch the hearts of fathers, husbands, brothers, and friends,

and thus introduce permanent peace. No ; man must solve his own problem. Though devoid of all rectitude, he is not blind to the comforts of life, and amidst this chaos, his *self love* arises to teach him the true method of political redemption.

"The passions that incline men to peace are feare of death, desire of such things as are necessary to commodious living, and a hope by their industry to obtain them. And reason suggesteth convenient articles of peace, upon which men may be drawn to agreement."—*Ibid.*

These, therefore, he explains.

We know of no inconsistency more glaring in the system of Hobbes than that which arises from his doctrine of Right and Law ; the former allowing a man to do anything, the latter binding him to a moral code. [He settles and annihilates the morality of the laws of nature in one and the same breath, making them always oblige in conscience, but not in action: the latter, indeed, "only when there is security." Yet he pronounces them "immutable and eternal;" "the true moral philosophy;" which is "nothing else but the science of what is good and evil in the conversation and society of mankind." (Pt. I., ch. 15.) We are however deceived if we attach any importance to his transcendental phraseology, for, in the very next line, he tells us that

"Good and evil are names that signify our appetites and aversions, which in different tempers, customs, and doctrines of men, are different."

Presuming, therefore, that "private appetite" is the only standard of right and wrong, he yet does, in an extraordinary way, find in man about twenty maxims on which to build up public tranquillity. They themselves, however, have not yet a solid footing.

"These dictates of reason men use to call by the name of lawes, but improperly; for they are but *conclusions* or *theoremes* concerning what conduceth to the conservation and defence of themselves, whereas *law* properly is the word of him that by right hath command over others."—*Ibid.*

Yet being prescribed by *reason*, they become so far authoritative that they lead to mutual overtures among mankind. All of them feel that peace ; laying down their right to all things, standing to covenants, cherishing "gratitude, justice, equity, modesty, mercy ; and, in summe, doing to others as they would be done to," are the

prescriptions of nature. With this understanding they are prepared for society. Having depicted their danger, Hobbes rescues them from it by pure fiction, making them enter into covenant with *each other* to submit to some common power. Rejecting the patriarchal scheme of Filmer, and avoiding that of compact between sovereign and subject, as well as the extravagant theory of divine right, he supposes an agreement among *equals* to make one or an assembly *unequal*, and to embody in him or in a certain number the collective will of all. By this means they attain

"A real unity in one and the same person, made by covenant of every man with every man, in such manner as if every man should say to every man, *I authorize and give up my right of governing myself to this man, or to this assembly of men, on this condition, that thou give up thy right to him, and authorize all his actions in like manner.*"—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xvii.

This surrender is absolute—save of life. Leviathan now ascends his throne, and has all the powers to which we have previously adverted. He is a king and a priest ; hath authority *jure divino*, not in himself and by nature, but by office, to appoint pastors and teachers ; to baptize subjects, and to consecrate temples ; and can never forfeit his sovereign right. He can break no covenant, because he made none. In fact, the nation was not one person to be a party *until* he became sovereign ; and if it be said, he made covenants with each and all of them, these became void by his sovereignty, as every breach which they can allege was their own act in their representative.

"Because every subject is by this institution author of all the actions and judgments of the sovereign instituted ; it follows that whatsoever he doth it can be no injury to any of his subjects ; nor ought he to be by any of them accused of injustice."—*Leviathan*, Pt. II., ch. xviii.

Such, then, very briefly, is the system which is to make nations great and happy. No realist could embody an abstraction with more ardent zeal. Whatever interferes with the notion of supreme authority—be it parliament or common law, or any mixture in government—he fiercely denounces. The whole battery of his logic and sophistry, however, is brought to bear upon revelation, and upon all religious teachers, as blocking up the way which leads to the pinnacle of absolute power. While a commonwealth may be "weakened" by

the opinion that he who hath the sovereignty is "subject to the civil laws," there is nothing so mischievous in this respect as the doctrine, that "whatsoever a man does against his conscience is sinne;" and that he owes an allegiance to the "blessed and only Potentate," which no earthly authority can contravene. The whole drift, therefore, of the third part of the *Leviathan* is to undermine the Scriptures. With a considerable share of biblical reading, so common at that time, he reviews the sacred Canon; the signification of the terms prophet, church, kingdom of God, heaven, hell, &c.;—while by the most insidious suggestions, by etymologies—such as *blowing into* for inspiration,—and by wresting various passages which inculcate obedience to civil rulers, he succeeds in throwing ridicule on divine truth, and, at the same time, in seeming to equip himself with its armor to fight the battle of *Leviathan* against God. In order to carry him through in triumph, he treats lastly of the *Kingdom of Darknesse*; overthrows the Papal power; places all education and teaching in the hands of the State; proposes his own writings as the common text-book; and, with extraordinary ingenuity, argues that, since Saul's appointment, God has had and will have no Kingdom upon Earth till Christ's Second Coming other than that which is incorporated in his Vicegerent—the seat of all civil and spiritual authority. Absolute submission to him, therefore, is the present form of our duty to God. No plea of Conscience can arise, and should it, persecution is a virtue, since this maintains inviolable against fanaticism, that Sovereignty, which is the only known similitude of the most High.

We have not allowed ourselves space to dwell at any greater length on the moral and theological doctrines of these volumes. As to the latter, we have little occasion to speak. In a thin folio in the British Museum, entitled "*Sayings of Pious Men*," there is a single sheet, which was published by Charles Blount, called the dying legacy of Mr. Thomas Hobbes. Amidst extracts from his chief work is one short sentence, conveying Blount's notion of his theology:—"God is Almighty Matter."

We fear, after all, that this is as much as can be said for it. His materialism breaks out everywhere. Bodies, and nothing else, in his view, composed the universe. And, though he calls the Deity a *corporeal spirit*, there is little reason to

think that he believed in any intelligent subsistence—the "God of the spirits of all flesh." His latter days awaken no hope. We left him enjoying the charms of Chatsworth in 1653. From this time, he carried on his controversies with Wallis and Bramhall; published his *Elementa Philosophiæ* in 1655; vindicated his loyalty; had a pension of a hundred a year at the Restoration; was honored by a Parliamentary censure; received a visit in 1669 from Cosmo de' Medici; published his translation of Homer in 1675; and died at Hardwick, Dec. 4, 1679, in the ninety-second year of his age, wishing, when he knew he could not live, "to find a hole to crawl out of this world at." Poor old man! He lived not for himself, though he thought so, and taught others that this was the end of life. He was raised up to shock the mind of all Europe, and the beneficial action of his works is felt to the present hour. Nor would the friends of man hesitate to hail him a second time, if his existence were the condition on which Cudworths, Clarkes, Butlers, and others of a like school, were to be called from the depths of Nature's bosom to confront and defeat him. He did evil; he was the occasion of good. Here, as elsewhere, the system of the Divine Being is one; and the operations of Providence, which we thus observe, are miniature forms of the grand scheme of redemption, in which Satan is followed and subdued by the Son of Man. In style and tactics Hobbes had no equal. The works of Bramhall and Cumberland—indeed of all his antagonists—are far inferior to his in free and vigorous composition. They have, however, better titles to praise; and we know of no more healthy exercise than to follow both parties step by step in the battles which they fought. His great powers have ever been acknowledged. His genius was the bond which united him to Bacon, Gassendi, and Galileo; and though we do not think that his fame has grown with the lapse of time, yet we are satisfied that this is owing merely to the enormities of his system.

A calm strength pervades almost all his writings. He advances from one point to another without any sudden jerk or visible effort, and the process of thought goes on at its usual elevation like the unwatched pulse of a strong man. Even when the ground is rotten beneath his feet he has the power of sustaining himself by raising an unseen prop, or somewhat extending

his base, without allowing the reader to think that he is employing any art to retain his position. His self-confidence was never disturbed. With unmatched presumption he affirms that he is "the first that hath made the grounds of geometry firm and coherent." Vol. vii. 242. Neither, however, in Mathematics nor Physics has he made for himself a name. His other writings produced great effect in his own day; they afterwards formed a school which lives, and is likely to live, but not to lead, at least not in ethics and philosophy. No writer on human nature can be profound, who makes Will and Appetite, Conscience and Consciousness, the same; and identifies Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, with the ever-changing inclinations and antipathies of mankind. This is not to see the one in the manifold, but to *merge* the manifold in the one. It is not analysis but confusion. Being such it cannot last. An evil genius of gigantic proportions may for a time spread a mist over the whole region of morals, and have power seemingly to change men into swine; but goodness is omnipotent. The *ineffable name* is in her: and by its incarnate virtue do these ugly and ill-favored forms quickly vanish, and all her children recover their native lustre. *Pity* no longer wears the shape of self-gratification; *Religion* casts off the crouching attitude of a slave. And if, instead of resting at the superficial indications which point out the wealth below, we ask how these and science and truth became possible, we shall find our way through by *à posteriori* guidance, out of the darkest passages of the soul into the sunshine over which time and space and sense all cast their shadow. Man is under an eclipse, and reveals himself, like the Great Parent Spirit, only by his works. But these bespeak the laws and attributes with which he is prepared for his mission upon earth. Overlooking the achievements of science—the written and embodied intellect of man—we take off our shoes from our feet, and stand on holy ground. In the pure aspirations, and the patient counsels of piety; in the sympathies that would regenerate man; in the anticipations of life hereafter; in the hopes that follow the just; in the punishment of the evil, and the discipline of the good; in the character of Christ, and in the power of his Spirit, working in the human breast;—we see a grandeur that was wrapped up in the mystery of Heaven ere it dawned on us at birth, now hastening

with a more or less visible course, and with capacities more or less exalted, towards the same goal.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

The general conduct of Hobbes was correct, his habits regular, and his disposition liberal. His virtues, however, were mostly prudential; of *greatness* he knew nothing. After assailing all that is sacred, he had the pusillanimity, at the Restoration, to profess to submit his opinions to the constituted authorities; sheltering himself beneath the miserable plea, that when he wrote he was in the irresponsible state of nature, there being, in consequence of the subversion of government, no legitimate judge of heresy.

We have only to add, in relation to this complete collection of his works, that we should have been better pleased with the labors of Sir W. Molesworth had he indulged a little more in elucidative annotation.

INTERMENTS IN LONDON.—From a statement made by Mr. G. A. Walker, well known for his writings on intermural burials, we gather the following particulars:—"There are 182 parochial graveyards in London; of these only 48 were confined to the proper limit of 136 bodies to the acre; the rest exhibited various degrees of saturation, from 200 to 3000 bodies to the acre annually. In St. Andrew's Undershaft, the average per acre was 1278; Portugal Street burying-ground, 1021; St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 1182; St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, 1210; St. John's, Clerkenwell, 3073; St. Mary-at-Hill, 1159; St. Olave, Tooley Street, 1257; St. Swithin's, Tooley Street, 1760. Turning from parish ground to dissenting burial places, the following were the results:—Wickliffe Chapel, Stepney, 1210; Enon Chapel, Woolwich, 1080; Parker, Dockhead, Woolwich, 1613; Moorfields, 1210; Cannon Street Road, 1109; and lastly, New Bunhillfields was distinguished by an average of 2323.

It was humiliating to think that a parish ground—St. John's, Clerkenwell—stood at the head of these unchristian nuisances, pestiferous in every respect, because, when a proportion of 3073 were annually interred on an acre of land, it followed that the bodies could only remain in the ground five months instead of ten years. Hence the stacking of coffins in deep pits, the brutal dismemberment of bodies, the consumption of coffin wood in many localities, the danger to mourners from attending such places; the insidious infection which, especially in the warm season, poisons the atmosphere, and by undermining health, or begetting disease, hurries thousands to an untimely end, again to become the subjects of fresh indignities, the centre of infection to survivors, and the distributors of pestilential emanations." What admirable reasons for leaving the metropolis out of the late Health of Towns Bill!

From *Lowe's Magazine*.

THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME AND HAUNTS OF COWPER.

"You ask me where I have been this summer. I answer, at Olney. Should you ask me where I spent the last seventeen summers, I should still answer, at Olney. Ay, and the winters also."

"The limes and the elms of Weston can witness for us both, how often we have sighed and said, 'Oh that our garden opened into this grove, or into this wilderness.'"

LETTERS OF COWPER.

"The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving,
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes
With sylvan tendernesses."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

It was on a fine summer day, about twenty years ago, that an open carriage reached the Bull Inn at Olney, from which a somewhat elderly gentleman alighted, evidently from his appearance a man of mark and an invalid, with a younger female companion. The strangers proceeded to the tall brick house in the market-place, so long the residence of Cowper, the "stricken deer that left the herd," where his grievously wounded spirit magnanimously endured the cross, employing a mighty genius to infuse hope and consolation into the portion of his race, from which he deemed himself to be excluded, doomed by an awful ban to drink alone of the cup of bitterness and trembling. From the sitting-room of the poet and Mrs. Unwin, the party passed to the garden, to the summer-house, to the arbor, the elder conversing with his guide of the departed bard, of his poetry and inimitable letters, his sincerity and sorrows, in a manner that evinced an intimate acquaintance with his writings and a just appreciation of his exalted powers and moral worth. Sir James Mackintosh, for such was the name of the visitor, had been on the spot before, and now returned to it to introduce his daughter. On the former occasion, in 1801, he was comparatively unknown to fame, a barrister on the Norfolk circuit, attended in this, as in many extra-professional excursions, by Mr. Basil Montague, since the editor of Lord Bacon's works, and one of his biographers. A record has been made of this visit: "We went into the room where the *Task* was written, which is now a village school. We rambled round the village, and at last found out the hairdresser, whom he had employed for many years, who told us some most affecting anec-

dotes of the most amiable and unhappy of men." This individual, one of the higher grade of his profession, Cowper commemorates as having embellished the outside of his head and left the inside just as unfinished as he found it; but he is more honorably noticed for his conscientiousness, as one who would not wait upon the king himself on a Sunday. His name was Wilson, a dissenter and deacon of the Baptist church, who survived to a good old age, but his anecdotes, to which many besides Mackintosh have referred, appear to have perished with him.

"We saw his handwriting in a copy of his poems which he presented to this hairdresser. I hope you will believe me, when I say I could not look at the writing without tears. So pure in his life—so meek—so tender—so pious—he surely never had his rival in virtue and misfortune. He had few superiors in genius. I think better of myself for having felt so much in such a scene, and I hope I shall be the better all my life for the feeling."*

Yet another tribute of respect was paid by Mackintosh to the memory of Cowper, in a pilgrimage from Cromer to Dereham, to the house in which the last five years of his troubled life were spent, to the chamber where he expired and had the "blackness of Jarkness" for ever removed from his spirit, and to the spot where his remains repose in peace.

"The morning was interesting; it not only amused from its dissimilarity to the stupid routine of ordinary life, but it has, I hope, made some impressions likely to soften and improve the heart. None but fools and fanatics can expect such scenes

* *Life of Mackintosh*, i. 148.

are of themselves sufficient to work a change in the character, but it is one of the superstitions of shrewdness and worldliness to deny that such impressions may contribute something towards virtue. However this may be, I rejoice that my heart is not yet so old and hard as to have all its romance dried up.”*

That noble passage in which Johnson condemns the frigid philosophy which may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or courage, alluding to the plain of Marathon and the ruins of Iona, is fresh in the minds of most readers. The emotion stirred by the sight of objects with which the great and good of bygone time have been associated, may be only indeed the homage which nature is involuntarily constrained to pay to the majesty of those Divine lineaments reflected by the human example. It argues not, therefore, of itself the membership of the individual in the same illustrious brotherhood, only his capacity to enter the communion, and the fact of his relation to it not being hopeless and reprobate. On the other hand, the absence of sensibility surely betrays the want of fraternity. In the case of Mackintosh, the import of his local emotion cannot be mistaken. Besides the intellectual tie, there were other bonds, stronger and more enduring, between him and the poet. He had the same unsophisticated and truthful nature, keen affections, taste for simple pleasures, singular gentleness, and benevolent disposition. We may venture to believe also that Cowper's trial, its terribleness in the instance of one so pure and devout, was another link in the chain of association, for though deeply serious and sincere in his yearning after truth, a cloud of speculative difficulties kept the perception of it from the mind of the great statesman who “walked in darkness and saw no light,” troubled in his pilgrimage with solemn thoughts on themes which philosophy could not eradicate. Yet as Cowper's sky was not always overcast, as when in the full assurance of faith, he could sing,

“Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

’Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And form’d by power Divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.”

* Life of Mackintosh, i. 149.

so there came an appointed time to Mackintosh, when the obscuring shadows flitted away from his soul, and his mental vision caught a joyful glimpse of the Sun of Righteousness as his own orb of life was setting to the horizon of this world. “What is the name of that man who writes upon decrees and upon election?” exclaimed the dying senator, an inquiry bespeaking a till then untold severe and perhaps long continued internal struggle. “He cannot frighten me now,” was added with a smile, “I believe in Jesus.” At eventide there was light.

The list of pilgrims from afar to the haunts of Cowper is a long one. The names of some will hereafter be mentioned, our principal purpose being to notice the recent record of a visit by Mr. Hugh Miller, the author of the “Old Red Sandstone.”* Space compels us to overlook the intermediate tour from Edinburgh across the Border, by Durham, York, Manchester, and Birmingham, to Wolverton, the depot of the North-Western Railway, the nearest station on the line to Olney, where we join the travelling geologist, out for refreshment from professional labors in the summer of 1845.

It was at night-fall, amid the hurly-burly preparatory to a prize-fight on the coming day for the championship of England, that our tourist arrived at Wolverton. Of course there was no accommodation at its inn, or at Newport Pagnell, the quarters being crowded with the southern blackguards. So posting on his route a-foot, Mr. Miller, after thinking of a haystack for a bed, found a pleasanter one at Skirvington. Whether the no-admission of the inn-keepers to the belated traveller, suggesting the idea of what is commonly called scurvy treatment, had anything to do with this rendering of the name, we know not, but assuredly it stands as Sherrington in Cowper's letters, the spot to which “the most elegant, the compactest, the most commodious desk in the world, and of all the desks that ever were or shall be, the one most loved,” had safe arrived, a present from Lady Hesketh, when the wagoner's wife returned “her abominable No!” to his inquiry about it. The next morning, the classic ground of Weston Underwood, the park of the Throckmortons, the banks and bridge of the Ouse, and Olney, were reached:

* “First Impressions of England and its People” pp. 274-312.

"I crossed the bridge, destined, like the 'Brigs of Ayr' and the 'Bridge of Sighs,' long to outlive its stone and lime existence; passed the church—John Newton's; saw John Newton's house, a snug building, much garnished with greenery; and then entered Olney proper—the village that was Olney a hundred years ago. Unlike most of the villages of central England, it is built, not of brick, but chiefly at least of a calcareous yellow stone from the Oolite, which, as it gathers scarce any lichen or moss, looks clean and fresh after the lapse of centuries; and it is not until the eye catches the dates on the peaked gable points, 1682, 1611, 1590, that one can regard the place as no hastily run-up town of yesterday, but as a place that had a living in other times. The main street, which is also the Bedford road, broadens towards the middle of the village into a roomy angle, in shape not very unlike the capacious pocket of a Scotch housewife of the old school; one large elm tree rises in the centre; and just opposite the elm, among the houses that skirt the base of the angle—i. e. the bottom of the pocket—we see an old-fashioned house, considerably taller than the others, and differently tinted, for it is built of red brick, somewhat ornately bordered with stone. And this tall brick house was Cowper's home."

For this house, to which Mrs. Unwin and Cowper removed in the autumn of 1767, one of the best that Olney could then boast, a rent of about twelve pounds was paid, their establishment consisting of one maid-servant, a gardener, and footman. Externally, its aspect answers well to the occupant's description of it—that of a place built for the purpose of incarceration, and yet, while familiar in the winter months with an atmosphere loaded with raw vapors rising from flooded meadows, sitting in a parlor over a cellar filled with water, and celebrating his removal from the spot as a gaol-delivery, he had boasted in the fervor of song,

"Had I the choice of sublunary good,
What could I wish that I possess not here?"

An orchard belonging to another proprietor separated the garden behind from John Newton's parsonage, which long bore the name of the Guinea Field, from that sum being yearly paid for the right of way through it. Next to the main street is the far-famed parlor,

"That looks the north wind full in the face,"

from the window of which the recluse often watched for the post-boy bringing his letters—almost the only link that connected him with the busy world—and first caught sight of Lady Austen, the fashionable and fascinating stranger, shopping opposite. Long

subject to the wear and tear of a school, its soiled walls and broken plaster exhibit a dismal appearance, yet it is easy to call up the vision of former comfort, when it was the scene of "intimate delight," "fire-side enjoyments," and "home-born happiness," so graphically sketched,

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

The room, shorn of its material honors, and to be demolished in the end, will yet live in history, as a site consecrated by graceful humanities and the efforts of Christian genius. There sat Mrs. Unwin knitting, Cowper reading or transcribing, the hares, Puss, Tiney, and Bess, gambolling on the carpet. There the adventures of the famous horseman were first related over night, the ballad of John Gilpin making its appearance the next day soon to win and keep popular favor, obtaining for the then unknown author the applause of Mrs. Siddons in the metropolis. There the Sister Anne of the circle, mistress of his muse, suggested his greatest performance, the Task, original in thought, cadence, and structure, giving him the sofa upon which she sat for a subject, well knowing the stores he could bring out of his own mind to hinge upon the whimsical theme. Nobly, in fourteen months, did he justify her confidence. Campbell, remarking upon the origin of this poem, the history of a piece of furniture promising so little to the reader yet producing so much, aptly compares it to a river rising from a playful little fountain, gathering beauty and magnitude as it proceeds. However shunning the throng, the world would sometimes break in upon the secluded life of Cowper, as when the Parliamentary candidate was ushered into the parlor with an election mob at his heels, seeking his patronage as one of the magnates of the town with a seducing shake of the hand, and informing the bard of his consequence in the community—a new revelation to him. There likewise was he, in the dark season of 1773, a silent tenant of the room, dead alike to politics, literature, and friendship, bound in the fetters of despair, the iron entering into his soul.

The premises of the old house are of greater interest. The neighboring elms, in one of which was the bird-nest, spared by

the storm to the rifled, suggesting the fable of the raven, are no longer standing; but the garden, with its gravel walk thirty yards long, where Cowper reared cucumbers, fed his pigeons, and manufactured verses in the summer, still remains a garden, though not so trim as when he tended its beds.

"I found," says Mr. Miller, "the garden, like the house, much changed. It had been broken up into two separate properties; and the proprietors having run a wall through the middle of it, one must now seek the pippin-tree which the poet planted, in one little detached bit of garden, and the lath-and-plaster summer-house, which, when the weather was fine, used to form his writing-room, in another. The Ribston pippin looks an older tree, and has more lichen about it, though far from tall for its age, than might be expected of a tree of Cowper's planting; but it is now seventy-nine years since the poet came to Olney, and in less than seventy-nine years young fruit-trees become old ones. The little summer-house, maugre the fragility of its materials, is in a wonderful good state of keeping; the old lath still retains the old lath; and all the square inches and finger-breadths of the plaster, inside and out, we find as thickly covered with names as the space in our ancient Scotch copies of the 'Solemn League and Covenant.' Cowper would have marvelled to have seen his little summer-house—for little it is, scarce larger than a four-posted bedstead, written like the roll described in sacred vision, 'within and without.'"

Among the host of names, there are those of "Hugh Miller, Edinburgh;" "Mary and Alexander Logan came 700 miles to see this place, 3d August, 1839;" and that of the authoress of *Display*, then hearing the "murmur of the dark waters," suffering under the incipient disease that laid her low, with two lines which we do not remember having seen in print,

"Where Cowper wrote what meaner hand shall try?
Yet to his loved remains we breathe a sigh.

JANE TAYLOR."

Cowper calls this spot a commodious oratory in which to invoke the muse. It was apart from the noise of the street. There were pinks, roses, and honeysuckles in sight, and birds singing in the apple-trees among the blossoms, though, as nothing is perfect, an ass living on the other side of the garden-wall, as if to prove the saying true, would sometimes join the choristers of the grove. Here much of his poetry was written—many of those massy lines which comprise a volume of meaning,

"He has no hope that never had a fear."

"To smite the poor is treason against God."

which once read take firm hold upon the memory. He was in this favorite recess in the June of 1783, listening to the distant thunder and pattering showers, and wishing for a subject to write about. Before the summer closed, the Task had commenced, in which the notice occurs of the remarkable physical phenomena of the season, the most extraordinary year in that respect with which we are acquainted.

"Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And, by the voice of all its elements,
To preach the general doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
Fires from beneath and meteors from above,
Portentous, unexampled, unexplained,
Have kindled beacons in the skies; and the old
And crazy earth has had her shaking fits
More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
Is it a time to wrangle when the props
And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
To wait the close of all?"

In February, the earthquakes commenced by which Calabria and Sicily were desolated. In June, the most tremendous volcanic outburst on record occurred in Iceland, and continued to the close of August, when the Skaptar Jokul discharged a mass of matter which, accumulated together, would yield a second Peak of Teneriffe. Severe thunderstorms prevailed in England through the summer; but the most singular event was the veil of dry fog which overspread Europe for a month, giving to nature "a dim and sickly eye," most likely a gaseous exhalation from the disturbed districts dispersed through the atmosphere.

"The sun," says Cowper, June 13, "continues to rise and set without his rays, and hardly shines at noon, even in a cloudless sky. At eleven last night, the moon was a dull red; she was nearly at her highest elevation, and had the color of a heated brick. She would naturally, I know, have such an appearance looking through a misty atmosphere; but that such an atmosphere should obtain for so long a time, and in a country where it has not happened in my remembrance even in winter, is rather remarkable. We have had more thunder-storms than have consisted well with the peace of the fearful maidens in Olney, though not so many as have happened in places not far distant nor so violent."

June 29, he writes, "We never see the sun but shorn of his beams. The trees are scarce discernible at a mile's distance. He sets with the face of a red-hot salamander, and rises (as I learn from report) with the same complexion. Such a

phenomenon at the end of June has occasioned much speculation among the *cognoscenti* at this place. Some fear to go to bed, expecting an earthquake; some declare that he neither rises nor sets where he did, and assert with great confidence that the day of judgment is at hand.*

Similar fears prevailed in other places, and to quiet them at Paris, Lalande addressed a letter to one of the journals.*

For fourteen years Cowper abode at Olney, rarely quitting the place for a day, but often abroad in the fields and highways around it. Its human species in general do not figure to advantage in his pages. Too much ale, their besetting sin, disgraced Nat. Gee the clerk, and another had to say Amen for him. Spite of the prognosticated trump of doom, there were the usual gatherings on Sunday morning to the taps in Silver End, the St. Giles of the town, as if the cordial might be needed by way of preparation for the crisis. One of Newton's

immediate successors tried to put down this Sabbath-breaking by the strong arm of the law, but a row ensued, in which the constable lost clothing and skin, the gentler sex being foremost in the riot. Newton indeed labored not in vain, but public reformation marches slowly. There was no Sunday school in his time. Cowper describes children seven years of age infesting the streets at night with their curses and ribald songs. When Newton's curacy descended to Scott, his influence came not along with it. He was unpopular at Olney, and was burnt in effigy at Pingewick. Scott marrying a drunken fellow and a pregnant lady, the man betraying his brutality in the service, and the church crowded with idlers equally forgetful of decorum, is an incident which sufficiently proclaims the low state of public manners. It might plead, however, the sanction of high example from which it gathered strength.

* The best account of the fog is given by M. Arago, in his "Scientific Notices of Comets," inserted in the French *Annuaire* for 1832, replying in the negative to the question, "Were the Dry Fogs of 1783 and 1831 occasioned by the tail of a comet?" Sec. 11, c. 3.

"The fog of 1783 commenced nearly on the same day (18th of June) at places very distant from each other, such as Paris, Avignon, Turin, and Padua."

(We see from Cowper's letters that it was at Olney on the 13th. The Skaptar Jokul exploded on the 12th, but earthquakes became violent on the 5th and 6th.)

"It extended from the northern coast of Africa to Sweden; it was also observed over a great part of North America.

"It continued more than a month.

"The air, that at least of the lower regions, did not appear to be its vehicle; for at certain points the fog came with a north wind, and at others with east and south winds.

"Travellers found it on the highest points of the Alps.

"The abundant rains which fell in June and July, and the strongest wind, did not dissipate it.

"In Languedoc, its density was sometimes such that the sun was not visible in the morning until it was at the height of twelve degrees above the horizon. During the rest of the day it appeared red, and could be looked at by the naked eye.

"This fog, or smoke, as some meteorologists called it, was accompanied with a disagreeable smell.

"The most distinguishing property it had from ordinary fogs, which are generally very damp, was, by all reports, its dryness.

"Finally, it is well worthy of remark, the fog of 1783 seemed to be endowed with a kind of phosphorescent virtue, with an inherent light. I find, at least in the narratives of observers, that it shed, even at midnight, a light which they compared to that of the moon at full, and was sufficient to show objects distinctly at 200 metres, above 650 feet. I add, in order to remove all uncertainty regarding the origin of the light, that it was a new moon at the period of the observation."

"In this part of the world at least," says Cowper, "many of the most profligate characters are the very men to whom the morals, and even the souls, of others are intrusted; and I cannot suppose the diocese of Lincoln, or this part of it in particular, is more unfortunate in that respect than the rest of the kingdom. Here are seven or eight in the neighborhood of Olney who have shaken hands with sobriety, and who would rather suppress the Church were it not for the emoluments annexed, than discourage the sale of strong beer in a single instance."

These notices of a rural English locality sixty years ago, to which the counties south of the Tweed then supplied many a parallel, are not without interest, as illustrating the difficulties which the few evangelical clergy of that day had to contend with, as well as the advance which their cause has made among the members of their sacred profession, a result towards which the exhibitions of the "cassock'd huntsman" and the "fiddling priest" contributed.

Referring to Cowper's clerical contemporaries affords an opportunity to correct a mistake which reflects dishonor upon one who deserved it not. Speaking of his satires, Mr. Campbell remarks that they were never personal, except in the instance of Occidius, who was known to mean the Rev. C. Wesley.*

"Occidius is a pastor of renown,
When he has prayed and preached the Sabbath down,

* Specimens of the British Poets, vii. 358.

With wire and catgut he concludes the day,
Quavering and semiquavering care away,
The full concerto swells upon your ear;
All elbows shake. Look in and you would swear
The Babylonian tyrant, with a nod,
Had summon'd them to serve his golden god;
So well the thought the employment seems to suit;
Psaltery and sackbut, dulcimer and flute—

Will not the sickliest sheep of every flock
Resort to this example as a rock;
There stand, and justify the foul abuse
Of Sabbath hours with plausible excuse?"

Progress of Error.

Charles Wesley was not the man to have or to sanction Sunday routs and concerts. Martin Madan was the person in question, chaplain at the Lock Hospital, a popular preacher, and musical in his taste, who lost character and fame upon the publication of "Thelyphthora," a treatise in which he appeared as the avowed advocate of polygamy. Cowper's letters contain allusions which completely clear up this point. He speaks of having given a squint at the author of "Thelyphthora" in the "Progress of Error;" and again referring to the Madans, Martin and Spencer, he says:

"Of the former, I have heard that my Task is his theme in all companies, but that terrible book of his has made me more than half afraid to meddle with him, lest he should tease me for my opinion of it, in which case I should be obliged to execrate it even to his face. I gave him a broad look of disapprobation in my Progress of Error."

The name Occiduus (*western*) fitted Madan, the Lock Hospital being at the west end of London.

One building, "a place for social prayer," which two of the "Olney Hymns" commemorate, has entirely disappeared. This was an old untenanted mansion, in which Newton rented a room, and commenced a service of prayer and exposition, in which the frequenters of the meeting united with the church-goers. In a collection of letters recently, for the first time, published (February, 1847), by the Rev. T. P. Bull, of Newport Pagnell, addressed by Newton to his father,* an interesting note occurs referring to this service:

* Described by Cowper as "a Dissenter, but a liberal one—a man of letters and of genius—a master of a fine imagination, or rather, not master of it. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull; but—he smokes tobacco. Nothing is perfect!" Playfully he used to address him as *Carissima Taurorum—Mon aimable et très cher ami*—and Newton as *mon cher Taurau*—Dear and Reverend Bull. In the collection of letters referred to above, Newton, as a similarly imperfect being, anticipates a journey from London into Bucks, and then

"I have by me a list of names, in the handwriting of the author of these letters, of the persons who engaged in prayer, and it is interesting to observe among them the frequent recurrence of the name of the poet Cowper, from the year when he came to reside at Olney, to the year 1773, when a dark cloud came over his mind, and peculiar views of himself unhappily prevented him from entering a place of worship to the end of his days. So strictly conscientious was this interesting man, that I have frequently seen him sit down at table when others have risen, to implore a blessing, and take his knife and fork in hand, to signify, I presume, that he had no right to pray."*

Upon Newton becoming a metropolitan rector, or, as he facetiously termed his ecclesiastical translation, contracting marriage with a London saint of the name of Molly Woolnoth, the social meeting ceased to prosper. However good a commentator in his study, the Olney folk turned up their noses at the *vivâ voce* expositions of Scott, and preferred hearing one of the lay brethren exercise his gifts, the unconsecrated place allowing of the oration. But the regular-bred divine maintained his prerogative, and stoutly resisted such an uncanonical proceeding. Newton, aware of the crook in the lot of his successor, acknow-

"A Theosophic pipe with brother B,
Beneath the shadow of his favorite tree,
And then how happy I! how cheerful he!"
The recent publication of these letters forbids their yet being widely known, and therefore we give the following characteristic note.

"Bucks to Wit.

You are required and enjoined to appear personally at our Episcopal seat in Olney, on the present Wednesday, 19th August, to dine with the Rev. Henry Venn (Vicar of Huddersfield), and with us. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given at our den—*die supra dicto*

JOHN NEWTON.

To the Rev. William Bull.

Read to-morrow.

You receive it Tuesday night."

Under date October 27, 1786, we meet with a somewhat singular allusion—

"*Olney Hymns and Olney Homer!* I understand you; when shall I come to my *Nil admirari*. I find, after all my supposed acquaintance with the human heart, there are windings and depths in it of which I know no more than of the dark unfathomable caves of ocean. When I have puzzled and grieved sufficiently about things which I cannot account for nor remedy, then I try to leave them with the Lord. He alone can make the crooked straight. It is singular indeed—and we may say of this turn, as of all that went before it, 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

We may perhaps gather from this that Newton, who argued ill to Cowper, in a religious respect, from his intimacy with the Throckmortons, did so likewise from his attention to Homer. Recent Letters, p. 221.

* *Ibid.*, p. 57.

ledges, in the letters before us, to an inadvertence in setting a-foot the meeting:—

“The next time (says he) I am young, and begin to preach in a country place, I intend not to do just as I did at Olney. Particularly, I will have all the work to myself in public meetings, except the singing. Our prayer meetings and praying men were, I think, useful for the first seven years upon the whole; but afterwards great inconveniences ensued.”*

It is time now to quit the man-made town for the country enduringly pictured in the Task.

The few survivors of Cowper's time who made acquaintance with his outward man, are rapidly becoming fewer. Yet securing the services of a gossip who had seen him a hundred times in his walks, Mr. Miller took a peep at his rural haunts, and final residence in Bucks, amid the woodlands of Weston.

“The good Squire Cowper (she said), well did she remember him, in his white cap, and his suit of green, turned up with black. She knew the Lady Hesketh too. A kindly lady was the Lady Hesketh; there are few such ladies now-a-days; she used to put coppers into her little velvet bag every time she went out, to make the children she met happy; and both she and Mrs. Unwin were remarkably kind to the poor. The road to Weston-Underwood looks down upon the valley of the Ouse. ‘Were there not water lilies in the river in their season?’ I asked; ‘and did not Cowper sometimes walk out along its banks?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ she replied, ‘and I remember the dog Beau, too, who brought the lily ashore to him. Beau was a smart, petted little creature, with silken ears, and had a great deal of red about him.’”

The Ouse will remain associated with the name of Cowper, like the Avon with Shakespeare, the Thames with Pope, the Trent with Kirk White, the Duddon with Wordsworth, and the Tweed with Scott. It has nothing of itself to arrest attention—no splash or murmur, no breadth or clearness, and may be said more to creep than flow; but there it is, in the quiet valley, one of the commonest of streams, yet having a high consecration to invite the gazer, received from his communion with its waters whose “eyes drank the rivers with delight.” A few touches—“Ouse's silent tide”—its “flags and reeds”—its “sinuous course”—describe all its characteristics. The bridge, with its “wearisome but needful length,” in the floods of winter, crosses

the stream at Olney; in the direction of its flow from thence is the Poplar Field; on the opposite side lies the landscape overlooked by the road to Weston, which forms the subject of the picture so exquisitely drawn, and so faithful to the scene:

“How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here Ouse slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.”

Mr. Miller sketches the general appearance of Weston, with its remarkable spots—the few tall walls and gateway columns which form all that remains of the house of the Throckmortons—the cottage, small and homely, in which Scott reasoned himself out of Socinianism into Calvinism, and wrote the *Force of Truth*—and Cowper's residence, into which the tourist does not seem to have sought admission. It would have been readily granted. The two lines are there, in the fair distinct handwriting of the poet, on a panel of the window-shutter in his bed-room, which expresses his feelings on quitting the place for Norfolk:

“Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;
Oh, for what sorrows must I now exchange ye!
July 28, 1795.”

Nothing beyond a temporary absence was then contemplated; but the presentiment was verified, by the separation proving final, and by the deep mental anguish in which nearly five subsequent years were passed. He saw the Ouse for the last time on his journey, by moonlight, from the churchyard of St. Neots, where also the last gleam of cheerfulness lighted up his countenance that marked his life.

The Wilderness, the Lime Walk, the Alcove, the Spinnie, the Rustic Bridge, Kilwick's echoing wood, the Peasant's Nest, are all at Weston—sites which had been

* Recent Letters, p. 132.

commemorated before Cowper's removal to it, being within an easy distance of his former abode. The Lime Walk is the most noticeable and unaltered spot—a Gothic aisle-like avenue of stately trees, with interlacing tops, where lights and shadows dance upon the grass on a sunny day, when the breezes are astir :

"How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems ! while beneath
The chequered earth seems restless as a flood
Brushed by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
Play wanton, every moment, every spot."

Such lines evince the delicacy and truth of the writer's observations, parallel to which is the reference to the woods at night in calm :

"The moonbeam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves."

He set out, in poetry, to describe Nature from herself, not from a copy, as well as to delineate the heart from his own experience ; and no man ever more faithfully kept to a purpose.

It is somewhat singular that most of Cowper's productions may be referred to the suggestions of others. Mrs. Unwin led him to the Progress of Error, and its kindred moral satires ; Newton to the Olney Hymns ; *Carissima Taurorum* to the translations from Madame Guion ; Lady Austen to the Task, John Gilpin, and Homer ; while an humble suitor, the parish clerk of Northampton, procured from him mortuary verses. The noble fragment on the Yardley Oak is an exception. It was never mentioned to any of his friends, and not known to exist till found among his papers after his death, though evidently he had girded up his mind to honor the monarch of the woods. The tree, said to have been an oak in the time of the Conqueror, and to have borne the name of Matilda from his wife, is of course an object of frequent resort, and has suffered from the spoliation of its visitors, though protected by an inscription from its owner, the Marquis of Northampton, deprecating their ravages. It boasts not the size of the famous oak of Dorset, the cavity of which, in the time of the Commonwealth, was used by an old man for the entertainment of travellers as an alehouse, yet the girth of twenty-eight feet five inches belongs to it, a foot above

the soil. Torn and hollow, covered with warts and wens, and showing a scanty sprinkling of foliage, it answers to the tree described by Spenser,

"Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold ;"

and might have stood for the decayed oak to which Pompey in his declining state is compared by Lucan.

It is quite in character for the author of the "Old Red Sandstone" to geologize, whether tramping over the oolite of North Bucks, or wandering among the ancient granites and contorted schists of the central Highlands. Accordingly, from a heap of stones in the street before Cowper's house at Weston, he picked up some broken fossils, a well-marked plagiostoma, and a fragment of a pecten, thinking with a smile of the philippic on the early geologists. "There they had lain as carelessly indifferent to the strictures in the Task as the sun in the central heavens, two centuries before, to the denunciations of the Inquisition. Geology, however, in the days of Cowper, had not attained to the dignity of a science." Even now that it has, the world is slow to believe, though trusting to its own wrongheadedness has led to many expensive follies. To Mr. Miller's account of the Earl of Cromarty's attempt to bore for coal in the old red sandstone, far beneath the true coal-measures, may be added two enterprises, in which thousands were squandered, to reach it through the oolite of Olney and Northampton, one so late as 1839, where, if coal occurs at all, it must be at an unapproachable depth. After a day's ramble in the haunts of Cowper, we find our traveller ensconced for the night at Olney, "in a quiet old house, kept by a quiet old man," with the fading countenance of the Duke of York on the sign-board ; and there we must leave him, with the remark that "mine host" remembers his Scotch guest two years ago, though quite as unconscious of his quality as of the ichthyolites he has made so famous.

A parting word about Cowper. For him the distinction may be claimed of having resuscitated the poetry of England from a state of collapse, inspired it with life and health, and with Christian life, and sanctified it to the promotion of human happiness. Though retired from the great world of men, disliking its Babel sounds, and longing for "a lodge in some vast wilder-

ness," he lived for his race; and has laid society under lasting obligations to him. By verses devoted to the sorrows of the slave, he helped to create that generous sympathy, and form that public opinion, which conquered the reluctant selfishness of senates to assert the natural liberty of universal man, depriving the oppressor of his power, and bidding the oppressed go free. To his righteous castigation of clerical delinquents, a large and tolerated class in his day, the Church of England is in no slight degree indebted for the purification which its pulpits have undergone; while the cause of Christianity owes much to the vigorous exposition of its doctrines, morals, and spirit, to be found in his pages, for its rescue from the heartless mimicry and pantomime with which it had been confounded. In poetry, Cowper is essentially the muse of ordinary life and common scenes. Nothing can surpass the minute accuracy of his drawing, while he never fails to interest us in objects that lie at every man's threshold, as invested with beauty, and rife with the lessons of practical wisdom. Unlike the elder bards, he neither deals with the tricks of Fairy-land, nor with the dread councils of Pandemonium; and keeps equally remote from the fictions of mythology, and the giants of romance. This stay-at-home habitude, charming us with what he sees and hears within the sweep of a few acres round the homestead, constitutes one of his highest titles to fame, and is a leading element of his utility. He opens up sources of delight from nature's common phase within reach of the peasant; and teaches him to rejoice in the hedge-row that skirts his garden, and the robin that chirps at his door.

Mysterious as was his unhappy mental state, it had no mysterious specialty, more than what belongs to other instances of monomania. That he should refrain from ostensible communion with heaven, was a natural consequence of the view he took of himself, as a doomed exile from its paternal regards, under an irreversible ban of exclusion; and by this fact, with his uncomplaining spirit, we are furnished with a spectacle of sublime submission to a hard, and as he deemed it an inevitable destiny. That he should have entertained such a conviction, which no reasoning could shake, no friendship weaken, so contradicted by the tenor of his life, and by his own expressed views of the Divine mercy and the evangelic plan, must be ranked as one of

those delusions precisely parallel to that of the patient who fancies himself a king, and struts about with an air of royalty, or imagines himself pierced by an assassin's dagger, and cries out "murder" in his agony. We advert to this much handled subject, simply for the sake of introducing a somewhat original view of it by Mr. Miller:

"It were presumptuous to attempt interpreting the real scope and object of the afflictive dispensation which Cowper could contemplate with such awe; and yet there does seem a key to it. There is surely a wondrous sublimity in the lesson which it reads. The assertors of the selfish theory have dared to regard Christianity itself, in its relation to the human mind, as but one of the higher modifications of the self-aggrandizing sentiment. May we not venture to refer them to the grief-worn hero of Olney—the sweet poet who first poured the stream of Divine truth into the channels of our literature, after they had been shut against it for more than a hundred years, and ask them whether it be in the power of sophistry to square *his* motives with the ignoble conclusions of their philosophy?"

His terrible conception, expressed in his last original poem, the *Castaway*, the tale of a shipwrecked mariner perishing solitarily in the ocean, in which, as he says, his own misery delighted—

To trace
Its semblance in another's case,

has been finely commented upon by the lady whose verse is at the head of this paper:

Deserted! God could separate
From his own essence rather:
And Adam's sins have swept between
The righteous Son and Father—
Yea! once Immanuel's orphaned cry,
His universe bath shaken—
It went up single, echoless,
"My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips
Amid his lost creation,
That of the lost, no son should use
Those words of desolation;
That earth's worst phrensies, marring hope,
Should mar not hope's fruition;
And I, on Cowper's grave should see
His rapture in a vision!

CRACOW.—The Emperor of Austria has not only resolved that the University of Cracow shall remain in existence, but that the education shall be more thoroughly grounded and general, and that a larger number of students shall be admitted. His Majesty has appointed Dr. Johann Schindler, Prebendary of Cracow, Curator of the said University.

From the Edinburgh Review.

AMERICAN COMMERCE AND STATISTICS.

The Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846. By John Macgregor, Secretary to the Board of Trade; author of *Commercial Statistics*, &c., &c. 2 vols. large 8vo. London: 1847.

[The following article, after a brief discussion of Free Trade, a subject to which, as the great organ of the whig party, it is of course committed, presents a very candid and inspiring view of our national resources and prospects, quite unusual of late in the British Journals. There are passages of genuine eloquence, as well as important truths, which the American reader will peruse with interest.—Ed.]

THESE volumes contain by far the most valuable store of facts which has ever been collected respecting the commercial and social history of the New Continent. It requires, indeed, some courage even to glance over the enormous mass of details, which these 3000 closely printed pages present to the eye. But a very brief examination dispels any doubt as to the serviceable and practical character of the work. Mr. Macgregor is so thoroughly conversant with the art of dealing with statistical figures, and long habit has rendered him such a master of arrangement, that an inquirer even moderately familiar with such studies will find himself easily enabled to turn to the particular pigeon-hole in which the materials he is in search of, are deposited. The first volume embraces a general sketch of the history of discovery in the New Continent; its more recent political annals; the separate history and geography of British America, Brazil, and Spanish America; and the statistics of the two latter countries, together with those of Hayti and the foreign West Indies. In the second volume, Mr. Macgregor returns to the statistics of the United States of North America; and this is by far the most complete part of the work, as the subject is more important, and the materials more trustworthy.

We do not understand on what principle the British dominions in America are left out, or rather treated of in part only; a sketch of their history and geography being given, while the statistics both of British North America and the West Indies are wholly omitted. Perhaps Mr. Macgregor was of opinion that these regions, forming part of the British empire, would be more properly included in compilations treating of our own domestic affairs. Perhaps he

intended at some future period to supply the omission. If otherwise, we cannot but regret it; not only on account of the peculiar interest which those parts of America possess for the British reader, but also because Mr. Macgregor is personally familiar with them. He illustrated their condition some years ago in his "British America," of which the statistical part is already antiquated, from the rapid changes which the subject matter has undergone.

"The enthusiasm," says Mr. Macgregor, "which accompanied me in my youth to the British settlements in America, was first inspired by the writings of Robertson, Charlevoix, and Raynal—by poring over Hakluyt and Purchas, and the more recent collections of voyages and travels; and an ambition, entertained on perusing with delight the travels of a near relation, the late Sir Alexander Mackenzie, to the Arctic shores, and afterwards across the broadest part of America to the Pacific. The more I study the progress of the European settlements in America, the more thoroughly am I convinced of an infallible truth, that the history of navigation and commerce is the history of civilization."

To enthusiasm of this order, the history of American progress affords the most ample nourishment. The visions and speculations of the people of a new country are almost wholly of a material order. Wrestlers against nature, conquerors of the wilderness, their chief attention is concentrated on a struggle which, among inhabitants of the Old World like ourselves, is long ago over, and forgotten; and excites only the interest of romance. We have become settled in our present condition. There are many among us—nay, most of us, in some mood, have shared the feeling—who could be content to remain stationary, and to be neither more numerous, nor wealthier, nor more advanced in our command over nature, than we are at present, provided only the rest of the world could gain no advantage by slipping past us. Our cherished dreams are generally of other conquests and glories than these, and are not easily kindled by statistics; but statistics constitute the favorite excitement of the

imagination of most Americans, and of Mr. Macgregor no less. He evidently enjoys himself amidst the long array of figures, which prove the rapidity of past advance, and illustrate the laws of future development.

A very large part of his first volume, however, contains matter more attractive to ordinary readers, being composed of extracts and summaries of modern travels, after the fashion of Pinkerton and other compilers; and here Mr. Macgregor has drawn very largely on American stores with which we were previously unacquainted. This is particularly the case in relation to Mexico, the old "Internal Provinces," so long unvisited, but now opened by the commercial and military enterprise of the Anglo-Americans---California, Oregon, and the interior of Brazil. Many of the sources from which he has derived this part of his collections are almost inaccessible to English readers in general.

As to the Spanish-American republics, Mr. Macgregor appears to have been perplexed between the necessity of making his work as complete as possible, and the extremely worthless character of the materials with which in their case he has had to deal. We place very little reliance on his political arithmetic respecting these regions, which, feebly disclosed to us in the personal narratives of a few occasional visitors from Europe and the United States, are sinking, for the most part, back into the darkness which concealed them from the eyes of the civilized world during the century before their emancipation; and are left as it were aside in the rapid movement of the rest of Christendom. As to these, the statistician has to elicit his results from a multitude of old, ill-arranged, and contradictory authorities; and it is not altogether to be wondered at, if, with that propensity which certainly belongs to his class, and from which Mr. Macgregor is not wholly free—to prefer collecting to analysing—to fling down cart-loads of figures on the desk, and trust to chance for the arrangement—his tables are often not only inaccurate, but sometimes inconsistent in their details.* These

portions of the work, however, will be consulted more as matters of curiosity than utility; except the commercial returns from the various ports of South America, which appear to rest, for the most part, on better authority, and to be compiled with great labor from sources generally unattainable.

As matters of political interest, the chapters relating to the United States constitute the main value of the work. Mr. Macgregor is well known in this country as the laborious and steady champion of the cause of free-trade. He has had a share, and no trifling one, in directing the movement of the last few years. To many minds, his figures have brought stronger conviction than all the eloquence enlisted on the same side, both in and out of Parliament. And now that the battle is won (or nearly won) in his own country, there is no more glorious victory left to be achieved, than that which must ultimately be won, over the party prejudices and class-interests which still govern the commercial legislation of the great republic. That legislation may not be worse than what still prevails in many European countries; but it stands in more striking contrast with the character and the other institutions of a people so shrewd and far-sighted in all matters concerning their interests. Nor has it arisen, as in less enlightened States, from the successful intrigues, or the arbitrary exercise of power, of a protected class of monopolists. Nothing is more clear, to any one who has studied the history summed up in Mr. Macgregor's pages, than that the "American System" of protection arose from political and not from commercial motives. We are ourselves the fathers of it. It began in a desire of just, but impolitic retaliation on England. Once implanted in the State—according to the uniform history of such evil growths—it struck its roots too deeply in popular feeling to be eradicated, so long as the close balance of parties, and the difficulty of conducting the government, might render it an object with statesmen to bid for the votes of a protected class, strong in united self-interest rather than numbers.

In 1785, Mr. Adams, then the United States' minister at the court of St. James's, proposed to place the navigation and trade between the dominions of Great Britain and all the territories of the United States upon a basis of complete reciprocity. The proposal was not only rejected, but "he was given to understand that no other

* *E. g.* Lima, at vol. i., p. 955, is made to contain 54,096 inhabitants, with an average of 2350 deaths annually. At p. 956 it is stated to have a population not exceeding 45,000, with 3500 interments in the year; a mortality at which even Mr. Chadwick would stand aghast. We are ashamed to notice such trifles in a work of this magnitude, but we might have multiplied instances; and the hint may direct attention in some future revision.

would be entertained." Mr. Adams, accordingly, advised his countrymen (in a letter to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Jay):—"You may depend upon it, the commerce of America will have no relief at present; nor, in my opinion, ever, until the United States shall have generally passed Navigation Acts. If this measure is not adopted, we shall be derided; and, the more we suffer, the more will our calamities be laughed at. My most earnest exhortations to the States, then, are, and ought to be, to lose no time in passing such acts."

Advice to adopt a measure of retaliation, so justly provoked, however questionable its real policy might be, could hardly fail of being received with favor. The difficulties which the then constitution of the United States interposed in the way of unity of commercial legislation, prevented Mr. Adams's suggestion from being acted on for a few years. But, in 1789, on the adoption of the new Federal constitution, Congress passed a navigation law, which has since led to reciprocity treaties between us and them. Unfortunately pursuing the same policy, they enacted in the same year their first tariff—innocent, indeed, in comparison with its successors, but the commencement of a series of legislation most mischievous to the people of both countries.

It is therefore but too true, as Mr. Macgregor shows, that "the American government, at the outset of its independent existence, would have agreed to commence and maintain an intercourse which would have enabled England to enjoy every possible advantage which could be derived from the United States, if they had remained colonies; and all those advantages, without either the perplexity or expense of governing them. The advances made with respect to such wise policy by the United States, were unhappily rejected." The first consequence of our selfish and sulky policy was a famine in the West Indies; of which Bryan Edwards gives the details with just indignation—the slaves, and poorer class of the free inhabitants, being deprived of their old supplies of food from the revolted colonies. The ultimate results were embargoes and restrictions; the almost civil war of 1812-15; the war of tariffs, which has continued ever since, though now happily one-sided only; and the crippling of our commerce with those who possess almost a monopoly of one arti-

cle of the first necessity to us, and great advantages in the production of others.

Once commenced and set on foot, the "American system" of protecting domestic manufactures was far too tempting a delusion—flattering the prejudices of many, harmonizing with the honest but mistaken theories of some, and serving the interests of an acute few—not to enlist on its side a large party, and become a great political bond of union. Mr. Hamilton, a great name in America—though we never could exactly ascertain the basis on which his reputation is founded—presented to Congress his elaborated "Report on Manufactures" in 1791: a species of essays, embodying the favorite principles of the protection theory. But the breaking up of old political parties which followed the French Revolution, and the subsequent war with England, adjourned the execution of his recommendations until the year 1816, when an avowedly protective tariff was for the first time established. It is a curious fact, that this bill and that of 1824 were carried *against* the will of the New England States. In 1816, "nearly two thirds of the New England members voted for a reduction on the proposed duties on cotton manufactures; while out of 43 members from New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania who voted on the question, nine only were in favor of it." In 1820, a very able speech indeed, in favor of free-trade, was delivered at Faneuil Hall. Neither Say nor Ricardo could have uttered sentiments more to the purpose; and the doctrines of these abstruse philosophers were clothed in plain, home-thrusting popular oratory, of the best order. "For his part," the orator declared, "he believed, that, however derided, the principle of leaving such things very much to their own course, in a country like ours, was the only true policy; and that we could no more improve the order, and habit, and composition of society, by an artificial balancing of trades and occupations, than we could improve the natural atmosphere, by means of the condensers and rarefiers of the chemists." The speaker was *Daniel Webster*. Since that time, unhappily, falsehood has made its converts as well as truth. But the orator was on the popular side; for principles of freedom as yet commanded a majority among those whom Webster then addressed. On the introduction of the tariff of 1824, the votes of the New England States were fifteen for, and twenty-three against it: while

those of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Ohio, stood seventy-eight for, and only nine against. And in the discussions on the tariff of 1828, the same proportion still continued. While, therefore, that portion of the American people which alone possessed much manufacturing industry, and which has always evinced the greatest aptitude for commercial pursuits, continued hostile to restrictions which could by no possibility do good to any but themselves—while they, the only parties who could derive a share of profit from monopoly, continued to repudiate it—it was literally carried through by the votes of the farmers and planters of the Central States, whose predilection for the “American system” was simply suicidal!—a curious proof, among many others in the history of commercial legislation, how often mere ignorance, or mere party spirit, has done the mischief ordinarily attributed to self-interest.

Once started, however, in the cause of protection against their will, the New Englanders soon became converts to its doctrines; and no wonder. To them the benefit was immediate, at the expense of all their fellow-citizens; the loss contingent and ultimate only. We find, on analysing the tables of Mr. Macgregor, that the six States of New England, containing one-eighth of the population of the whole republic, produce two-thirds of its cotton fabrics, three-fifths of its woollens, nearly half its leathers, and other articles in almost the same proportion. The single State of Massachusetts owns one-sixth of the manufacturing capital of the nation. As far, therefore, as protection can confer benefit on the producers of the monopolized articles, they, and they alone, have reaped it. The remaining eighteen millions of the proudest and most irritable nation upon earth—men to whom a dollar paid by way of salary to a priest, or civil list to a king, appears an oppression to be resisted to the last drop of blood—are content to disburse for the benefit of their Yankee brethren, a tribute which, in all probability, would defray the civil expenditure of half a dozen small European monarchies—nay, they have pressed and compelled the modest and reluctant Yankees to accept it!

How much those worthy descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have gained by the advantages thus forced upon them, we may by-and-by endeavor to estimate. In the

mean time, the burden has been usually borne by the tributary States with that stolid patience, or rather that exulting and self-applauding self-denial, with which large bodies of mankind are in the habit of offering up their contributions to the cunning few. But this has not been uniformly the case. In the year 1828–32, the Union was in greater danger of disruption than at any period before or since, from the nullification movement of South Carolina, in which Georgia, and even Virginia, very nearly participated. It cannot be wondered at that the Southern planters, amidst their exhausted fields and decaying ports,* and suffering severely under the competition of the newer soils of Louisiana and the Mississippi, felt aggrieved by the pressure of duties, which at once narrowed the market for their commodities, and increased their cost of production. The report of the Carolinian committee, to inquire into the power of the judicial government, declared “all legislation for the protection of domestic manufactures to be unconstitutional, as being in favor of a local interest, and that Congress had no power to legislate, except upon subjects of general interest”—a difficult proposition to answer on political principles, whatever reply American jurists may be able to make to it. The movement failed, however, as it deserved to fail, because, with an unfortunate perversity, the people of South Carolina chose to include in the same proscription, as unconstitutional, “all legislation for the purpose of meliorating the condition of the free colored and slave population of the United States:” mingling with one of the most righteous, the basest purpose for which men could band themselves together. Their opponents gave up the cause of the negroes, and preserved that of monopoly. The Carolinian demand was met by Mr. Clay’s “compromise bill,” which adroitly relieved from duty those articles only in which no American competing industry existed. But the “compromise” was again set aside by the prevailing party in 1842, when its minimum duties were about to come into operation, and a new and more stringent tariff enacted; carried rather by the spirit of party, says Mr. Macgregor, than by the influence of the manufacturers; in which we believe he is perfectly accurate. An attempt was

* The exports of South Carolina have remained stationary for the last thirty years. Charleston, its capital, is the only large American town of which the population diminished between 1830 and 1840.

made to reintroduce the "compromise" in 1844, but without success; the later modifications of 1846 hardly deserve notice; and America remains burdened with a system which would be ruinous to countries of less energy and resources, though in her case it may be rather inconvenient and absurd than seriously oppressive.

Taking a comprehensive view of the subject, we may say that the causes of American progress are so powerful and rapidly operative, that even the commercial measures of her government cannot materially retard it, as assuredly they have hitherto done nothing to promote it. With that perfect freedom of internal trade which prevails throughout the vast Republic—with those admirable inventions for facilitating and accelerating inter-communication of people, traffic, and thought, of which no country in the world (England herself not excepted) has availed herself so largely or so wisely in proportion to her means—a few vexatious restrictions, more or less, on foreign commerce, can scarcely affect the development of her social wealth with any vital injury.*

But there is quite enough of immediate loss—more than enough, unhappily, of substantial political injury—to avenge the cause of free-trade on its unreasoning enemies. The American citizen pays from 95 to 178 per cent. for his window glass, 75 to 150 per cent. on articles of manufactured iron; "embracing," says Mr. Macduffie, the Senator, "most of the tools and implements necessarily used on every farm and plantation in the country;" 133 per cent. on salt, 75 to 150 per cent. (by the help of deceitful modes of valuation) on the prints and calicoes "of which every female of the middle and lower classes is a consumer." In order that he may enjoy these and similar benefits without fear of interruption by the smuggler, he pays for "steam revenue cutters" to cruise among the islands and sand-bars which fringe the free Atlantic along his coast; and far larger sums towards the hopeless experiment of closing a

land frontier of 1200 miles against the Canadians. To maintain the same "American" cause, he has suffered the seeds of disunion, and of just but fatal antipathies, to grow up between those sections of his commonwealth, which, under the most favorable circumstances, and with the nicest endeavor to preserve the equipoise, it is most difficult to keep in harmony under the same government.

There is also another mode in which the tariff has given a secret but very serious blow to the stability of American institutions. The Whig party are the true Conservatives of America, and their influence in the long-run is the main check which exists on the tendency of its social system towards anarchy and dissolution. But the Whigs, by their fatal alliance with monopoly, have at once made themselves the enemies of large and really injured classes in their own country, and lost great part of their claim to the sympathy and encouragement of those in foreign nations, who were of old their natural allies. What effective counterpoise can be expected to the influence of ultra-democratic opinion, from a party pledged to a course of policy which, in the Old World, has in every instance hitherto ended by weakening and ultimately ruining its supporters? The Whigs may be assured, that their attachment to monopoly will break up their party at last, and with it, perhaps, the constitution of their country. So long as the American farmer chooses to feed himself and his cattle upon taxed salt, to work on his land with taxed iron, to dress his wife and daughters in taxed calicoes—not to preserve national honor, to plant the rapacious eagle on the towers of Cortes, or to humble the obstinate "Britisher"—

"Non ut superbas invidæ Carthaginis
Romanus arces ureret,
Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
Sacra catenatus Viâ"—

but simply that the world may admire the "factory girls" of Lowell, and that a few Yankee speculators may get rich in the towns of New England, and a few scattered capitalists in and near the great cities of the rest of the Union—so long these statesmen may enjoy a poorly-acquired popularity; but the dispelling of that delusion will place them at the feet of their enemies, unless they extricate themselves beforehand from the false position which they now occupy.

* If the following details are to be depended upon, they are curious, as showing the effect of improved internal communications in renovating the trade and wealth of a city, which, had it not been for them, were in a course of partial deterioration. They are taken from the Comptroller of New York's Report, quoted by Mr. Macgregor at vol. ii., p. 217.

	Inhabitants.	Real & Personal Estate.	Dollars. per head.
In 1816 N. Y. city had	95,000	82,000,000	862
In 1825 (E. Canal op'd)	166,000	101,000,000	609
In 1835	270,000	218,000,000	807

There has been, however, a different line of apology sometimes adopted for the American system of protection, which justly deserves to be considered and weighed by those who have not persuaded themselves into so completely one-sided a view of the subject, as to reject at once all protective regulations, without inquiry or discrimination. Admitting that all protection involves a sacrifice of national wealth, it has been argued, that some sacrifice may nevertheless be reasonably endured, in order to secure such a distribution of it as shall best suit national interests. It may be conceded, for the sake of argument—such is the language of those who employ the reasoning of which we speak—that the loss which the protection of American manufactures occasions to the scattered millions who raise the raw produce of the Republic, is greater than the gain to the manufacturers and operatives. But the chief weakness of America lies in the dispersion of her population. The tendency of her agricultural classes to spread and scatter themselves over an enormous extent of territory, prevents the rise of cities, the growth of habits of order and respect for law—the progress, in short, of civilization. There may therefore be good policy in fostering at their expense the industry of the older, more populous, more conservative portions of the republic; the influence of the wide unsettled West being already far too great, both on the balance of political power, and on the moral character of American Society.

These certainly are not the doctrines of Jefferson, who looked forward with alarm to the rise of American cities. But they may not the less deserve a fair investigation; and those who hold them will not be persuaded out of them by ordinary free-trade arguments. It happens, however, that they will not stand the test of figures. Mr. Macgregor's tables are not compiled with any view to meet this particular line of argument, of which he does not indeed take any notice;—the evidence which they furnish against it is therefore the more satisfactory. If we examine, in the first place, the progress of population in the five old New England States, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, which alone deserve the character of manufacturing districts, and where, if any where, the protecting system should operate in drawing together and concentrating greater numbers of inhabitants—we find the following results:—

	1830.	1840.
Massachusetts.	610,408	737,699
The other four States,	944,930	985,367

It appears, therefore, that while Massachusetts has undoubtedly made a considerable, though by no means a remarkable advance, the other manufacturing States, during the ten years in which the tariff was most operative, actually increased in population at a lower rate than average English counties. If we examine the table of exports, the deductions to be drawn from them are precisely similar. Comparing the years 1822 and 1842 (which appear to be fair average years) we find the results, in round numbers, to be, that Massachusetts exported, in 1822, to the value of four millions of dollars; in 1842, 6,700,000. The other four States, in 1822, 1,500,000; in 1842, only 1,400,000; in other words, they have remained stationary during the period in which, if there were any truth in the doctrines of the American system, they ought to have made the most decided progress; possessing, as they do, every facility for manufacturing purposes in a higher degree than any other part of America. Massachusetts alone has gained; and, without denying that protection may have given some stimulus to the cotton manufactures of Massachusetts, it would be a libel on the people of that energetic State, to believe that the real source of their high prosperity lies in the tribute which their monopoly draws from their brethren.

We apprehend, therefore, that this argument, the most plausible which we have met with in favor of the tariff, entirely fails. Protection has not girt the New England States with Mr. Wakefield's belt of iron;—it has not checked, in the slightest degree, the Westward movement and dispersion of their population;—it has had no effect whatever in determining the progress of society, or giving the much-desired principle of cohesion to the people or institutions of any part of America. It is, in short, as politically worthless as it is economically false; and Mr. Macgregor's is the only sound conclusion from the long and possibly tedious detail into which we have entered.

“If there be one course of policy more than another which we would advocate, to which we would devote our endeavors, in order to aid in obtaining the only certain guarantee of peace and of friendship between two great nations, who in language and race are one people—that course of policy is to establish the least possible re-

striction on the interchange of the commodities of the one country in the other—upon the arrival, remaining, and departure, of the ships and citizens of America, in every British port and place in the universe—of British ships and subjects in every port and place within the American regions. If ever the history of the world presented two States in a position and condition to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible evil, such are the actual positions, and actual conditions, of the United Kingdom and United States.”

Would it, however, be desirable, supposing it were possible, to accelerate the progress of the United States towards fixity of population?—to counteract the tendency to dispersion, by promoting the growth of cities, the head-quarters of civilization, wealth, and order, the correctives, if such are to be found, of American ochlocracy? The truth is, that if this object be among the political requirements of America, canals and railways are already achieving it, with a rapidity which confounds all the estimates of statesmen and statisticians alike. Mr. Macgregor has quoted largely from a series of articles on the internal trade of the United States, by Mr. Scott, of Ohio; a speculator of the true American cast, indulging in views of future greatness sufficiently bold and comprehensive; but of whose prophecies some “per-centage” will no doubt be realized,—enough perhaps to secure for their author the credit of second-sight among the swarm of nations which will one day be assembled in the valley of the Mississippi. The following are some of his calculations on this subject:—In Massachusetts, from 1830 to 1840, more than half the increase of the population of the whole State took place in the nine principal towns (66,000 out of 128,000). In the same period, the increase in the whole State of New York was 27 per cent; in the fourteen largest towns, 64 1-2 per cent; in the State, exclusive of these towns, only 19 per cent; and yet in New York there are still whole counties of nearly unoccupied land. Pennsylvanian enterprise in the same period suffered materially from the “crash of her monetary system.” But even in Pennsylvania the nine largest towns exhibited a gain of 39 1-4 per cent; the whole State, of only 21 3-4 per cent. In Ohio, the great agricultural State, the eighteen largest towns increased 138 per cent; the State only 62 per cent. The increase of the twenty largest towns of the United States, from New York to St. Louis, inclusive, was 55

per cent.; that of the whole country less than 34 per cent. If the slave holding States were left out, the result of the calculation would be still more favorable to the towns.—(Vol. ii., p. 750.) The most ardent well-wisher for the concentration of American population could hardly desire more rapid results than these; and yet the impulse from which they proceed may be said to have scarcely begun its operation. America is fast becoming a country of great cities.

And, to pass from subjects of American interest to such as more nearly concern us in Europe: this last circumstance, the great and disproportionate growth of her town population, and the certainty that the ratio will continue to increase, is very important to be borne in mind, in considering the question of the future ability of the United States to supply our demand for articles of food. As to the idea, prevalent to a certain extent among ourselves, and trumpeted forth by the American press with its usual grandiloquence, that the existing surplus of the agricultural produce of the United States (on the breadth of cultivation existing in 1845 and 1846) was sufficient to fill up the deficit of an European famine, or even to make any great impression on our enormous need, had Providence continued the scarcity among us, or afflicted our grain harvest with blight in addition to our potatoes—never was anything more fallacious. Commercial exaggeration reached its height, in the recent anticipations of cereal imports from America. And since the adage, *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, is in no instance more true than in the matter of markets, it may be worth while to give, as briefly as we can, the results of Mr. Macgregor’s statistics on this important subject (Book ii., c. 5). Mr. Macgregor, we must state, or rather his authorities, are answerable only for the figures; the calculations are our own.

Mr. Macgregor gives at vol. ii., p. 489, the following “estimate by Mr. Ellsworth,” (he does not further describe his vouchee) of the crops of the United States in 1844:—

	Bushels.
Wheat,	95,607,000
Indian Corn,	421,953,000
Oats,	172,247,000
Rye,	26,450,000
Buck Wheat,	9,071,000
Barley,	3,627,000
	<hr/>
	728,955,000

But as it should seem from other calculations (see vol. ii., p. 961), that the export of wheat in the same year (including flour) amounted to nearly 8,000,000 of bushels (and this was rather below the average), the total amount for home consumption and seed must be taken at 87,000,000 bushels: that is, about four and a half bushels per head, the whole population being taken at nineteen millions and a half. In the United Kingdom, in the same year, it is probable that about 160,000,000 bushels were required for consumption and seed: that is, more than six bushels per head. The Americans, therefore, profuse and even wasteful as they are in their subsistence, consume considerably less wheat per head than the inhabitants of the United Kingdom. This is perfectly conclusive as to the impossibility of their supplying any great or sudden European demand for wheat, unless there should take place some large increase in its cultivation. But this is by no means the whole of the case. Of the 95,607,000 bushels of wheat produced in the United States, nearly one half is raised west of the Alleghanies: chiefly in the rich plains of Ohio and Indiana, and even in the far north-western clearings of Michigan. These supplies will no doubt become available in seasons like that through which we have just passed. But the western farmer, in estimating how much he can raise with a profit, does not rest his practical calculations on exceptional demands, such as that of 1847. And to how great a height must prices rise in this country, before supplies raised a thousand miles beyond the Atlantic can compete not only with our own produce, but with that of Poland and Prussia!

The same remark applies to the quantity of Indian Corn which America has to send. Enormous as her production of this grain appears to be—about 20 bushels per head, according to Mr. Ellsworth's estimate—it is not, nor is likely to become, an article of regular consumption in Great Britain, and the populous countries of Western Europe. Scarcity alone creates a demand for it. The cultivator, therefore, cannot take this demand into his estimate: And it must be supplied, not from the stores of merchants, but from savings out of ordinary consumption: and these are slowly collected and slowly forwarded. When the demand is at the strongest, the supply will be short and the price enormous, as was the case for some weeks last spring in Ireland. But, by the time that the farmer has learned to

stint his pigs, and spare his waste, and the accumulated savings of some hundred thousand little households find their way to the Atlantic, prices have fallen, merchants are ruined, and farmers must be long-sighted indeed to keep themselves in readiness for a similar emergency, which may not recur for many years.

This is a subject at the present moment of so much interest, that we venture to subjoin a long extract from papers quoted by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 493) from the *Philadelphia Commercial List* of 1842. It will be seen that the calculations vary in some slight degree from our own, but the conclusions are the same: of course they were compiled when no anticipation existed of European scarcity.

"It is very generally believed abroad, that wheat is of very general culture in our country, but such is not the fact. This table" (alluding to an elaborate one which we omit) "divides the States and territories into three districts. The first embraces the six New England States; the second, the States which may be called the 'Wheat District,' extending from latitude 35 deg. to 45 deg. north, and from longitude 5 deg. east to 15 deg. west of Washington; and the third, States south of latitude 35 degrees. The cultivation of wheat was commenced in the New England states at quite an early date after their first settlement, and with sufficient success to supply the wants of the colonists; but it could not be continued with profit when Pennsylvania was settled, and its lands (more congenial to wheat) subjected to the plough. Then the hardy and adventurous sons of the Puritans found it their interest to 'cultivate' the 'ocean,' and, by exchange of its productions, purchase flour and grain from the descendants of Penn. The efforts made since the Revolution, and by aid of bounties, even to within three or four years, to revive the cultivation of wheat in the eastern sections, have proved alike unsuccessful; and the agricultural pursuits of New England will, doubtless, in future be confined to the more suitable products of Indian corn and potatoes, with pasturage of cattle, and increased growth of wool, in parts more remote from the sea-board.

"With the States south of the wheat section, we have included North Carolina; for, although a great part of this State lies north of 35 deg., and wheat is cultivated towards its northern parts, the soil in general is better adapted to Indian corn, and the quantity cultivated is large.

"To the north of 45° north on this continent, the length and severity of the winters will prevent the cultivation of wheat to any material extent. This opinion will appear remarkable in England, when it is considered that the most southerly point of Great Britain is near north latitude 49°, and that the culture of wheat is successfully extended to north latitude 55°. But that island has an open

ocean to the north and west, and the North Sea to the east; whereas the American Continent, towards the north-west, is unbroken to the Polar Sea; and to the north, and towards the north-west, is indented with immense bays, covered by ice for nine months in the year.

"To the west, longitude 15° west of Washington, commence those extensive prairies extending to the Rocky Mountains, on which it is not likely the cultivation of wheat will be extended, nor any permanent settlement made, except along some of the water-courses, for years to come. The want of wood and water on those plains will stop the advance of civilization in that direction, and leave them to the buffalo and the Indian. How far it will be practicable to cover them with sheep, horses, and cattle, controlled by man, as on the steppes of the Banda Oriental, remains to be ascertained by experiment.

"The wheat section within 10 degrees of latitude, and 20 degrees of longitude, embraces about one-half the surface of the States, or one-fourth that of the States and territories, but within this there is abundance of untouched land of the finest quality awaiting the invasion of the cultivator. Nor can that be delayed; for the wants of a population constantly increasing both within and without this district, and not regarding foreign countries, demand a rapid increase in the growth of wheat. If our estimate is correct, that the United States and territories will number 22,000,000 inhabitants in 1850, the additional quantity to be raised in that year over 1840, to supply an increase of 5,000,000 consumers at home, and leave seed, &c., must be about 22,000,000 bushels, equal to the whole crop raised in 1800. To bring the cultivation up to this point, it becomes necessary that for ten years 130,000 acres of new land per annum should be put under wheat culture alone, and three times that quantity under culture, in corn, rye, oats, or in pasturage. To accomplish this will require that the labor of full one-third of the whole increase in population be directed to agricultural pursuits in this district.

"On reference to Table No. 8, it will be observed that we have stated the consumption of wheat to be at the average of three bushels and a half per head in the eastern district (New England States), four bushels and one twelfth per head in the wheat district, and two bushels per head in the southern, or cotton and sugar district. Those very low estimates will appear remarkable to England, where the consumption of wheat is estimated at six to eight bushels per head. It is easy, however, to account for this difference, which arises from the more general consumption in this country of Indian corn, rye, and buckwheat, for culinary purposes. In the eastern States, Indian corn and rye are generally used; and in parts more remote from the sea-coast, wheat bread is almost unknown. In the middle and western States, with the agricultural population in particular, more than half the bread is made of corn and rye meal; and buckwheat is also extensively used. In the southern and south-western States, corn becomes the leading article, and in some, rice is an important auxiliary; but to the colored population (full

one-half in those States) wheat is unknown. This will account for the very low estimate of two bushels per head which we have given for the consumption of wheat in the southern district.

"Throughout every part of the United States, Indian corn is raised. It is used both green and ripe, is easily prepared for food, and fully as nutritious as wheat. Its usual cost per bushel in the interior is about one-third that of wheat; and for human nutriment, one bushel of Indian corn is perhaps equal to one bushel and three-fourths of barley, or three bushels of oats. It is not therefore surprising, that the use of this invaluable grain should be so general, and that of oats and barley unknown—but for animals' food and the brewery.

"The population of Pennsylvania has not increased so rapidly as that of New York, and although her surplus of wheat is not, perhaps, so great as twenty or even thirty years back, it is still very considerable; but as little good land now remains unbroken in eastern Pennsylvania, and labor is fast seeking mining and manufacturing employments, this surplus will gradually diminish, and the time is not very remote when our metropolis will have to rely on the country beyond the Ohio for wheat bread. In all the old wheat districts in the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia, the land is so completely exhausted by continued cropping, that it must be abandoned for years, until restored to vigor by the reoperative powers of nature, or transferred to another population, better qualified to recover it by art and industry. In the upper section of those States, and towards the western parts of Maryland and Virginia, a different agricultural system prevails; and there the cultivation of wheat is still on the advance.

"If we make a natural line of the Mississippi to the confluence of the Ohio, and up this river to Pittsburg, and thence draw an imaginary line north to Lake Erie, and continue it round the northern and eastern frontiers of the United States it will be found that at this time the wheat raised in all this section of the United States, is about equal to what is consumed in it, and that the whole surplus shipped from the United States to foreign countries, including Canada, is in fact produced in the States and Territories north and west of the Ohio river. We have stated the whole export in 1840, to September 30, at 11,208,365 bushels, and the wheat and flour of the crop of 1839, which left those States, &c., for Canada, or came to the Atlantic cities by various outlets, the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the canals and railroads of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New York, was about equal to this quantity. . . . Now it is a striking fact, that this surplus, in fact the disposable surplus of the United States, is furnished by that section of our country the most remote from our Atlantic seaports, and with the aid of all the natural or artificial communications existing, it cannot reach those ports from the places of shipment, much less from the farmer's door, at a less charge per bushel than forty or fifty cents, freight, insurance, commission, and wastage included. . . . What, then, does the farmer in those States get for his wheat when the price in our Atlantic cities is one

dollar per bushel? *Is it not a matter of serious consideration, whether, with our rapidly increasing population, the consumption of wheat has not already approached too close to its production?* not leaving a sufficient margin to meet the contingency of a bad crop, which might make it necessary again to import from Europe; and under circumstances not so favorable to obtain supplies as those which existed in 1837 and 1838. It is evident, from the experience of the last fifty years, that the increase in the cultivation of wheat merely extends in proportion to the wants of the home population, not giving any increase in the surplus for export, unless in years of over-production, or when the home consumption is lessened by high prices arising from unusual demands for other countries."

But, secondly, although these observations apply only to the present, and although the possible amount of produce to be raised from such a breadth of fertile land as the Americans have only begun to furrow, must be left to imagination, yet those who anticipate a very rapid increase of exportable food would do well to bear in mind what has already been said of the disproportionate increase of their town population. The following speculations of Mr. Scott will appear extravagant only to those unaccustomed to American statistics. However large the figures may appear, they are suggested by the very reasonable assumption that the existing ratio of augmentation, in towns and rural districts respectively, will merely continue. According to English experience the disproportion ought to *increase* in favor of the towns; and it must also be remembered that towns-people are peculiarly a wheat and meat consuming class of the community.

"Of the 10,500,000 now inhabiting the Mississippi valley, little more than 500,000 live in towns: leaving about 10,000,000 employed in making farms out of the wilds, and producing human food and materials for manufactures. Even since the late period when these remarks were written, many of the interior towns have greatly increased in population. When, in 1890, we number 53,000,000, according to our estimate, *there will be but one-third of this number* (to wit 18,000,000) employed in agriculture and rural trades. Of the increase up to that time, being 42,500,000, 8,000,000 will go into rural occupations, and 34,500,000 into towns.

"Should we, yielding to the opinion of those who may believe that more than one-third of our people will be required for agriculture and rural trades, make the estimate on the supposition that one-half the population of our valley, forty-seven years hereafter, will live on farms, and in villages below the rank of towns, the amount will stand thus: 26,500,000, being the one-half of 53,000,-

000, will be the amount of the rural population: so that it must receive 16,000,000 in addition to the 10,000,000 it now has. The towns in the same time will have an increase of 26,000,000, in addition to the 500,000 now in them."—(Vol. ii., p. 751.)

In the next place, although this vast town population be as yet matter of anticipation only, yet the number of the people of America who must be set down as non-producers is very much greater than is usually imagined—so great as to make a most essential distinction between her and the grain-raising countries of the East of Europe, in which all the inhabitants, from noble to serf, with very few exceptions, are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. The emigrants form one division of this class. Every year sees a number of hungry mortals disembarked on the shores of the States, all, or nearly all, accustomed by the habits of the old country to the consumption of wheaten bread, of which, as we have seen, native Americans consume comparatively so little. All these additional mouths must be provided for out of the common stock; and they are amply and superabundantly provided for. During the first year in all cases, often during the second also, they can raise nothing for themselves.

There are few phenomena so striking to our eyes, or so suggestive of reflection among all the great social occurrences of this age, as the continuous emigration which takes place to the American continent. Few have fixed their eyes steadily upon it: few have estimated the depth, and width, and volume of the vast and regularly increasing flood of population, which pours, not from England only, but from all Western Europe, into that huge reservoir. Professor Tucker, in a memoir cited by Mr. Macgregor (vol. ii., p. 84), estimates the whole number of European emigrants to the States, from 1800 to 1840, at about a million persons. We suspect that the number is very greatly underrated; but whatever be the case as to the early part of the century, the increase since 1840 has been so prodigious as to render such calculations unimportant, except for historical purposes. The report of our Colonial Land and Emigration Office gives 82,239 as the number of British emigrants to the United States in 1846: being about 20,000 higher than that of any previous year. In the same year 42,439 went to our North American colonies; and it seems to be established that

the interchange of emigrations between Canada and the States pretty nearly balances itself. The next great source of foreign population is Germany, which, if Dr. Wapwæus is to be believed (*Ueber Deutschen Auswanderung und Colonisation*) now sends her laborious sons to America from the banks of the Maine and Neckar, to the number of 60,000 annually. Add to these the miscellaneous emigrants of other countries; and last year's swarm from the old live to North America, colonial and independent, cannot be estimated at much less than 200,000 persons. In the present year of scarcity the number will probably exceed 300,000. But to this influx must be added a still greater sum—that of the migratory population of America itself. We must remember how many thousands of her agricultural families are annually engaged, not as producers, but simply as pioneers: a number which no statistical returns will enable us to count, but of which some idea may be formed, from the circumstance that three or four thousand square miles are said to be reclaimed from the wilderness every year. And next must be taken into account the vast numbers whom America employs in her public works; the construction of railroads alone absorbing a quantity of labor which may be conjectured from the fact that 1600 miles had already been completed before 1837. All these different classes, like some vast standing army, form a burden on the land, and put in their joint claim to support from its produce, before a single vessel can carry the surplus to the shores of Europe.

There seems to be a growing disposition on the part of some classes of Americans to undervalue the advantages which they derive from the constant accession to their population from Europe, and to fence themselves with a kind of national feeling against the emigrants whom they receive.*

* It is most pleasing, however, to know, that these feelings have in no degree chilled the sympathy or arrested the active beneficence by which the Americans have so nobly distinguished themselves in relation to the recent sufferings of Ireland. In the city of New York, on the contrary, a government commission has been appointed, for the sole purpose of attending to the condition of the destitute emigrants, who are still landing by thousands on their shores—and which, we have reason to know, has proceeded in the exercise of its painful and onerous functions with the most exemplary humanity and unwearied diligence. We have now before us a letter from a leading member of this commission (a native American), dated in the middle of August, in which he says, "Out of the great number of sick and destitute which it has been the duty of our com-

Mr. Macgregor is but repeating language familiar to the "native" party when he says that "the inundation of human beings consists, generally, of an accession which diminishes far more than it adds to the morals of America." That some political inconvenience attends the exercise of the electoral franchise by so large a body of strangers, admitted at once to the freedom of the great democracy, is beyond dispute. The Irish form a compact body, acting under influences peculiar to themselves, and scarcely conceivable by the rest of mankind. The Germans hang equally together, and vote doggedly for the democratic "ticket," with a decided leaning towards repudiation, and other anarchical principles; and the new-comers, generally, are apt to take a hot and violent part in political movements, of which they have not learned to understand the real bearing. But these are annoyances, not substantial evils. The root of the mischief lies in the constitution itself; and were emigration to cease, party spirit among native Americans would produce similar results. As to morals, there is something ludicrous in the notion of our farmers and artisans corrupting the innocent citizens of their adopted country. Nor can we treat much more seriously the supposition that the influx of emigrants is preventing the American people from fusing into an uniform body, actuated by one national spirit. The cohesion of the miscellaneous inhabitants of the States depends on that very looseness of organization, and want of uniform spirit and character, which

mission to take charge of, *not one*, I am happy to say, *has been neglected*. The most distressing feature in the case is the number of orphan children thrown upon our hands. The story of these helpless little creatures is simple and uniform enough. They left home with their parents; and the fever killed them on the passage—or they have since died in the hospital! We are now trying to find some better place than the alms-house and hospital for these poor little things, where they may be *more tenderly nurtured, and properly educated*." This is above all praise: and when we add, that most of these gentlemen are actually denying themselves the recreation of their usual summer retreats, and remaining, apart from their families, in the unhealthy heats of the city, rather than hazard the neglect of these duties, we do think that they are entitled to be rewarded, not only by the grateful admiration, but by the prompt imitation of all other countries; and that the concluding exhortation of the letter from which we are citing should, from such a quarter, have the authority of a command—"Do urge, whomever it may concern, on your side of the water, to insist upon these poor people being better provided on their passage. They are so crowded, and so poorly fed, that they very frequently reach our shores in an absolutely dying state!"

such objectors deprecate. The bond holds fast, only because it is so slight and unoppressive. It would be difficult to point out where the American nation, properly so called, is to be found. The descendants of the Puritans form a people, and a great one; but they are not the nation. The English Puritans—the chief of men, whom it is the paltry fashion of this day to decry—divided their vast inheritance between them in the reign of Charles I. One body remained at home, and established the English constitution; one crossed the Atlantic, and founded the American republic—the two greatest achievements of modern times. According to the historian Mr. Bancroft, about 22,000 landed in New England before the assembling of the Long Parliament, and they received few accessions afterwards. The same author computes that their descendants have now increased to about four millions, including nearly half the population of New York and Ohio, but omitting those who are scattered over the other parts of the Republic, and may be said to have amalgamated with the remainder of its population. There is something also of the character of a distinct race, very different from the former, in the white inhabitants of the Southern Atlantic States. Another exists in the valleys of the Alleghanies, where the German blood prevails. All these, and many more loose and floating masses, if such they may be called, of population, are held together by the slightest possible political union. If the inhabitants of each canton or district grew up into a fixed compact body—if they were not cemented together, as it were, by immigration from without and intermigration among themselves—sectional interests would, in all probability, soon prevail, and the Union would fall in pieces. Grievances would accumulate, and Repealers would arise wherever the province was forced to give way to the community, were not the population itself, in most parts of the country, renewed too rapidly to admit of local sentiments growing to a head. And the succession of emigrants from Europe, while it keeps up that circulation which seems essential to the life of the American constitution, at the same time has some effect in keeping up a common feeling of kindred amidst these fluctuating multitudes. It appears, therefore, that the European strangers, besides fighting the battles of the Americans, manning their ships, and constructing their public works,

perform an important part in the political mechanism of their commonwealth.

Meanwhile, the great movement of European emigration itself offers to the mind's vision a spectacle of the same silent and sustained grandeur with which the eye is impressed in watching the everlasting flow of some deep and powerful river. It brings forcibly home to our imagination, that which the continual bustle of superficial politics is apt to make us forget, the force of the great under-currents which move society—influences so strong and uniform as to resemble the instincts of gregarious animals, and yet of which governments know little or nothing; which assemblies cannot control by their rhetoric, nor more powerful journalists arrest or quicken with their pens. The endless procession moves ever from East to West, without regard to the counsels, or prophecies, or speculations of statesmen—an exceeding great army, in which the masses, acting without concert or knowledge of each other, accomplish their purpose as effectually as if one will actuated the whole—

*"Ein lang' und breites Volksgewicht
Der erste wusste vom letzten nicht."*

The last ten years have witnessed the putting in practice of very ingenious theories of colonization. We have, by dint of great efforts and extensive agitation, achieved the result of sending out as many as 30,000 emigrants by government aid in one year (1841); and it was thought, with great reason, a wonderful exertion, with which it has been found impossible to keep up since. Meanwhile, the unassisted, unnoticed emigration of every year trebles or quadruples that amount—so little can the laborious efforts of government keep pace with the gigantic operations of masses of men acting on private motives. Colonial affairs have excited for some time past an unusual degree of interest and stir on the surface of society. Much has been done towards rendering our settlements attractive to emigrants. Not only government, but powerful combinations of capitalists have been unsparing in their inducements and promises. Repeatedly has it been shown by economical argument, that the United States, on the other hand, condemned the emigrant to poverty by selling their land too cheap. Yet, if we look at the tables of emigration, we find that these noisy blasts and counterblasts had absolutely no effect whatever upon it. They neither affected its numbers nor its direc-

tion. Indeed, emigration to the United States has increased greatly in the last ten years, while that to our American colonies has, on the whole, fallen off, and was much greater in 1831, before Mr. Wakefield was heard of, or systematic colonization began to be preached, than it has ever been since. As the progress, so the quality of emigration, so to speak, has been always so steady as to show the permanent nature of the causes which produce it. Notwithstanding the supposed attachment of Englishmen to their own habits and political institutions, these ties seem as inefficacious to keep them on this side of the republican border, as the doctrines of political economy. For many years past, English emigrants to the New World have gone almost wholly to the States: of Irish, a considerable majority to Canada; while the Highland Scots retain an odd predilection for the fogs and rocks of the lower colonies, so resembling their own. Connexion, no doubt, is one main cause which perpetuates these hereditary tendencies of the great families of our fellow subjects: neighbor lends neighbor a helping hand to lift him across the Atlantic: families are transported piece by piece, like ready-made houses; the stone cries out of the wall, and the beam from the timber answers it: and the correspondence between districts at home and abroad, once formed, is continued through many generations. But there is more than this in the economy of the great movement—much, as we have said, of which governments and political reasoners know nothing. What do these multitudes care for theories of civil government? American politics have been as unpopular in this country for some years past as they were formerly popular: but emigration, as we have seen, has increased steadily all the while. What, indeed, are Church and State, and ancestral institutions to them, more than the baronial honors of the nobleman to the deer who break out of his overstocked park? what are slavery and repudiation, and all the black spots which European observation traces on the disk of that Western sun which lures them across the ocean? They seek the land of promise; and in nine cases out of ten, they find it a land of performance. America is at this day, more than ever, what it has been for centuries, a great providential blessing to an overpeopled Old World; the greater, because not indiscriminate: because it offers nothing except to the industrious and energetic—it is to the

brave man only that every soil is a native country.

Nor has it entered into the calculations of ordinary thinkers how essentially the peculiarities of American government and society are calculated to further this great design of Providence, by rendering the bounties of nature as open and as attractive as possible to the host of new-comers. We have had condemnation enough expended of late on American institutions; let us now look a little at the favorable side, not in respect of those democratic theories which for the moment have gone to sleep in this country, but as to actual every-day practice. The States might by this time have acquired a church and aristocracy of their own—or have fallen under a military monarchy—or have remained under English colonial dominion. And let it even be assumed that they would have enjoyed more of respectability and decency under either form of government—would they have been as attractive to the emigrant? If so, why is it that, notwithstanding all the obvious advantages of our colonies, almost the whole of the unassisted English and Lowland Scotch emigration across the Atlantic—that is, the emigration of the better provided and more thoughtful class—goes to the States instead of Canada? Again, the Southern provinces of Russia offer, to the German emigrant, equally vast tracts of unpeopled and fertile land, more manageable for purposes of settlement, on account of the absence of forests, equally healthy, and nearer at hand; and every possible inducement is held out by the Russian government to German colonists; they are fostered and cared for, by nobles and authorities, like exotic plants purchased at great cost. And yet, after sixty or seventy years of experiments, the German colonists in Russia, and their descendants, are said by Mr. Kohl not to exceed a quarter of a million, and appear to receive very few recruits. The hardy Swabians and Franco-nians prefer to cross the ocean and take their chance in America, where they are just as much strangers as in Russia; with this difference, that their adopted countrymen care not one straw for their success or discomfiture, and they are left to sink or swim. For every German subject whom the Czar acquires, Pennsylvania and Ohio gain nine or ten citizens.

It is idle to suppose that this marked preference on the part of the more substantial classes of emigrants, arises from exalt-

ed political theories, or exaggerated expectations of wealth. Were such the case, the bubble would have burst long ago. People go to America, because, in the long run, those who went before them have found it answer. Nor is its superior fertility of soil, or advantages of its climate, which have produced these results. They are owing, in the first place, to political institutions. Emigrants require neither patronage nor encouragement to flourish. They are not needed by the industrious man, if tolerably fortunate in his position: they can do nothing for him when located on ungrateful soil: and to the idle man they are simply injurious everywhere. Justice and freedom alone are necessary. Not the nicely-balanced and well-considered justice, administered by careful lawyers under venerable codes, which men enjoy in countries of older civilization; but rough, practical justice, administered by men who may not be always sagacious, or always incorruptible, but who understand his case, and are guided by usages which have grown up along with the outward circumstances to which they are applied. Not freedom, as understood by a political theorist, or a philosophical poet, or a wandering Arab: but simply the license to do as nearly as possible what a man pleases, provided he do not interfere with the rights of neighbors in similar circumstances with himself, or oppose those passions of the multitude with which his own generally coincide. Of all this he is certain from the moment he touches American soil. What has continental Europe to compare with this? What has even England, with all the ancient liberality of her institutions, cramped, as she inevitably is, by the necessity of maintaining existing orders of society in a struggling and restless position, and by the complex rights of property, which as necessarily arise in a space so densely crowded? Let us not deceive ourselves. The ultra-democratic career of America may be a warning to our statesmen. Her social and political deformities may be, and we rejoice that they are, fully appreciated by the educated classes of our community, and justly animadverted on by the ordinary guides of popular feeling. But, notwithstanding all this, America is still to the bulk of our population the land of requital and redress—the distant country in which oppressions cease, and poverty grows full-fed and bold, in which fortune opens her arms to the courageous, and the least adventurous looks

forward to the achievement of independence and contentment before he die.

The direction of the great current of emigration, both of new comers from Europe, and wanderers from the Eastern States, appears to undergo gradual changes, like everything else in that land of mutability. The desertion of the Eastern sea-board, wherever the population has not acquired some degree of cohesion by the growth of trade and towns, is said to go on as rapidly as ever; and although attempts have been made of late to re-people some abandoned lands, more years than the period of their brief cultivation must probably elapse, before they recover their fertility, and become once more attractive to emigrants. The great valley of the Ohio, to the north of that river whose left bank is blighted by slavery, is still the main recipient of emigration, as it has been for about thirty years. But already there are symptoms of a change of direction: it seems that of late years the current has set more decidedly towards the southern shore of the Canadian lakes; a region less magnificent in its vegetation, but further removed from slavery, possessing a healthier climate, and enjoying means of transit and commerce, to the production of which nature has contributed a larger share. Cleveland,* or Maumee, or Sandusky, or some other spot on the banks of Lake Erie, say the speculators, will be the great growing American city of the latter end of this century. Next in order comes a similar, but less favorably situated region, the States of the far North-West, Iowa and Wisconsin, already receiving a considerable proportion of the annual immigration.

Within these limits, assuredly magnificent enough, the principal future expansion of the white population of America is probably to take place: for the "Far West," however attractive to the imagination of Americans, is not the destined seat of a community resembling that which they have at present constructed. Nature, so lavish in her bounties to them, has nevertheless

* In 1842, "of the articles of flour, pork, bacon, lard, beef, whisky, corn, and wheat, New Orleans exported to the value of 4,446,989 dollars; Cleveland, 4,431,799." "If we suppose," adds Mr. Scott, "what cannot but be true, that all the other ports of the upper lakes sent eastward as much as Cleveland, we have the startling fact, that this lake country, but yesterday brought under our notice, already sends abroad more than twice the amount of human food that is shipped from the great exporting city of New Orleans, the once vaunted sole outlet of the Mississippi valley."

set them her own definite limits, which they will not profitably overstep. From a line drawn parallel with, and one or two hundred miles west of, the Mississippi, the prairie region extends uninterruptedly to the Rocky Mountains; and this region, though embracing many fertile tracts, is not in general adapted for the settlement of a great agricultural people. As the dense population of China is hemmed in to the north and west by the almost unpeopled territory of the Tartar nomades, or as that of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt was closely girt by the Desert, so that a mere line separated the land cultivated like a garden from the solitude of the Arab; so likewise, though with somewhat less marked contrast, the populous Mississippi valley will border westward on the land of pasturage. It is true that nature has been bountiful to the Anglo-Americans, even in the character of their deserts. These are only reached gradually. Nature dies by slow successive changes, as the traveller passes from the banks of the great river to the Rocky Mountains. First comes the tract of scattered wood; then the uniform and level prairie; then the sandy waste; and even this is interspersed with remarkable spots of fertility, the "parks" and "pens" of the Western trappers and hunters. But, speaking generally, the character of extreme aridity prevails throughout the central belt of North America, from the region of snow to that of eternal sunshine. New Mexico, for example—just now the object of the fierce rapacity of a people possessing more fertile unoccupied land than any other upon earth—is but a narrow valley, in which rain rarely falls, kept in a productive state only by the greatest economy of water, under the Spanish system of irrigation. Its great Rio del Norte, which looks so imposing on the maps, is said to be seldom above knee-deep, in a course of fifteen hundred miles to the tide water. After the Rocky Mountains have been passed, the country to the westward, making due allowance for fertile intervals, appearing far more luxuriant to the eyes of tired travellers than sober reality warrants, seems to preserve the general aspect of barrenness. The great Columbia rolls a volume of sand and gravel through shattered mountains of volcanic rock; its waters are said to "have no fertilizing qualities, but to deteriorate and exhaust the land which they overflow." South of this river, and far beyond what is, or was recently, the Mexican frontier,

the face of the continent appears to exhibit a labyrinth of sierras and sandy or snowy deserts; including vast basins without an outlet for their waters; a configuration like that of the surface of the moon seen through a telescope. Captain Fremont's narrative of his desperate winter-march from the Columbia to the Bay of San Francisco, reads like that of a nightmare journey in a dream. But a very great part of this region is still unexplored. There are few things in recent travel more spirit-stirring than the same traveller's account of his arrival on the banks of the Great Salt Lake of the Eutawas, the Caspian of America, the subject of endless superstitious fables, both Spanish and English, but on which boat had never been launched before;—"He was the first that ever burst into that silent sea."*

But there is little reason to suppose that these mysterious recesses conceal anything more attractive than what is already known and visited by explorers. It is true that the shores of the Pacific, from the Columbia to the San Francisco, contain here and there magnificent tracts; regions which invite the wanderer from the East, over thousands of leagues, to bask under a softer climate, amidst a grander vegetation than even his own mother country can furnish. Nevertheless, we still retain the doubts expressed in a former Number, upon the settlement of the Oregon question, whether emigration *en masse* will be directed to that quarter from the eastward for a very long period to come, even should the Americans acquire California, as by this time they possibly have done. We read much of the colonization of Oregon in their newspapers: nevertheless, it seems that most of the few settlers as yet established in that quarter, are not regular farmers, but hunters and trappers, who have tired for a while of their wandering life, and taken up the axe and the spade with the usual readiness of their countrymen; but who are pretty sure to quit them again, so soon as the fit of civilization passes off. The caravans of emigrants which have reached it, have in many instances gone through extremities of privation and suffering. Miseries, such as Indian tribes flying from starvation out of their depopled hunting-grounds, or African clans from the *razzias* of civilized conquerors, have rarely endured, are voluntarily borne

* Captain Fremont, quoted by Mr. McGregor; vol. i, 577 and 624.

by wandering colonies of Anglo-Americans in the mere spirit of adventure. It is not long since a party of five women and two men arrived at an outpost in California: they were the survivors of sixteen, and had lived for weeks on the bodies of their dead companions. The party had been sent forward for assistance by a band of emigrants who had been surprised, with their families and cattle, by the snow in the Sierra, under which, no doubt, they lie buried. Our astonishment at the extraordinary energy, and no less extraordinary restlessness of character, by which these obstacles are overcome, may be taken as a measure of the enormous impediments which they offer to the advantageous extension of American empire to the Pacific.

The wide region west of the Mississippi will therefore present, in the course of years, the aspect of an immense pastoral country, resembling Australia and the States of La Plata in modern times. Such, at least, must be its general character, though diversified by the cultivated valleys of its great rivers. Among the many varieties of industry to which the versatility of American genius has been applied, the rearing of stock has hitherto been the least favorite. It is not a national pursuit. It is now chiefly confined to the unfavorable climate of New England and New York; and is perhaps the least forward branch of agriculture throughout the States. Although population has begun to spread over the prairies for the last twenty years, scarcely a beginning appears to have been made in the art of turning them to that purpose which they are so peculiarly calculated to serve. But the time must arrive when these plains shall become the greatest sheep and cattle farms of the world—swarming with domesticated animals, as they once swarmed with wild, before the hunters of the East had made a solitude of them, and introduced that interregnum of desolation which now prevails. The Indians, indeed, must first have disappeared, or be in some way reclaimed from their predatory habits; but the former catastrophe seems fast approaching. The addition of this new component part to the existing members of the great Republic may give rise to some curious political speculations. It should seem that this species of industry cannot be carried on—at least, it never has been—except by large proprietors of flocks and herds; and the pastoral form of society has ever partaken of the patriarchal. Even in the

wild republics of South America, the free Guacho lives in a sort of clannish dependence on the great proprietors. Nothing can be conceived more contrary to the habits and feelings of the Anglo-American race; and, should the present form of the Republic last so long, it will be curious to see how a polity, whose extreme elasticity already enables it to comprehend the traders and manufacturers of the East, the farmers of the North-west, and the sugar and cotton planters of the South, within the same voluntary association, will be affected by the introduction of an element so new, and so unlike anything at present included in its dominion.

But the great Federation has withstood trials quite as severe. While the combination of surrounding political circumstances seems to indicate that it is only on the threshold of its momentous destiny, there is a force and profusion of life in all its functions which bespeaks it equal to the occasion. Without apparent root in the soil, without any hold on traditional observance, such as ancient monarchies possess; without that strength in its executive, by which newer political bodies usually seek to supply their want of moral power; it has already withstood tempest after tempest, and outlived successive prophets of ruin. A mere handful of provinces, casually united in resistance to England, and on the point of falling to pieces when the necessity of resistance ceased, it acquired at that critical moment a new constitution, which knit the disjointed members firmly together. A second war, undertaken against the will of one-third of its component States, appeared to threaten it afresh with dissolution; it ended in strengthening the Union, through a new infusion of national spirit, and by rousing a common sentiment, which absorbed sectional jealousies and passions. Next came the consummation of the victory obtained by the democratic party in their long struggle with the federalists—a victory which seemed to threaten with speedy destruction the bond, which it had been the principle of the latter to vindicate and maintain. But Providence overruled this danger also to a contrary issue: for the State authorities, which could not long have endured the stricter yoke intended by the federalists, submitted easily to the modified control which the disciples of Jefferson vested in the central government. The nation overflowed across the bounding Alleghanies, and spread over the wide valley of

the Mississippi, and it was pronounced by friends, as well as enemies, that the extension of empire would inevitably lead to disruption. Contrary to all anticipation, this very extension has preserved the unity of the republic. The growing separation of North and South, divided in interest, and hostile in feeling, was prevented from coming into direct collision by the introduction of the new Western States. This third and powerful element kept the others together in compulsory harmony; and, in the same manner, every subsequent addition has tended to strengthen the fabric rather than to bring it down. The wider the dominion of the federation spreads, the greater the number of local interests and populations comprehended within its boundary, the less appears to be the probability that any particular local interest can threaten the general weal—that dissensions between particular sections are destined to endanger the security of the Union. It has stood the shocks of commercial distress, and the extravagance of commercial prosperity; it has not been enfeebled by the impulse given to party spirit under a long and idle peace; it seems to encounter no material danger from the questionable successes of a war of invasion and of conquest; for wars waged, like those of the Carthaginians, by hired armies and jealously-controlled generals, are not very likely to produce a Cæsar or Napoleon. As far as human sagacity can foresee, the clouds which enveloped the birth of the confederacy have cleared away. There is no peculiar political danger now impending, which has not been incurred and surmounted already, and of which American statesmen cannot estimate the amount, and may not be expected to guard against the shock. Yet the changeful aspect of the times fills the mind of the calmest observer with misgivings; and, while he gazes with admiration and awe on the portentous fabric of American greatness, he shrinks from founding any confident speculations on its permanence. There is a secret enemy within, who noiselessly saps the strongest institutions. If the North American republic should fall to pieces in our day—and we believe that every friend to human happiness must now wish the catastrophe averted—it will probably be neither from conquest nor defeat, external prosperity nor adversity, but from moral weakness at home. The corruption of the administrative departments of a government is one of that

class of evils which are submissively endured for many years, until they appear to have become a part of the very constitution of society; but against which, sooner or later, public indignation suddenly rises, shattering to pieces the whole edifice in its impatience of the rotten materials. It is not for strangers to estimate the real amount and pressure of danger of this description on the institutions of a foreign country. They can but compare and balance the statements of native observers; and, in doing so, they are bound to make great allowances for the exaggerations both of honest patriots and disappointed partisans. Nor would we willingly give vent to the gloomy anticipations which must inevitably arise, were we to adopt too literally the descriptions given by Americans themselves, of the recent workings of some of the most important parts of their system. For the day, which shall see that vast dominion parcelled out between independent and jarring States, imitating, with ampler means and fiercer resolution, the mutual hatred of the wretched republics of Spanish descent—however that day may be invoked by oppressed neighbors and by political enemies—will retard, for generations to follow, the progress of America, which is the progress of the human race in its widest and freest field of action.

DESTRUCTION OF CHARTLEY-HALL, THE SEAT OF EARL FERRERS.—Shortly after twelve o'clock on Tuesday morning, a fire broke out at the above seat, which (with the exception of the servants' apartments) has been reduced to a heap of ruins together with the furniture, library, and armory. The fire was first discovered by Mr. Leadbetter, the butler, who was awakened by hearing a sort of crackling noise, as if some persons were attempting to break into the mansion. He dressed himself as hastily as possible, and, upon going from his bedroom, he discovered that the house was on fire and that the flames were issuing from the drawing-room windows. Expresses were immediately sent off for the fire-engines from Uttoxeter and Stafford, and about three o'clock the Stafford engine, with Inspector Wollaston and assistants, arrived; but the fire had gained such an ascendancy that all that could be done was to save the servants' apartments, and it appeared that no engine was kept at Uttoxeter. So great was the heat of the fire, that, upon looking over the ruins, the swords from the armory were found blended together, and the books were one black mass. It is reported that the property is insured, but to what extent could not be ascertained. The mansion had lately been under repair, and the noble earl was expected there in about a fortnight from Staunton Harold.

From Fraser's Magazine.

HINTS UPON HISTORY.

HISTORY is an odd conglomeration of events, and cannot well be otherwise; so we must tolerate what is the very nature and essence of the commodity. The medley, to be sure, is a strange one. "That which dissatisfies me with history," says a French writer, "is, that all which I now see must be one day history." This, however, is not our source of dissatisfaction with the "Old Almanac," as it has been styled. An old almanac is a faithful record, and we would rather have a faithful chronology of events than a diffuse history, infected with a writer's partialities, or stuffed with errors which originate in the neglect of proper authorities. One writer of history is partial to royalty, and will qualify vices on a throne which he declares unpardonable in private life; but then his style is captivating, and anything will pass with a captivating style; with that, truth may be kept out of sight. There is the little examiner of France, M. Thiers, he prefers glory to all things—the bubble glory—and is the best administrator of consolation for national reverses that we ever met with. His countrymen having the worst of a battle, he comforts himself that *if* such or such a thing had been done, the reverse in the combat would have been on the other side. In his account of the battle of Trafalgar, for example, he speaks of two or three French vessels that would have carried ours by boarding, if a broadside from the English had not tumbled over the boarders at the critical moment. There was the rub! These are ingenuities, and possess some attraction of themselves, since nothing more invites a reader than an unlooked-for, unthought of, argument. If the sole aim of writing had been to get a "paper kingdom," we might excuse it; but, despite the reams of dishonored quires, we trust there are nobler ends in writing than *apud imperitum vulgus ob ventosæ nomen actis*.

Historical incredulity is very allowable in reading former history, because we cannot get at facts remote from our own time. One writer misrepresents and another distorts. One will stand up for his own side most pemptorily, like the Scotchwoman in 1745, who, hearing a neighbor exclaim, "God stand by the right, cried "God stand by Hamilton's regiment, right or wrong!"

There is nothing like partisanship; the Clarendons and Burnets of their time are models of that. It is lucky we may learn experience from that which is not strictly correct, and so hold partial writers as of some value, only because we can find so few that are otherwise.

Memoirs and letters are the legs of history; upon these stands the superstructure. The testimony of some events gets weak among living men. If unrecorded in print, and so to record from the very nature of things would, at the time they occurred, be impossible, they are soon forgotten, if ever made public at all, and in a new generation are not credited, if they militate against the feeling or predisposition of the existing hour. We chanced to mention, one day, the undoubted fact of the forgery of assignats in England, about fifty-four years ago, and the notable expedient of sending them into France to ruin the finances there during Mr. Pitt's administration; and we reminded the parties to whom our conversation was addressed, that at the very moment our government was busy hanging up men at the Old Bailey for forging one-pound notes. We were not credited, because the superior political morality of our own time would not permit such actions to be credited so near our own day. Independently of this, the passing of such forgeries anywhere, it is now known, would only injure innocent holders, and could not really affect the finances of a State, however deranged; in the times of which we spoke they did not know this. But because the integrity and knowledge of Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell are superior in this advanced age to those of statesmen in past days, the inference of ignorance is, that such deeds could not have occurred. We were once told, on mentioning the circumstance, that it was a tale of Cobbett's, because that writer had somewhere alluded to the circumstance; it was incredible. We were obliged to give chapter and verse in relation to that of which, of very few acquainted with the facts, we happened to be one. We may add, singular as it shall seem, that a principal agent in this affair is actually now living at a very advanced age, though most likely, as far as he is concerned, the secret will die with him. Now this is a

fact for history; history has it not. Yet the narrow escape of W—— was worthy of being placed upon record; "Blifil and Black George" were nothing to it.

Belsham called Junius a liar, and charged him with falsehood; almost every historian, too, has done something very like this upon the mere take-for-granted of his own mind. It was impossible that dukes and great men of that day could be guilty of many things which Junius charges upon them. Why impossible? because they were dukes! No other answer can be given. It appears from Horace Walpole's disclosures, that these charges were essentially true. Now, the mere opinion of an historian is no better than our own, unless he wrote what he saw. He must give us fact, and we shall be content to draw our own conclusions. We do not want the virtues nor vices of the world exaggerated; neither do we want palliatives. Let us be as if set on a high mountain, from thence beholding the tumults, chances, hopes, fears, depressions, and elevations of the past with indifference; we thus shall be better able to take lessons for the present time. Why, then, should we not have the truth, and nothing but the truth, as far as human fallibility will permit? But have historians given this? nay, have they extracted the truth even from memoirs?

There is Southey, one of the most credulous of mankind, who has been praised for his *Life of Nelson*, the style of which is admitted to be beautiful: he has been praised for history full of errors; for biography is history: while his *Peninsular War*, the Duke of Wellington said, would do as well for that as for any war—not better. Well, these have been lauded to the skies.

Taking up the *Life of Nelson* the other day, we find Southey, who had crossed the sea, and ought to have known what that element and its shores are, gravely recording that Dr. Clark, about three years after the battle of the Nile, found the remains of the slain on the shore of Aboukir Bay!*

* The mendacious, much-lauded Dr. Clark, in his *Travels*, gives an account of a magnificent entertainment which the Anglo-Indian army gave to that of Europe, when the former arrived in Egypt to co-operate in the conquest, under Abercromby. The Doctor, as an *eye-witness*, describes the gorgeous display of Eastern luxuries exhibited upon the occasion, startling the reader with the sudden revival of Oriental grandeurs in the Anglo-English camp. What the real truth was the reader may see in the *Memoirs of Sir David Baird*, who laments that, from the non-arrival of their baggage, they had none of the

Had he asked himself how long, on a flat sandy shore any where, much less on that burning shore, bodies washed up would remain visible, he must have felt that he was recording what was not true—what could not be true hardly of a single bone of those who died in that "glorious victory." The writers of history must look to it in future, and not copy the marvels of wonder-writing travellers without reflection. We must not have strained inferences drawn from premises which could supply them to no other upon earth but their own exclusive understandings. Some, it is true, have extraordinary gifts in vision. A writer has spoken of one Ketellus, who had an "especial grace" to see devils and to talk with them!

Hume did not know the distance from Worcester to Shrewsbury; he would not rise and cross his study to seek a reference; yet where fact may be wanting in proof, we find no deficiency of partial inference and false coloring. A writer, it will be admitted, has often to combat his own party bias, and sometimes his own incredulity, when he casts his regard upon the ever-varying hues of men and things. The stream of time, in the space of a few short years, sweeps away shoals and abrades promontories, until no semblance of them remaining, their ever having had an existence becomes doubtful, without much pains-taking reference. We are seldom aware of the extent of change things undergo sometimes, in a space of time wholly irreconcilable in our own view with any but a long-protracted period. The events of the last fifty years have effected more extraordinary alterations in the world than the century and a half preceding had done; and these alterations are most of them within the reach of human memory. Yet, though thus proximate, they are forgotten by most of those who lived through them. Only a few of the living take notes of the events that have passed by them, as they themselves went jog-trot along the highway of life. They were too much occupied with their own cares or pleasures, and in old age have forgotten most of the remarkable events of their own time, because the records of their own selfishness supplanted those of a different character; they can always go back to incidents affecting themselves alone; for the mass of mankind, though neither commonest conveniences to offer for the accommodation of their friends; they were forced to stick candles upon hoops to light up the tables. Poor Bruce was censured for what he was not; Clark has never been censured for what he too truly was.

posed of individuals of sense nor even of strong passions, are uniformly interested. Hence works of genius and taste are secondary things in countries where the people do not find an interest, or something to be got by esteeming them; an abstract love for them belonging only to cultivated intellect and an extended mind. History would find a wonderful aid, if only two or three living men, contemporaries in public life, had noted, as they came upon the stage of humanity, all they saw or knew, as old Peppys has done—two or three only at a time, during the successive centuries from the Conqueror. We should then get at those virtues and crimes of men which partial historians gloss over, or could gain little knowledge of, or that have departed into oblivion. The changes have been so strange, and often so momentous in their nature, even within the scope of human memory—they are so antagonist in their character to what preceded them, and what preceded is so strange to the present generation, that in either case no one takes them in.

A few days ago we took up the papers of Nelson, which, with those of Wellington, are invaluable as historical documents, though different in their nature, the one giving a picture of the individual, the other relating only to public events. They are lasting monuments of the distinguished names they commemorate, a hundred times more worthy, and also more imperishable, than the brass castings—statues they can scarcely be called—with which, in our low state of art, commonplace minds imagine we confer the more lasting renown—the glorious and immortal memory! Admirable as guides for history, the memoirs of Nelson furnish an instance of those deductions to which allusion has been before made, and the circumstances attendant upon them having happened within human memory, admit of being established for ever, one way or another. We could have done it ourselves, from information equal to personal knowledge. There must surely be some living who could have done it from that very knowledge. Thus, for example, the editor of the work seems to think that the conduct of Lady Hamilton and Nelson was, at one time, guaranteed against equivocality by the fact of Sir William Hamilton's station in life. Now this is the sort of inference too frequently employed in history of every kind, and is that to which recourse should never be had but when demonstration is impossible. In the present

instance it is more than usually untenable, from the history of the parties. Before we can adopt an idea so contrary to the experience of all time, as well as to the knowledge of those acquainted with the world, we must admit, with the uneducated, that the place makes the man. It is true, that, in externals, we should be ashamed to act as people distinguished in life, people of rank and fashion, acted a few years ago. Our vices may be as great, but, at all events, we are properly ashamed to display them; we are grown more discreet in our great world; we cover ourselves in the sight of others with a mask of external morality: this is one step gained, at least. What individuals of rank, what peeresses or lady-commoners, would now attend public masquerades, where princes of the blood and their companions of easy virtue, and parasites of all sorts, mingled as well? Yet this continually occurred at the old Pantheon masquerades. The thing is perfectly incredible now. A British lady of rank would feel indignant were it supposed that she could be present at such a place; yet was the pride of rank as great then as it is now—perhaps morality was as prevalent; but it is no small advantage to see the desire prevail, in all ranks, of shunning, before the public at least, the appearance of evil. Still, no one would judge nowadays by a man's position in life of the quality of his moral feeling.

Fact is everything, surmise can only be admitted when tenable. We do not assent to such inferences. We know two individuals, one of whom has not long paid the debt of nature, who were well acquainted with all three—with Nelson, Sir William and Lady Hamilton; who had visited Sir William at Naples, and had entertained all three in England. We know one individual, yet living, an officer who was with Nelson ten years, and we were acquainted with three of his officers in the Victory. Again and again was Lady Hamilton's duplicity of that great man talked over by them and us, always terminating in the admission that it was one of the most extraordinary cases of the power of woman on record. Lady Hamilton not only damaged the great seaman in the matter of morality, but her influence cast the only blot upon his fair fame as a British officer. Captain Foote's statement is substantially true. Nelson was a simple-minded man, who, from being incapable of deceit himself, did not easily credit it in another. He was a man of con-

finer knowledge out of his profession. He could not adapt his habits to matters of a common character in civil life. It will hardly be credited, but it is true, that one of our informants, above spoken of, one day took Nelson into his phaeton-and-four for a drive. The horses were lively, but perfectly well broken in. In a few minutes this great man became uneasy, and then, with evident marks of nervousness, requested that he might be set down, confessing his fears of being run away with, of which there was not the remotest danger; but the situation was novel to him—yet this was the hero of the Nile and Trafalgar; the brave chief who, in the midst of the bloody fight at Copenhagen, exulted at being in such a scene. It is not wonderful that the splendor of a court, and the arts of a cunning courtesan, should dupe one whose life had been passed on the great waters, where courage and plain dealing were customary virtues, and by whom the profligacy and corruption of civil life could neither be comprehended nor credited. Unaccustomed to a court he was dazzled by the attention paid to him, and by the flattery of the infamous Queen of Naples, as well as by the notice of the imbecile king, through Lady Hamilton's instrumentality. It was human weakness, a frailty of humanity. The fame of the conquering hero flattered the vanity of the self-assumed Cleopatra, who was at the same time playing her own ambitious game with the queen. Southey, in his wonted mode, skulks the affair of the Bay of Naples and all connected with it. He doubtless knew the truth, but he acted in the vulgar mode of evading it. It became such an historian to admit what could not be denied; to explain that great men had, under the unfortunate allotments of humanity, too often corresponding faults just as little men have theirs, quoting past examples. The professional merits of Nelson were so great, his patriotism so distinguished, his zeal and courage so transcendent, his general humanity so often proved, and his single-mindedness so conspicuous, that jesuitism was unnecessary.

But to return to the memoirs and letters. The life of Lady Hamilton was a standing evidence against Sir William's position conferring upon him any very remarkable delicacy of feeling; he had lived too long among the most licentious people in the world to cherish any of those niceties in courtly intercourse, which his situation might be supposed to carry with it. He

had been equerry to George III., and went as ambassador to Naples in the year 1764, when he was only thirty-four years old. He remained in the same post for thirty-six years, for he was seventy when he returned to England in 1800. The immoral habits of the Neapolitan court must, therefore, have been familiar to him; and familiarity with immorality introduces its toleration. He was far from wanting ability; he studied the antiquities of Italy in a noble field for the purposes, and devoted a portion of his time to natural history. His collection of Etruscan vases is in the British Museum, and is considered fine and almost unique.

Sir William lost his first wife in 1782, at Naples, when he was in his fifty-second year. Her loss was equally injurious to society and to Sir William's conjugal fame afterwards. She was a most accomplished and exemplary lady. "She was like a mother to me," said our informant. "I was in Naples in my twentieth year. She advised me for my good, cautioned me against the base character of the courtiers, and even of the literary men and artists, who partook of the same vices. Placed amid the most corrupted society in Europe, she preserved a virtuous dignity, overawed the profligates with whom she came into contact, and possessed unbounded influence over her husband. Her virtues were strictly domestic; she received the numerous visitors at her husband's hotel with great grace, but was compelled to hear, and heard with disgust, the licentious conversation around her. Her husband's house was the rendezvous of artists, philosophers, and musicians, all tainted with the loose manners of the court in which they mingled, and holding language that no virtuous woman could tolerate in any other situation—there it was not regarded as of any moment. The king's only amusement was killing animals; he was a worn-out Bourbon, whose words and deeds partook equally of that exhaustion of mental power, or rather of that incurable imbecility, which marked the race in other countries."

At such a court a man like Sir William, though strictly attending to his diplomatic duties, and a lover of his country, becoming a widower, and, rapidly advancing towards the last age of life, was still an admirer of the sex. The second Lady Hamilton, a remarkably fine-grown woman, had been a servant-girl in Wales. She removed to London, where she lost her virtue. She

sat for some time as a female model to artists, and became the kept-mistress of a young man in the army, said to have been related to Sir William. Calling one day upon his relation, Sir William was greatly struck with her fine figure, and paid her much attention. He declared she was a perfect fac-simile of the antique, her form pure Grecian. In a little time, becoming enamored of her, he determined she should be "his Grecian," as he used to express it. At length she manœuvred so well, that Sir William, to secure her person, married her, and introduced her at the Neapolitan court. She possessed plain good sense, which Sir William cultivated; she was artful and ambitious, and having tasted of luxuries, to the possession of which she had unexpectedly been raised, she felt an ardent desire to enjoy them to the fullest extent. It does not seem that she added avarice to her other failings, for she sent over money to the humble family in Wales that had once befriended her—if we recollect rightly, at Brecon. She had picked up some ideas about art from the artists to whom she had sat, and this taste, also, Sir William cultivated. He introduced her at court, where she became a great favorite with the king and queen, and lost no means of exerting over them a considerable influence. For such a court it cannot be denied that her previous life and easy manners supereminently qualified her. She had great tact, and knew how to apply it to her own purposes. She cultivated, likewise, those superficial talents, and that smooth hypocrisy, which are the surest passports to court favor, and soon became an accomplished *intriguante* in the infamous Neapolitan society that hung about the government. The queen found her own counterpart in Lady Hamilton's morals, and the same affection for indulgences of all kinds which she felt herself; while Sir William employed his wife in worming out the secrets of the king and queen, and playing his political game where no other agent could have served him. The most secret correspondence of that stupid monarch thus became known to Sir William. Destitute of morality herself, Lady Hamilton was in a congenial atmosphere. No one gave her credit for observing her conjugal vows, where the observance of them was of no consequence in any sense, and where public opinion cast no shame upon the most dissolute actions. It is not easy to convey an idea to English society of the language, violating all de-

gency, that was used in mixed society at evening parties. Stories were told with gesticulations that were indecent, or that involved the most unblushing licentiousness, and they were listened to with that attention, and greeted with that reception, which an innocent piece of humor would call up in England. Nelson became a visitant at the ambassador's; Lady Hamilton threw her spell around him. She took credit to herself for many of her husband's measures. She dazzled the straightforward sailor with the glitter of a court; she affected a secret passion for him at a moment, it is probable, when he knew nothing of her history—he most probably never did: his vanity was pleased; she played off upon him the queen's game of vengeance, by which the British flag was sullied: but this she did as a recommendation of herself to the court, while to Nelson she lamented its inexorable resolve. She wiped her eyes at the execution of the good Caracciolo, with an artful assumption of pity for the victim her influence alone had betrayed, betraying at the same time the fame of him she affected to love. Her art was consummate to ensure the conquest she had made—a conquest not less flattering to her ambition than pernicious to the object of it. She sat in Nelson's ship amid her triumph, with her husband on one hand and Nelson on the other, and sometimes with Nelson between herself and Sir William. Her sorrow for the sacrifice of Caracciolo, and her end in attaining the sacrifice, were developed in her eager haste for the consummation of the scene. After seeing him hung, she sent twice to know when the brave old admiral would be cut down, that she might write to the queen, "that even the ashes of her majesty's enemy might be seen no more!" Lady Hamilton dishonored Nelson in order to keep up her own power over the queen, through the gratification of her love of revenge. She knew Nelson's attachment to his profession, and persuaded him that she had rendered services to the fleet which had been really rendered by her husband the ambassador. Nor was this enough; she persuaded him that she had a child by him, which was styled one of adoption, to conceal the truth, as she pretended, from her husband, in order to enchain still more strongly the heart of her dupe. That Nelson could believe such an imposition, shows the simplicity of his mind and the degree to which he was infatuated. The truth is, she never had a child in her life.

"How Nelson could be so deceived, so blind," said our informant, "is an extraordinary thing to me! He was a great man in, but not out of, his profession; for he had seen and known little out of it—nothing of the arts of the designing in social life."

In regard to Sir William Hamilton, a residence of nearly all his life at such a court as that of Naples was not calculated to render him over-scrutinizing into the conduct of his wife. He was at this time approaching seventy years old; nor was he, it is probable, so very regardful of his wife's every footstep as he would have been if younger and less habituated to the unbounded licentiousness around him. When he arrived in England, the intimacy between the lady and Nelson remained undiminished until Sir William died, in 1803. The subsequent time of Nelson in the world was short, and principally passed at sea; but their intimacy to the last is well-known.

"I saw her once," said our informant, speaking of Lady Hamilton, "when I thought any one, who knew nothing of her history and supposed her virtuous, might easily have been led captive by her. She was then a staid woman, with all that skill in her bearing—so much of good manner, acquired by the aid of her intercourse with a court—so much mistress of those little arts which captivate without being suspected as intended for captivation, that I never saw a woman conduct herself more majestically—not even Siddons. She had acquired a good stock of antiquarian knowledge from her husband, and was well acquainted with the histories of Greece and Rome, and with all of their knowledge of art that has descended to us; and she knew upon what occasion to display this knowledge. She was personifying a character at the time to which I refer. No heroine could have looked Cleopatra better. Her movements were classically correct, correct as if she had studied the figures on the walls of Herculaneum. She did everything but feel, for her life was spent in intriguing and acting."

Now, taking all these facts into account, it is surely not to be believed that the position of Sir William Hamilton, as the Editor of *Nelson's Despatches and Letters* would seem to intimate, could in any way make improbable the intrigue between Lady Hamilton and Nelson to the fullest extent that has been reported of it. We naturally

desire distinguished men to be as blameless as possible, because we would exalt those in virtue whom we admire for other superlative qualities; but we must surrender to the universal law of human imperfection, the desires that, however laudable, neither can in future nor ever have in past time been realized. History must portray naked fact, and the defects of its great characters must be equally displayed with their achievements. Such was the mode adopted by the ancients, who had no idea of concealing any part of the humanity of their heroes. But we will close this sophism in history with a characteristic trait of Nelson. The surgeon of his ship had given his mates a large bottle of ether to decant, cautioning them against suffering a light of any kind to approach near. He went upon deck, where Nelson was, and had not been there many minutes, when a sudden flame burst up the hatchway some feet above the deck. All were startled, except Nelson. Some of the men got into the chains, several jumped overboard. Nelson, looking at them angrily, no mark of alarm visible on his features,—and yet the sight was an awful and sudden one connected with the situation of all,—ordered an officer to go below and see what was the matter. The surgeon, who guessed at the cause, explained it, and the flame, so truly alarming as coming from below, was soon extinguished. But Nelson, scrutinizing the men who had been so affrighted, severely rebuked them; and, it was observed, would never afterwards suffer them to go with him in his barge, nor send them upon any service of trust or danger. He had a trick, if he was mentally agitated, of shaking the stump of his arm, or rather of striking it against his side, by which all on board his vessel knew he was puzzled. One day he kept his fleet off out of sight, and went with only three or four sail to peep into Toulon. On making the road he discovered the whole of the enemy's ships shaking out their sails, and ready to start after him. He moved off as fast as possible, but finding one of his ships a miserable sailer, he all at once slackened sail with his own vessel and brought up the rear; the French crowding sail to come out, and there being little chance of a successful resistance, he kept his eye upon them, and working his arm manfully, said to himself, "They shan't take us, I think they shan't take us!" "We are in for it now!" said one sailor to another, "see how old Bronté is working

his stump!" But this is travelling out of the record: who can help it on such a subject?

Biography is history; so is all that concerns manners, customs; in fact, a union of the picture which any given period of time presents, in all relating to social man. But history in general does not answer to this character. The histories, for example, of the reign of George III. give us only the politics of the period, when they ought to represent "the age and body of the time," so that it may come before us as it really appeared in all its striking and peculiar relations. A dry detail of political events, for a given period, does not convey any idea of social existence, of the fashions, the arts, the fluctuating usages of the same term. We therefore contend, that the scope of history should be enlarged. Hence it is that we have no conception of the changes which have happened within a few years; or what out-of-the-way sort of beings a part of existing society was half a century ago; how different were dress and equipage, how strong was superstition, how binding were religious and political bigotry, how much behind was society then in works of utility and comfort compared to ourselves. About the time that the French Revolution occurred there was a deplorable want of taste, a vapid, lifeless childishness of intellect, prevalent in the highest circles; and they were then considered, as a body, the best instructed. Until that gigantic convulsion, that political earthquake called the energies of Europe into existence, it is difficult to conceive the inanity of the best society and the unlearned content of the common mass. We will not boast of our more brilliant age beyond its deserts. We may, after all, have been lifted over the uprisen wave of time and be sinking on the leeward side of the majestic billow, but we are wonderfully elevated still above the dullness of that day. Let us take a few incidents from polished life at the epoch to which we allude; let us go to the court for our example. We recently conversed with an individual who was present at a brilliant party given by Queen Charlotte. The Princess Royal entangled her shoe in her dress while dancing at a birthnight ball. The incident became the subject of poetry—poetry so contemptible, that a schoolboy would now be ashamed of such vile doggerel, yet it was repeated by all the fashionables, set to music, and printed in the best

periodicals of the hour! One stanza will be enough to quote. The maids of honor are represented as surveying the accident in the third stanza:—

"The Vestal maids of honor,
Attentive to their duty,
All crowded close upon her.
The Prince surveyed their beauty,
Admired their zeal
For partner's heel,
But told them he conceived,
Though some false steps
Made demireps,
This soon might be retrieved.
Doodle, doodle do,
The Princess lost her shoe;
Her Highness hopp'd,
The fiddlers stopp'd,
Not knowing what to do!"

The general character of history—of what we conceive to be history, at least—robs the world of all those minute touches which are the life of the picture. We have seen Earl Grey, aristocratic in bearing, retiring and dignified in manners, looked up to in the House of Lords as a peer, and by the country as an able man and minister; yet it is within human memory that Mr. Grey, the same Earl Grey, and Mr. Windham, in the midst of the offscourings of society, attended those brutal exhibitions, boxing-matches, in the vicinity of London. Windham commended bull-fights and boxing-matches; so did many of the judges at a much later period, because without such exhibitions the courage of the people, forsooth, would die away; knives would be used in quarrels, and the French would beat us! Just so it is to reason upon any ground but right or wrong, justice or injustice. The basis of argument used by statesmen—policy, always exhibits its nakedness, in the end reacting upon the party using it much to his disadvantage. During the time this argument for supporting the popular courage was in vogue, our troops were continually beaten by the enemy; in one case the commander-in-chief swimming the half-frozen ditches in Holland to escape. The better taste of the time put down these barbarities. We have yet to learn that at Barrosa, Salamanca, Vittoria, or Waterloo, or even later, under the burning sun of India, British soldiers have quailed for lack of bull-fights and boxing matches at home. They have, instead, been victors since these barbarities were scouted by every well-educated individual, as they were too frequently van-

quished while such disgraceful exhibitions were in their vigor. Another trait of those times was the ferocity of public executions, nineteen hung at one session, twenty at another—all suspended together, some for the value of a few shillings. Until the reign of George III., juries had been reduced by the management of the lawyers and judges to little more than a formality—all that the Crown wished to condemn were condemned. By degrees, juries were again restored to their original purpose. But the barbarities of judicial proceedings still remained; women were burned almost alive for coining, down to a late period. They were only tied half-throttled to a stake, fagots were piled round them and immediately set on fire: this was for coining. History touches upon none of those traits of very late times; without such petty facts we can gain no knowledge of the state of society. The liberty of the press, for example (except when the popular mind was roused and the attention fixed on the question at issue, as in Woodfall's case, about jurors), was little more than nominal down to a very late date. Many can remember the time—for the heinousness of a libel in those days consisted in the view of the court in its being or not on the ministerial side—many can remember when old Mr. Walter, the grandfather of the present proprietor of *The Times*, was most cruelly treated for alleged libels—one was for stating that the Prince of Wales and Duke of York had incurred his majesty's disapprobation for their conduct in some trivial matter; he was fined 100*l.*, and had one year's imprisonment in addition to a sentence he was undergoing. He was fined 100*l.* besides for stating that it was understood the Duke of Clarence had returned home from his station without leave. At this very time, for some remarks upon the dissolute conduct of one of the princes, he was undergoing imprisonment for a year in Newgate, fined 50*l.*, sentenced to stand in the pillory once at Charing Cross, and to find security for good behavior for seven years: all this, be it observed, for no real injury to any one, and in utter disregard of the truth or falsehood of the charges. The punishment of the pillory was used down to a late period. The judges hated the freedom of the press, because in its discreet use it could still keep beyond their love of power and court-made law, and yet expose wrong and oppression in any quarter. It was seen at last, that the condem-

nation of men of education to punishments to which, in their distaste for the freedom of the press, they condemned only the refuse of society, recoiled upon themselves. The people pelted, often nearly killed, the parties who had, with the *vox populi, vox Dei*, committed a crime; but they cheered and encouraged the victim of overbearing justice, and too frequently pelted the unoffending officers whose duty it was to exercise the commands of their superiors. What a picture does the pillorying of De Foe give of his advance in knowledge and of his high merits, compared to those of his judges! and still more of a whole House of Commons—of the collective wisdom of the nation, that house of which De Foe, with admirable skill, was the advocate all the while. In our days all this system is exploded. The judges are high-minded men! disenthralled from court influence, and respected by the people. Juries do their duty uninfluenced by power. Are not these changes worthy of especial notice in history, beyond a mere passing sentence, that such and such things were better in the reign of William IV. or Victoria than of William III. and Queen Anne? Shall we have no credit for them? This is a cold notice of such great changes, of such an advance in everything beneficial as we see around us. Is not history then bound to supply some illustrations of such advances, some contrasts with the past in juxtaposition? Otherwise we have only, as in the present mode of writing history, an author's unsupported assertion. We repeat it, history must be improved by self-demonstration, to do our own day common justice. Look back to the time of Mr. Pitt, under the head of finance alone. If in society a man should say Pitt knew nothing of finance nor its principles, he would run the hazard of a flat contradiction. Yet Pitt knew no more of the matter than his times permitted, he was in no case in advance of his time; but of finance he really did know nothing. It was a science in his day only developed among a few philosophers, whose works were of that order that are only seen in far perspective, by the mind of genius, and were consequently looked upon in those days by statesmen like a distant star that the untutored will not credit to be a world. Peel is a financier as much before Pitt, as Herschel in astronomy was before Francis Moore, the astrologer. Is it not a worthy thing for history to record the progress of science that has made this difference be-

tween the times of Pitt and Peel? History, as now written, will only note a few great results. Unless it is known how the revenue is raised, we cannot mark improvement in the mode on which the merit of the change hinges. Pitt, for instance, wanted to raise 900,000*l.* in taxes. First, he laid a duty of 2*s.* on hats of mixed materials, and 6*d.* on those of felt. Then on ribands and gauzes a penny per dozen yards; 3*s.* per chaldron on inland coals; 10*s.* on saddle-horses; 10 per cent. on stained linens and calicoes; 1-2*d.* per lb. on candles; licenses from 50*l.* downwards to dealers in excisable commodities; 2*s.* 6*d.* a thousand on bricks and tiles; a third additional duty on paper; postage doubled; 5*s.* per week more on hackney-coaches. Could anything be more discouraging than introducing the excise into every dealer's home? He carried on duties continually; taxed lead, plate, and ale-dealers, servant-girls, shops, watches, &c. These producing comparatively small sums and costing great trouble, annoyance, and expense in collecting, he argued for encouraging commerce as a

means of national wealth, while his whole system of taxation—during peace, too—tended to do it injury. We need not contrast the system of the present time, but we argue that history ought to exhibit both, in order that we may estimate our loss and gain.

We must, therefore, amend history; suffer it to lie no longer under the implication of falsehood, or at least of that which constitutes the vice of a falsehood—the misapplication of it to some unworthy purpose through the partiality or carelessness of the historian. We might pursue the subject much further, but have not time. Let us have facts, particular not general, as of old, that we may measure progress. Let us have no false deductions, no idle palliations. Above all, give us truth; that same truth, the “naked and open daylight,” says Bacon, “that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelights,” but which, for the use of history, is our best guide: we repeat it, history must be new modelled; let some one undertake it in a more worthy mode.

From the North British Review.

ITALY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

1. *Storia delle Compagnie di Ventura in Italia; di ERCOLE RICOTTI. The History of the Bands of Free Adventurers in Italy. By HERCULES RICOTTI. 4 vols., 8vo. Turin, 1844—1846.*

2. *Biografie dei Capitani Venturieri dell' Umbria; da ARIODANTE FABRETTI. The Lives of the Captains of the Free Companies in Central Italy. By ARIODANTE FABRETTI. Post 8vo., 3 vols. Montepulciano, 1842—1846. (Not complete.)*

HERE are two contemporaneous works devoted to the illustration of the same portion of Italy's mediæval history—welcome both, and welcome all! For may it not be deemed an indication that, where the harvest is so very large, the workmen must be far from few, when two are found disputing the tillage of the same spot in the common harvest-field? We hail the omen. Not that it is the first fact that has directed our attention to the change that the last few years have produced in this respect in Italy. Nor is this the first occasion on which we have called the attention of our readers to the circumstance. The truth is, that despite all that might be said of her still lamentable condition—despite the many and various

obstacles which render her progress apparently almost hopeless—Italy is progressing. Railways and steamboats have, with their beneficent and irresistible ties, bound her to the more civilized portions of Europe, and she cannot choose but be dragged forward in their wake. The signs and evidences of this progress, though still far less striking, perhaps, to an English or French observer than the more obvious tokens of her past lethargy and present comparative barbarism, are yet many and unmistakable enough to those who know her well. One of these is the daily increasing movement, life, and vital energy of her literature. It is true that the observer who should turn to the yearly volume of the “Bibliografia Italiana,” published by Stella

of Milan, with a view to estimate from its list of every book printed in Italy the condition of Italian literature, would be forcibly struck with the extraordinary proportion of translations from the English, French, and German, to the entire mass. It is so remarkable as to constitute a confession of native poverty most humiliating to every worthy citizen of the various States of the Peninsula. But it is something that translations are called for. Where there are readers there will not long be wanting writers to supply their wants. "*Sint Mæcænates non deerunt Marones.*" And the abundance of translations published in Italy is an evidence that a reading public—the only *Mæcænas* that can call a healthy literature into existence—is beginning to grow up there. This is something. But it is more that the works selected for translation are, for the most part, such as to do credit to the demand of Italian readers. Moreover, the proportion of translations to original works is gradually decreasing. And despite the many grievous obstacles opposed to the activity of Italian intellect, there is enough to show that in every department of human knowledge thought is at least awake.

It is true that those who have formed their estimate of Italian literature from an acquaintance with it during its latest previous period of activity, may well object that the abundance of publication has been, in Italy at least, no evidence of awakened intellect. The remembrance of the lamentable mob of dilettanti sonneteers, academic inditers of epithalamic canzonets, spruce drawing-room poet-priestlings, and word-catching polemical commentators, may well excuse those who have looked into the Italian literature of some sixty years since, for regarding the fertility of the Italian press as no proof of its worth. But the very fact that such things were, joined to the consideration of the very different aspect of literature in the Peninsula at present, is a ground of satisfaction. The change which has been silently operated in the popular mind since that day must be immense. Effete senility has died, and vigorous youth has grown up in its stead—youth, active, hopeful, aspiring, growing, as youth should be; but at the same time imitative, frequently jejune, occasionally presumptuous, and not seldom mistaken, as youth must ever be.

The two works whose titles the reader has seen at the head of this article, will furnish us with an opportunity of pointing out one or two faults of an opposite nature to each

other, which beset the literature of Young Italy, while the subject of them furnishes a good specimen of the leading tendency of Italian mind at the present day, and will at the same time afford our readers some glimpses of a very interesting and amusing page of mediæval history.

It is the story of Italian warfare and adventure in that miraculous fifteenth century—those strange, pregnant, fateful, many-colored times;—almost as strange, pregnant, fateful, and many-colored as those of this our nineteenth century! But what a mad topsy-turvy world it was in those days! Not a merry world or good old times, as the cant goes—not at all. Very much otherwise. Most sick and sorry times—an exceedingly disagreeable and very uncomfortable world was it in the fifteenth century. Picturesque? Aye, truly, lady; and very pleasant—to read of, as stretched on a *chaise longue* in a comfortable drawing room—you, the mistress perhaps of a little suburban residence, enjoy a security, elegance, and comfort which might well excite the envy of the noble chatelaines of those "*good old times.*" Good-for-nothing times? Nay, not so either, fair reader. These poor old days with their unrighted wrongs, their struggling, their working, their striving, and their suffering, were good for much. Very good for the supply of brilliant materials for the motley kaleidoscope history-pictures of "*graphic*" historical romance writers. Good, also, it may be, for other purposes; and among them, for preparing the advent and the glory and the well-being of our highly-improved nineteenth century selves. Let us not then judge too severely that poor old dead century, though its story do lead us to scout, with infinite self-gratulation, the "*good old times*" theory. Let us remember our obligations to it, and bear in mind that we owe a similar duty to that five-and-twentieth century, in whose eyes we shall, it is to be hoped, seem as deserving of blame and pity.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Italy was covered thickly with a vast number of communities—*Communi*. Some were fair cities, some thriving towns, some ambitious townlets. But all were *COMMUNI*. And it is easy to conceive all the value, force, and sweetness of the term in the ears of those who had just succeeded in withdrawing their necks from the yoke of their feudal tyrants. Healthy, vigorous, active, boisterous, high-spirited, noisy, un-

ruly, but withal promising youngsters were these youthful communities. Though growing too big and too strong for the power of their domestic oppressors, they were not altogether their own masters. They were placed under the tutelage, for the most part, of two pedagogues—the Emperor and the Pope; and two worse protectors or educators could not be found. At one moment abdicating their authority altogether—in the next suddenly resuming it with violence, passion, and tyranny; now quarrelling with each other—now again encouraging the quarrels of their pupils; they contrived to inflict on them all the apparently incompatible evils of improper interference and neglect. The result, as may easily be supposed, was not favorable to their character or well-being in any way.

Among other consequences of their position and circumstances, were perpetual never-ending quarrels among themselves. They were absolutely never at peace. Warfare became their chronic, and had got to be considered their normal state. Each statelet bitterly hated its neighbors, and thought that patriotism consisted in doing so. Each had also, to complicate its quarrels and render an interval of peace absolutely impossible, its internal discords—its two parties alternately conquering and conquered, alternately banished and banisher;—for these internal feuds were carried on by the Italian cities much on the principle of the school-boy's game called "prisoner's base." It is a continual ousting of the party in by the party out. And this ousting, it must be remembered, was a literal and corporeal ousting from house and home, goods and chattels, kith and kindred. The unsuccessful party, the "*fuoruscite*," who bear so large a part in the mediæval history of Italy, were turned adrift upon the world utterly destitute, and without other hope than that of being able by force of arms, and probably with the assistance of some neighboring hostile city, to re-enter their country, *i. e.* their city, and inflict a similar lot upon their opponents.

Thus there were constantly spread over the face of the country a vast number of reckless, desperate men, living how they could, and ready at any moment for any desperate venture, and dreading nothing but that general peace and tranquillity which would have rendered their lot absolutely hopeless beggary. The main and ultimate object of those "*fuoruscite*" was always of course to obtain their own return to their

homes—to the high places of their native cities, and to turn out the opposite party. But the mode and object of the warfare between one city and another was remarkable enough. To inflict injury on the enemy, and not to enrich or aggrandize themselves, was almost always the sole object. And the injury which they aimed at doing seems always to have stopped short of destruction, or complete conquest. To triumph over, to exult over, and insult the rival city—to humble its power and lower its pride—this seems to have been the end and aim of these perpetual wars. Indeed, had it been otherwise—had the vanquished been finally and completely conquered and brought under the power of the conqueror, the state of things which we have attempted to describe could not have lasted as it did. But no war ever so disabled the vanquished party as to prevent their being perfectly ready to begin the contest again the next spring. The idea of so conquering a city as to take possession of it, and permanently add it to the dominions of the conqueror, was the product of a later period.

And it is strange, at first sight, that amid such a state of things, amid such frequent destruction of the fruits of human labor, and such universal insecurity of life and property, the arts of peace did not perish—that on the contrary they grew and flourished. But it is not the only instance "where grew the arts of war and peace" side by side. And the extent to which such a phenomenon is possible, is a most striking proof of the invincible elasticity and energy of a *free* people. The most disorderly movement, the most undisciplined confusion, may retard the progress of civilization, but will not paralyse it. It is the absence of all movement, the stagnation of despotism which can alone prevail to produce such a lethargy of mind as shall wholly contravene the great universal law of progress. Absence of movement alone indicates absence of life. And decay follows moral as well as physical death. So civilization gradually advanced among these turbulent and warlike communes, and brought wealth and luxury in its train.

Such was the state of things in Italy during the thirteenth century. The commencement of the fourteenth saw an important and pernicious change. The imperial arms, which ever from time to time crossed the Alps and descended into Italy like the periodical overflow of some disastrous torrent, had brought into the peninsula a

number of soldiers of fortune, and had on retiring left them there, the noxious and unwholesome deposit of the subsiding waters. These men were ready to lend their swords to any of the parties in any of the thousand quarrels ever rife throughout the country, and thus hired foreign soldiers began to appear among the citizen-ranks of the Communes. War was no longer the same thing; and the result which very rapidly followed was, that the quarrels of the cities among themselves, or their defence against either Pope, Emperor, or their own "fuoruscite," was committed entirely to the hands of mercenaries;—for the good citizens soon found that fighting with these professional soldiers was a very different thing from fighting with their countrymen of the next city. They would "have seen them damned, ere they would fight with them an' they had known they had been so cunning of fence." But the difference was great in various ways. Not only were the citizens, warlike and used to handle weapons as they were, very unequally matched against the practised skill and hardihood of professional soldiers, but they not unreasonably began to consider that the wager of life against life was by no means fair-play between themselves and the mercenaries. "Shall the life of a man who has wife and children, house and home, goods and chattels," reasoned the worthy burghers, "be staked against that of a reckless adventurer, who sells his at the rate of ten florins a month?" Then, again, in these feuds of city against city, it was never the object of the conqueror to kill, but to take as many prisoners as possible, with the view of exacting a ransom for each—which, where citizens fought against citizens, and the prisoners taken were men of substance, was always paid—and well paid. "But, what to do with the unprofitable carcase of a foreign man-at-arms," argued the citizens; "what is he worth when one *has* caught him? His horse and arms are all he has in the world. He is good for nothing. Out on such unprofitable fighting!"

So the employment of mercenaries rapidly became universal. Each wealthy Commune—and they were all more or less so—found it far more expedient, when threatened by the mercenaries in the pay of its enemies, to hire other adventurers to oppose them, than to take the field themselves. A complete revolution in the warfare of Italy was thus effected in a very short space of time. And when it is borne in mind that

the further a nation is from civilization the more completely does its military condition express its entire condition, as Signor Ricotti well remarks in his introduction (vol. i., p. xviii.), it will be readily conceived how important a revolution it was. This change may be considered to have been consummated about the end of the thirteenth century, and the dynasty of the "Venturieri" to have continued to the close of the fifteenth—dynasty it may indeed be termed advisedly, for the country was from the Alps to Calabria entirely in their hands. This period of two centuries may, however, be divided into two nearly equal portions, during the first of which the adventurer companies were for the most part foreigners, both men and leaders, and during the second chiefly Italians.

To these two centuries, then, the history of the "Free Companies"—"Venturieri"—"Compagnie di Ventura"—"Free Lances"—or by whatever other names they are designated, is confined. But Signor Ricotti takes a wider range, for the reasons stated in the following extract, which we cite at length, not only as containing the plan of the work, but as affording a good specimen of a style of writing on which we wish to offer a few remarks:—

"In Italy," says he, "the Free Companies were for two centuries, the sole military force of the country. In fact, at the very moment, as it were, of their appearance, the Communal governments began to decay, the city military forces became extinct, and vast dominions were erected on the ruins caused by partisan zeal. Now it is very clear that long before this palpable result could have been entirely produced, a certain time must have elapsed, during which faint beginnings only of the Companies were visible, and the decline of the Communes was scarcely sensible. And to that period must the researches of those go back, who would discover the part really due to the mercenary bands in the revolution then produced. Thus in the earliest beginnings of the Companies must be sought the solution of that most important problem—the cause of the decline of the Italian Communes. * * * And so also with regard to the decadence of the Free Companies. For in truth an institution which has for two centuries ruled the destinies of a vast country, and has thrust its influence into the inmost recesses of the public and private life of its citizens, cannot vanish in a moment suddenly. As its causes are manifold and of long date, so also are its consequences. It was necessary, then, in the very threshold of this part of our labors, to fix the exact epoch of the downfall of the Companies; and we have placed it at the time of the restoration of the national militia. This fixed, two modes of treating the subject presented themselves—in-

much as some of the traces left by the Companies were, as it were, material, and concerned only the art and practice of war; while others of them were far more subtle, and concerned mankind and the nation. The first made themselves felt in Europe up to the establishment of the system of conscription prevailing at the present day, and are felt even yet wherever the conscription has not banished all the other methods of forming an army. And we shall investigate these traces in an examination of the armies formed by levy, which succeeded to the Free Companies; and of the Swiss and German paid troops; and of the engineers and bombardiers, whose habit it was to pass from one service to another for hire; and, lastly, in the explanation of many military customs and practices. The other series of researches leads us to investigate the effects produced generally by the Free Companies on the destinies of Italy, on the nature of her governments, on the lot, the happiness, the private and public moral character of her inhabitants. Such researches are, in truth, difficult; inasmuch as no one fact, but only a large accumulation of facts, can suffice for their investigation, and the historian must frequently be unable to adduce to the reader any more satisfactory ground for his assertions than his own convictions.

"Now the field of our researches being thus enlarged, they are led naturally to embrace the general events of Italian warfare for a period of twelve centuries—that is, from the fall of the Roman empire to the institution of modern armies. The history of the Free Companies forms the central and principal portion of our work. The military events which took place from the invasion of the Lombards to the fall of the Communes, form the introduction, and the military institutions which arose after the disappearance of the Companies constitute the conclusion.

"Now, military history may be studied either with regard to its principles of art, or with reference to its institutions. In an artistic point of view, the military story of the Middle Ages must seem sterile to whoever considers the vast difference between the means of warfare used in those days, and those of the present time. And such they really are for us. But, with reference to their institutions, on the contrary, they are worthy of our most serious consideration."

Such is the plan of Signor Ricotti's work, and such his notion of the manner in which the subject should be treated. And he has produced a very creditable, a very useful, and an extremely readable book—one far more so to the general reader than might perhaps be anticipated from the style of our extract, which may possibly be thought to threaten a seasoning of military pedantry, the most intolerable of all professional pedantries whatever. But the sort of rather stilted enunciation of simple matters, perceptible in the passage we have quoted, arises from a different source,

which it is worth while to point out, as the traces of its influence are not peculiar to the work of Signor Ricotti, but may be observed very generally tinging a large portion of the literature of Italy of the present day. We allude to a sort of would-be philosophical style, with which those who read much of Italy's present literature will not fail to have been struck. "*E proprio di*" is a favorite exordium of Signor Ricotti. "It is the property of . . ." dogs to bite, or of cats to scratch, &c., &c., as the case may be. And continually some axiom not more profound than these follows these saw-announcing words. This, together with a tendency to verbiage, a great love for laying down divisions often where the subject-matter requires none, and a frequent attempt to draw moral generalizations from facts too isolated, too few, and too unimportant to furnish the means of establishing any truth worth enunciating, gives to too many of the productions of modern Italian authors a certain jejuneness and puerility of tone. Their philosophizing has too often an air of much ado about nothing, which makes one feel as if he were reading a schoolboy's thesis.

And in truth, the phrase we have just written points at once to the rationale of the matter. Are not the thinkers of Italy—*la jeune Italie*—in the position and condition of schoolboys? Can they be expected to come forth, Minerva-like, full grown and mature thinkers—original, creative, full of matter such as is grown in the long-cultivated intellectual soil of more fortunate countries? Youth is imitative, uncreative—necessarily so. And how very young, let it be remembered, is modern Italy in the career of intellect! And this same intellectual product, the weakness of which we have been remarking—this moral philosophy, this knowledge of man, is of all the fruits of mental cultivation the slowest of growth, and the hardest to rear in a new soil. And think what the soil is *still*! How shall a nation produce moral philosophers where thought is still repressed by obstacles of every kind? How recently have we proud Englishmen and Frenchmen achieved the liberty of thought necessary to the strong and healthy growth of moral speculation! *Have we yet wholly achieved it?*

Would it be our wish, then, to repress and extinguish these premature attempts of the nascent thought of Young Italy? Far, very far from it! As soon should we

caution a man never to go into the water till he could swim. It is true Young Italy is apt to venture into the water out of her depth. But that too is in her case excusable—nay, desirable, necessary. Though her truths, therefore, be often truisms, her reasoning jejune, and her conclusions trite, we welcome the effort. We remember that it was not so when Machiavelli wrote, and we rest assured that it will not be so when the sons of the generation now rising shall hold the pen.

In the meantime, despite what we have said, Signor Ricotti has written a good and conscientious, and—what in these days is more to the purpose still—an amusing book.

The work of Signor Fabretti is one of very different pretensions, and its merits and faults will require much fewer words to state them sufficiently. "It is," he tells us—and begs the reader to remember the fact—"written for the people," and for the people of the author's own portion of Italy. "The people," he says, "require for their instruction histories and examples taken, not from the records of foreign nations, but from those of their own country, and, if possible, from that district with which they are more immediately acquainted. The powerful interest of locality will thus be brought to bear on their minds. Besides," as he says, "universal heroes are rare—local ones abundant."

The remark is one worthy of attention. But we do not feel quite certain that it is desirable to foster to excess the spirit of locality, always powerful over the minds of those whose lot in life tends to circumscribe their power of locomotion, and with it their sympathies and opinions. We doubt much whether a system which should lead the Hampshire peasant to admire and feel proud of his Hampshire worthies, while his Kentish neighbor's sympathies were as exclusively bespoken in favor of the heroes of Kent, would tend to the advancement of real civilization. It seems to us that catholicity of admiration and sympathy is almost the one thing needful in the political education of the masses. What but the want of this has hitherto kept us back? What but the inordinate spirit of locality has been the rock on which the destinies of Italy have suffered shipwreck, and is to the present day the most insuperable obstacle to her improvement?

Signor Fabretti, however, thinking differently, has presented to his fellow-citizens

of Perugia and its district the lives of the Umbrian Captains of the Companies, as objects of their patriotic sympathy and admiration. Now it may be doubted whether it be more pernicious for a people to admire nothing or to admire amiss. The necessity and beneficial influences of hero-worship have been well taught us by Mr. Carlyle. But if the hero be a mock hero; if the object set up for admiration be worthy only of abhorrence, what sort of education are we preparing for the people? And military greatness, even at the best, is the last that a nation should be taught to reverence. The deeds of great fighters, even in the best of causes, are not the right materials for furnishing the popular mind and imagination. Slowly and with much trouble is the world, now in this nineteenth century, beginning to understand that bloodshed and devastation are *not* glorious or anywise desirable—that the destruction of mankind, however successfully achieved, does *not* entitle the destroyer to the gratitude and admiration of his fellows. The trade of war, with its mischievous and disastrous pride, pomp, and circumstance, is now at length gradually tending to assume its just place in the opinion of mankind. What must we then think of the wisdom of recommending to the popular admiration professional fighters, whose warfare was divested of every circumstance which can ever render it even pardonable—hired ruffians, whose *greatness* is to be measured solely by the greatness of the misery and mischief they occasioned!

Hear Signor Fabretti's own account of these *great* men. It is true that he is speaking, in the passage we are about to quote, of the *foreign* Free Captains—and he attempts to draw a distinction between the general character of these and that of the Italian leaders of Free Companies; but the distinction is in no wise borne out by history—not even by its testimony as brought forward in Signor Fabretti's own pages. It will be observed, that in the last words of the following passage he admits that his remarks are not applicable to his own heroes:—

"It appears clear," he says, "that the foreign bands and captains were a race of men who sold themselves to the best bidder, and who when sold forthwith turned their thoughts to foul play, and calculated the profits of treason. They were men who fought for a cause almost unknown to them, against opponents of whom they were equally ignorant—men who, having no interest in

the fertile tillage they trampled, contaminated a soil especially favored by nature. They destroyed precious monuments, ravaged the country, consumed the best part of the public money, and revelled in the beauty of the daughters of Italy. They were men who made a loathsome mixture of religion and ferocity, of honor and baseness, professing Christianity, but paying no respect to its altars, and frequently turning their arms against the defenceless. But if happily they remained awhile unhired by any master, and invaded some city or province of Italy on their own account—then, indeed, better were it for that city to have heard doom of extermination pronounced against it!

"And from these foul stains, to tell the truth, the Italian Free Captains also were not always free."

To which we must add, that we do not find from the pages of either of the works before us, that the Italian mercenaries were in any respect better than those from beyond the Alps.

And these are the men whom Signor Fabretti calls "heroes," and proposes as "examples" to the people of his native province! But in truth, Signor Fabretti sometimes expresses opinions which argue him far more a congenial historian of mediæval and it captains, than a judicious instructor of his contemporary fellow-citizens. A robber foray into an unoffending district, perpetrated on no other ground or pretext, and for no other purpose than that of pillage, is praised (vol. i., p. 122) as "an economical means of paying the troops."

We might cite sundry other sentiments of like nature, which might have probably been deemed very instructive reading in the late Mr. Fagin's seminary on Saffron-hill, but hardly calculated, we should have thought, for forming the youthful mind in any other meridian. But, enough of Signor Fabretti's faults and shortcomings. His book has been laboriously elaborated from original sources, and contains much information that we should have gladly sought in his pages, had it not chanced that a contemporary writer has produced a decidedly superior work on the same subject. Many particulars the curious student of mediæval history may no doubt find there, which Signor Ricotti's more general work does not supply; but we think that the merits of the Piedmontese author are too decidedly superior to those of his Perugian contemporary to give the latter much chance of finding his way across the Alps.

And now, before quitting the subject, we must introduce our readers more spe-

cially to some one of these adventurer captains, who may serve them as a specimen of the class. One will suffice for the purpose—for their careers, their aims, objects, and means of attaining them, are very similar, and their history, it must be admitted, is inferior as a book of amusement to our English "Lives of the Highwaymen." Shall we select the Englishman John Hawkwood, styled variously by the old chroniclers, "Aughut," or "Acuto," as they either endeavored to express the original sound, or more judiciously abandoning the vain attempt, Italianized it into the latter appellation. Sir John Hawkwood, whose portrait on horseback, the size of life, may still be seen on the western wall of the Duomo at Florence, in the service of which state the principal part of his later years was spent—that "dux cautissimus et peritissimus," as the inscription thereunder calls him, who, when once, much against his will, he was leading an idle life at his villa near Florence, and a poor friar wandering that way saluted him with a "God send you peace," replied with a torrent of imprecations, and when the terrified monk asked what he had done to anger him, answered that he had imprecated on him the *curse of peace*. Shall it be this worthy warrior? No! he was an Englishman. And we must take an Italian, inasmuch as our authors insinuate that their own native ruffians were of a milder character; though in truth the life and adventures of Sir John Hawkwood would be found to combine as much that is striking and characteristic, with as little that is base and revolting, as those of the best of his class.

The career of Muzio Attendolo, who, from his headstrong violence, was nicknamed Sforza, is remarkable enough. He was a peasant of the Romagna, and was laboring in the fields, when a band of Free Lances chanced to pass that way. They asked him some question, and pleased with his answer, his manner, and appearance, proposed to him to join them. The young peasant hesitated, and to decide his wavering threw his mattock up into the branches of a tree, determining that if it remained there he would remain at home; but if it fell from the tree he would accept the proposal. The mattock fell through the boughs to the earth. Muzio secretly took a horse from his father's stable, joined the band of adventurers, and . . . founded one of the most powerful families and historical names of Italy.

We might make the reader shudder by more than one anecdote of the career of the ferocious and coldly cruel Facino Cane, the name of whose widow, Beatrice di Tenda, is familiar to our ears as household words.

But we prefer to all these Braccio Fortebracci da Montone, as a specimen of the soldier of fortune of those days—a desperate ruffian, as fearlessly brave and as skilful a general as any of his compeers, and in other respects neither better nor worse than the generality of them. His life is written at length by Signor Fabretti, who deems him a first-rate hero; and a considerable space is devoted to his achievements in the pages of the more philosophical Signor Ricotti.

Braccio Fortebracci was born on the 1st of July, 1368, at Perugia. His family possessed the castle of Montone, in the immediate neighborhood of that town, and Braccio was therefore noble, differing in that respect from his contemporary and early friend, though later enemy and rival, Sforza. In the year 1393, one of those sudden revolutions so frequent in the history of the mediæval cities of Italy, took place in Perugia, and the nobles were driven into exile by a sudden rising of the people. Not only were they thrust forth from the town, but were “*tutti snidati dai loro castelli*,” as their historian with a graphic metaphor phrases it—“*unnnested* from their castles,” throughout the territory of the city. Thus the lord of Montone, possessor overnight of castle, lands, wealth, and power, has to go forth one fine morning a beggar and a vagabond—not without a blow for it, however, for he went badly wounded in the foot and in the hand. But there was nothing strange or striking in this in those “good old times.” Position, property, life, were all so perpetually insecure, that the instability of human things was practically enforced on men’s minds in a manner infinitely more convincing than the sermons of securely-beneficed divines to their law-protected audiences. Men who truly *felt* in earnest that their lives and all that they had were exposed to hourly risk, encountered that risk with less dismay, and naturally met the loss of either life or goods with more equanimity than those can be expected to do who live in habits of well-founded security. In point of fact, a man who lost life or property in those days, lost in reality less than he who undergoes a similar deprivation in our

times. Any actuary of an insurance office will confirm the truth of the assertion. Signor Ricotti applies a similar consideration to the blood-stained severity of the mediæval laws. The law which took a man’s life from him, took less than a similar law takes now. Thus the same unchanged penal enactment becomes gradually more and more severe as the progress of civilization and the advance of science renders man’s life more and more secure—an additional argument for the mitigation of criminal codes, of which we believe Signor Ricotti may claim to be the originator.

Well! our friend Braccio “has the world before him where to choose,” he and his brother nobles, landless, houseless, homeless, without much present prospect of return to their native walls; for the popular party are so furious against them, that they profess themselves more ready, if need be, to submit to the domination of a foreign king—viz. him of Naples—than to readmit their own nobles. This determination Signor Fabretti, in recording it, calls a shamelessly disgraceful sentiment—forgetting, it should seem, that so great a horror of the old patrician rule must probably have been produced by recollections of what that rule had been in its day of ascendancy.

Meantime, however, the outcast patrician is not entirely destitute. He has his horse and his sword, with which, and a stout heart, he wanders forth, fully determined to “open his oyster—the world.” He first joins the band of Alberico da Barbiano, who, by a hireling sword, had carved his own way to fortune, having become Grand Constable of the kingdom of Naples. In the ranks of his army he meets and becomes the friend of Sforza, afterwards his great rival. He does not, however, continue long under the banners of Barbiano, though he had attracted his commander’s favorable notice; but hearing of the confusion and anarchy in which the quarrels of the Orsini and Colonna, and the expulsion of Innocent VII. had involved Rome, he hies him thither, and takes service with Mostarda da Forlì, a captain in the service of the Pope. But on the second day of his new service his new patron is killed, and Braccio has once more the world before him. Of the debris, however, of Mostarda’s company, he contrives to persuade seven troopers to follow his fortunes, and acknowledge him as their leader; and with

these he proposes to present himself before the Pope, then at Viterbo, and offer him the services of himself and his little band. But neither in this scheme does fortune smile on him; for an accidental fire at Foligno destroyed his arms, clothing, horses—everything, in short, that should have been the foundation of his future greatness.

Once more utterly destitute, he obtains from the charity of the good people of Foligno—who were probably not particularly anxious for his further stay among them—a horse and arms, and thus equipped once more joins his old captain Barbiano. The constable, not forgetful of his former opinion of his prowess, receives him well, and gives him the command of twelve horsemen. These are soon increased to five-and-twenty. Opportunities occur, on which he manifests much military skill and fertility of resource. He rises in favor; and when Barbiano sends a portion of his band to the assistance of Francesco Carrara, lord of Padua, who is at war with Venice, he gives the command of it to our friend Braccio, conjointly with the other captains. Of course, they soon quarrel. Braccio's colleagues calumniate him to the general, and obtained from him an order for his death. This is about to be executed the following night by surprising him in his tent; but Barbiano's wife, who has heard the order for his death given, and who thinks it a thousand pities that so "proper a man" should die a dog's death by the hand of assassins, herself contrives to warn him of his danger, just in time for him to be up and off with his immediate followers before the arrival of his executioners at his tent.

He then takes service with the Pope in the Romagna, and shortly afterwards we find him exacting 4000 florins from the town of Imola, as the price of not burning their harvests and besieging their walls. With this money he collects a larger band, and begins—so brave and glorious is he—to be a terror and a scourge to all around him. His "holy father" the Pope sets him on to worry the revolted city of Bologna, which does not like the holy father's government. He takes the Pope's cash, and flies at the throat of the rebels to such good purpose, that the city give him 80,000 florins to let them alone, which also he pouches and retires. And now the little city of Rocca Contratta, situated about half-way between Ancona

and Perugia, being in the agonies of a life-and-death struggle with its own tyrants, and finding matters going hard with it, sends to the prosperous Braccio to offer him the lordship of their town, if only he will drive from their walls the Marquis of Fermo. The fortunate *condottiero* does not wait to be asked a second time. Such acquisition of some fixed and permanent lordship, some "local habitation" and settlement, was ever the first grand step towards ulterior greatness in the lives of these soldiers of fortune. Those generous and bountiful old gentlemen, the Popes, always had on hand a variety of duchies, principalities, and counties, which they were ready to bestow in return for the many little services they were continually in need of from the "secular arm," on those whose strong hand could make the gift available; and thus many of these worthies were provided for.

Braccio's title, however, to the lordship of Rocca Contratta, was unquestionably a comparatively legitimate one. And the position of his new principality was peculiarly convenient to him, as it was situated at no great distance from his native Perugia—Perugia which had driven him an exile from its walls. Of course, the first and great wish of all "fuorusciti" was always to return to their "country," as every Italian in those days called their native city—to recover the position they had lost. Love for their city, and hatred for the opposition party who had thrust them forth, alike stimulated them to constant attempts to regain by force that which force had deprived them of. But when the exile found himself in the position which Braccio now held—lord of a neighboring town, and at the head of a powerful troop of disciplined soldiers—his ambition was likely to aspire to something more than this. And the grand object of Braccio henceforward was to become lord of Perugia.

And he succeeded in doing so, but not easily—not at the first or at the second attempt—not till after torrents of blood had been shed, and infinite suffering endured by the besieged citizens. Nor did the "Condottiero" accomplish his purpose without loss. The citizens fought with desperate bravery; and once even after getting within the walls, the soldiers were driven back with considerable slaughter. At last, however, the troopers got possession of the town, and the citizens were finally mastered, all opposition was put down, and

the vagrant "condottiero" found himself despotic ruler of his native city.

Yet though all the circumstances which had first made Braccio a vagabond "free lance" and soldier of fortune, had now ceased, he did not by any means feel inclined to quit the vocation. Adventure, license, and plunder once tasted, had become too palatable to be abandoned.

Fresh offers came on the part of princes and potentates. High biddings are made for the efficacious assistance of the celebrated Braccio, and his well-trained army of brother-adventurers. Unhappy Naples is being disputed by two rival powers. A Frenchman and a Spaniard are fighting for their *right* (!) to the throne of Southern Italy. Fine times and rare doings for Braccio, and such as he! So he makes the best terms he can, higgles a while, drives a hard bargain with king Ladislaus, and marches off for cash and glory—and gathers abundance of both. Then, for the sake of variety, and in order that his value may be duly appreciated, he changes sides occasionally—fights against his former masters, and gets more cash and more glory.

Sforza, of whom we have spoken, has grown to be his principal rival and opponent. He is hired on the other side in these Neapolitan wars, and much good fighting takes place without either of the "delirious" potentates being much the worse, however much "*plectuntur Achivi*." At last Sforza gets drowned one day in trying to ford the river Pescara, at the siege of Aquila. But he leaves a young Sforza, a chip of the tough old block, to keep up the game. Which he does nothing loath; till one day our friend Braccio, being elated by success into forgetfulness of his usual prudence, risks a battle under unfavorable circumstances, and gets, in the *mêlée* of defeat, a knock on his hard head, which brings him down. Carried into the enemies' tents, he survives three days, during which he constantly refuses either to speak or take food. Nor will he suffer the surgeons to tend his wound.

Thus died Braccio Fortebracci da Montone, lord of Perugia, the most celebrated slaughterer and destroyer of his day. We do not find that the death of Braccio made much difference in the condition of Italy. For, indeed, as long as mankind were willing to allow such deeds to lead to such results, it was likely that the race of "heroes" should be abundant. Old Martin the Pope, however, was exceedingly

delighted to hear of his death. For indeed those Free Captains, though the Popes constantly made use of them, were perpetually vexing their holy hearts out. How could a poor Pope, with all his paraphernalia of cursing tools, manage fellows who believed in nothing but cold steel, and cared not a rush for bell, book, or candle? Our dear Braccio, especially, had for a long time been a thorn in Pope Martin's side. Among other offences, he had on more than one occasion sworn that he would make the Pope say a hundred masses for a penny!—a depreciation of himself and his wares never to be forgotten or forgiven. So that, as has been said, Martin was overjoyed at the news of his death. By dying he came within Martin's power and jurisdiction; and it made the old man feel so piously grateful to Heaven that he gave thanks, and did all he could, in the way of processions and so forth, for three whole days. Then he got his body and flung it into a ditch outside the walls of Rome. And after that he slept more peaceably and was more happy in his mind—we hope.

Such were in their lives and in their deaths these "Venturieri"—adventurers—"Condottieri"—hirelings—or "Free Lances" as they were called in England; who may be said to have had Italy entirely in their hands for more than a century. This fact alone is sufficient to justify the appearance of such a work as that of Signor Ricotti; which, in conclusion, we recommend not only to such of our readers as may take an interest in tales of military adventure and vicissitude, but also to those who would understand the history of warfare, and comprehend the steps by which the modern system of armies has grown up, and the circumstances which led to its gradual formation and adoption.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The month of October, 1847, is near at hand, the period named by Captain Sir John Franklin when the intelligence might be expected relative to the officers and crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, steam screw-propeller vessels, employed in the Arctic Expedition; and captains of vessels may now expect to meet with some of the hermetically sealed tin tubes, containing accounts of the vessels, written in six different languages, which were to be thrown overboard at certain periods, in the hope that some of them might be picked up by vessels navigating the North Seas.
—*Liverpool Albion*.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THORWALDSEN, THE SCULPTOR.

BY H. C. ANDERSEN.—TRANSLATED BY C. BECKWITH.

A RICH scroll in the history of art is unfolded and read: Thorwaldsen has lived; his life was a triumphal procession; fortune and victory accompanied him; men have in him acknowledged and paid homage to art.

It was in Copenhagen, on the 19th of November, 1770, that a carver of figures for ships' heads, by name Gottskalk Thorwaldsen, was presented by his wife, Karen Grönlund, the daughter of a clergyman in Jutland, with a son, who at his baptism received the name of Bertel Albert.

The father had come from Iceland, and lived in poor circumstances. They dwelt in *Lille Grønnegade* (Little Green Street), not far from the academy of arts. The moon has often peeped into their poor room: she has told us about it in "A Picture-book without Pictures."

"The father and mother slept, but their little son did not sleep; where the flowered cotton bed-curtains moved I saw the child peep out. I thought at first that he looked at the Bornholm clock, for it was finely painted with red and green, and there was a cuckoo on the top; it had heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with its shining brass plate went to and fro with a tick! tick! But it was not that he looked at; no, it was his mother's spinning-wheel, which stood directly under the clock; this was the dearest piece of furniture in the whole house for the boy; but he dared not touch it, for if he did he got a rap over the fingers. Whilst his mother spun, he would sit for hours together looking at the burring spindle and the revolving wheel, and then he had his own thoughts. Oh! if he only durst spin that wheel! His father and mother slept; he looked at them, he looked at the wheel, and then by degrees a little naked foot was stuck out of the bed, and then another naked foot; then there came two small legs, and, with a jump, he stood on the floor. He turned round once more, to see if his parents slept; yes, they did; and so he went softly, quite softly, only in his little shirt, up to the wheel, and began to spin. The cord flew off, and the wheel then ran much quicker. His mother awoke at the same moment; the curtains

moved; she looked out, and thought of the brownie, or another little spectral being. 'Have mercy on us!' said she, and in her fear she struck her husband in the side; he opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the busy little fellow. 'It is Bertel, woman,' said he."

What the moon relates we see here as the first picture in Thorwaldsen's life's-gallery; for it is a reflection of the reality. Thorwaldsen has himself, when in familiar conversation at Nosoe, told the author almost word for word what he in his "Picture-book" lets the moon say. It was one of his earliest remembrances, how he, in his little short shirt, sat in the moonlight and spun his mother's wheel, whilst she, dear soul, took him for a little spectre.

A few years ago, there still lived an old ship-carpenter, who remembered the little, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, that came to his father in the carving-house at the dock-yard; he was to learn his father's trade; and, as the latter felt how bad it was not to be able to draw, the boy, then eleven years of age, was sent to the drawing school at the academy of arts, where he made rapid progress. Two years afterwards, Bertel, or Albert, as we shall in future call him, was of great assistance to his father; nay, he even improved his work.

See the hovering ships on the wharfs! The Dannebrog* waves, the workmen sit in a circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture: it is a boy who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features in the wooden image for the beak-head of the vessel. It is the ship's guardian-spirit; and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorwaldsen, it shall wander out into the wide world. The eternally swelling sea should baptize it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it.

Our next picture advances a step forward. Unobserved amongst the other boys, he has now frequented the academy's school for six years already, where, always taciturn and silent, he stood by his drawing-board.

* The Danish national flag.

His answer was "yes" or "no," a nod or a shake of the head; but mildness shone from his features, and good nature was in every expression. The picture shows us Albert as a candidate for confirmation. He is now seventeen years of age—not a very young age to ratify his baptismal compact; his place at the dean's house is the last among the poor boys, for his knowledge is not sufficient to place him higher. There had just at that time been an account in the newspapers that the pupil, Thorwaldsen, had gained the academy's smaller medal for a bas-relief representing "a Cupid reposing." "Is it your brother that has gained the medal?" inquired the dean.

"It is myself," said Albert; and the clergyman looked kindly on him, placed him first among all the boys, and from that time always called him Monsieur Thorwaldsen. Oh! how deeply did that "Monsieur" then sound in his mind, as he has often said since! it sounded far more powerfully than any title that kings could give him; he never afterwards forgot it.

In a small house in Aabeuraz—the street where Holberg lets his poor poets dwell—lived Albert Thorwaldsen with his parents, and divided his time between the study of art and assisting his father. The Academy's lesser gold medal was then the prize to be obtained for sculpture. Our artist was now twenty years of age; his friends knew his abilities better than himself, and they compelled him to enter on the task. The subject proposed was, "Heliodorus driven out of the temple."

We are now in Charlottenburgh:* but the little chamber in which Thorwaldsen lately sat to make his sketch is empty, and he, chased by the demons of fear and distrust, hastens down the narrow back-stairs with the intention not to return. Nothing is accidental in the life of a great genius; an apparent insignificance is a God's guiding finger. Thorwaldsen was to complete his task. Who is it that stops him on the dark stairs? One of the professors just comes that way, speaks to him, questions, admonishes him. He returns, and in four hours the sketch is finished, and the gold medal won. This was on the 15th of August, 1791.

Count Ditlew de Reventlow,† minister of State, saw the young artist's work, and became his protector; he placed his

* An old palace now used as the academy of art.

† Father of the present Danish ambassador in London.

own name at the head of a subscription that enabled Thorwaldsen to devote his time to the study of his art. Two years afterwards the large gold medal was to be contended for at the academy, the successful candidate thereby gaining the right to a travelling *stipendium*. Thorwaldsen was again the first; but before he entered on his travels, it was deemed necessary to extend that knowledge which an indifferent education at school had left him in want of. He read, studied, and the academy gave him its support; acknowledgment smiled on him, a greater and more spiritual sphere lay open to him.

We will now fix our eyes on an object which at that time was dear to him: we find it at his feet in those lively evening scenes, where he, in merry company with such men as Rahbeck and Steffens, sits a silent spectator; we find it in the corner behind the great stove chamber at home which contrasts strangely with the appearance of the well dressed men who come to visit him. We see it, but bound with a cord, behind the door of the amateur company's theatre, where Thorwaldsen retires after delivering the two reptiles he has to make in the "Barber of Seville;"—it is his dear dog. It just belongs to this time, it belongs to his life's triumphal procession; he has loved it, he has remembered it in many a work; it was his faithful companion, his dear comrade. All his friends will have one of its whelps, for once when one of Albert's creditors became too violent, it flew with fury at the severe dun. Thorwaldsen has made it immortal in marble; yet he has not done so with his first love,—that which otherwise transforms itself into an imperishable Daphne leaf in a poet's breast.

We know a chapter in that history. It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate, Thetis, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride: he took an honest, open-hearted farewell of her, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me. If you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated,—and they met again many, many years after—

wards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was borne through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence; when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning; there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window;—it was she. The first farewell was here called to mind by the last. The first farewell—yes, that was a festal day! The cannons sounded a farewell from the frigate *Thetis*.

See how the sails sweep before the wind; the water foams in the wake of the ship as it passes the wood-grown coast, and the towers of Copenhagen disappear in the distance. Albert stands by the prow; the waves dash against the image of *Thetis*, that which he himself once carved with life-like features. He looks forward; he has now begun his Argonautic expedition, in search of art's golden fleece in Colchis-Rome. But at home, in the little parlor in Aabeuraa, there stands the inconsolable mother lamenting her lost son, whom she shall see no more,—no more press to her heart. One of Albert's dearest friends is also there; he has brought her a little box of ducats from the departed traveller; but she shakes her head, and cries aloud: "I want nothing in this world but my child, who will now perish in the wild ocean!" And she takes her boy's old black silk waistcoat from the closet, imprints a thousand kisses on it, and sheds many heavy tears for Albert, her beloved Albert.*

A whole year passes; towards the end of February, 1797, we stand on the *Malo* at Naples. The packet from Palermo arrives, and with it Turks, Greeks, Maltese, and people of all nations; amongst them is a pale, sickly Scandinavian: he assists the porter to carry his own luggage, shakes his head at the other's garrulity, for he does not understand the language! Of what use is it that the sun shines so warm and bright on all around—there is no sunshine in his mind; it is sickly, it is depressed by homesickness. Thus has Albert Thorwaldsen at length entered Italy's continent, after having been cast about like an Ulysses. The frigate *Thetis* was obliged to cruise in the North Sea, to guard the Norwegian coasts against English privateers; it was in September that it first passed through the British Channel, and arrived in October at Algiers, where the plague had broken out;

* The *Thetis* sailed from Copenhagen on the 20th of May, 1796.

then followed the long quarantine at Malta—then a tour to Tripoli, in order to quell the disturbance that had arisen with respect to Danish vessels; and, whilst the captain was on shore there, the ship was driven, by a storm, from its moorings, and carried out again to sea, when it had to undergo a fresh quarantine at Malta; after which it was found to be in such a state that it was obliged to be keel-hauled. Thorwaldsen, therefore, left his countrymen at Malta, from which place he went in an open boat to Palermo, whence it was that the packet now brought him to Naples.

Not a single fellow-countryman did he meet here. The language he did not understand. Anxious and discouraged he wandered about the harbor the whole of the following day, to see if there were not amongst the many foreign flags, the white cross on a red ground; but no, there was not one Danish vessel. Had there been one there, he would then have returned to Denmark. Sick at heart, he burst into tears. The old Neapolitan woman with whom he lodged for a few days saw him weep, and thought:—"It is certainly love that depresses him,—love,—love for one in his cold barbarian land!" and she wept too, and thought, perhaps, of her own first love; for the rose-bush can be fresh and green with youth within, although it is harvest-time, and it stands leafless without, yet bearing its buds.

"What has that voyage led to? Why does that womanly imp come back?" These were the words with which he would have been greeted at home; and this he felt in that struggling moment. A sort of shamefulness struck deep in his soft mind, and with this feeling he hastened to take a place with a *vetturino* for Rome, where he arrived on the 8th of March, 1797,—a day that was afterwards celebrated by his friends in Copenhagen as his birthday, before they knew the day on which he was born; the 8th of March was the day on which Thorwaldsen was born in Rome for his immortal art.

A portrait-figure stands now before us; it is that of a Dane, the learned and severe Zoega, to whom the young artist is specially recommended,—but who only sees in him a common talent; whose words are only those of censure, and whose eye sees only a servile imitation of the antique in his works. Strictly honest in his judgment, according to his own ideas, is this man, who should be Thorwaldsen's guide.

We let three years glide away after the arrival of Thorwaldsen, and ask Zoega what he now says of Albert, or, as the Italians call him, Alberto, and the severe man shakes his head, and says: "There is much to blame, little to be satisfied with, and diligent he is not!" Yet he was diligent in a high degree; but genius is foreign to a foreign mind. "The snow had just then thawed from my eyes," he has himself often repeated. The drawings of the Danish painter, Carstens, formed one of those spiritual books that shed its holy baptism over that growing genius. The little *atelier* looked like a battle-field, for round about were broken statues. Genius formed them often in the midnight hours; despondency over their faults broke them in the day.

The three years, for which he had received a *stipendium*, were as if they had flown away, and as yet he had produced nothing. The time for his return drew nigh. One work, however, he must complete, that it might not, with justice, be said in Denmark, "Thorwaldsen has quite wasted his time in Rome." Doubting his genius just when it embraced him most affectionately; not expecting a victory, whilst he already stood on its open road, he modelled "Jason who has gained the golden fleece." It was this that Thorwaldsen would have gained in the kingdom of arts, and which he now thought he must resign. The figure stood there in clay,—many eyes looked on it, and—he broke it to pieces!

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed,—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started and exclaimed:—"Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese e fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederika Brunn, was then in Rome, and sang enthusiastically about Thorwaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist so, that he was enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; he himself had no more money than was sufficient for his expenses home.

The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, and the *vetturino's* carriage was before the door

at day-break; the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow-traveller—the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day; and Thorwaldsen promised, although the *vetturino* complained and abused him, to remain so long. He stayed to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre over Denmark.

The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen; the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us, and our land's greatness—thee, Albert Thorwaldsen! An Englishman it was, who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honor and glory around the nation's name, than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth,—it was an Englishman, Thomas Hope, Esq.

In the little *studio* which the artist was about to leave, stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorwaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style.

Thorwaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began. This was the year 1803.

"Jason" was finished twenty-five years afterwards, and then first sent to the noble Briton; but in these twenty-five years other master-pieces were created, and Thorwaldsen's name inscribed amongst the immortals.

He was one of Fortune's favorites, yet still often sick at heart. The sun of Naples had not the power to cheer him; but friendship and careful nursing were able to do so, and these he found with Baron Schubart, the Danish ambassador in Tuscany; with him at his beautiful villa, Montenero, near Leghorn, health came into his blood, and peace into his mind. The summer life at that place is still reflected in his bas-reliefs, "Summer" and "Autumn."

Princes and artists here associated with him affectionately. On all sides were heard the sounds of acknowledgment and admiration. "The Muses' dance on Helicon" then sprang forth in marble. He formed "Amor and Psyche." This group stood

complete at the palace, when a storm came on; the lightning fell, and broke all the other figures except "Amor and Psyche." It was a sign from heaven that he was its favorite. Heaven with its lightning spared a work of Thorwaldsen's; the ocean itself in its anger afterwards spared his "Venus with the apple." This beautiful statue sprang forth from the froth of the sea, saved, and well preserved, after the sorrowful news of the vessel's having sunk on its passage to England. The news of Thorwaldsen's fame reached Denmark, and awakened joy and interest. He was elected member of the royal academy of arts; orders for the palace and the town-hall were sent to him. Beautiful statues came from his hand at this time. New works of art and fresh orders followed. Years rolled on.

Norway was then united with Denmark. In 1811 a quarry of white marble was discovered there, and our present king, then Prince Christian, wrote to Thorwaldsen, who expressed his desire and longing to return; but the many works he had on hand still bound him for a time to the city of the Pope.

There was a bustle and noise in Rome. An emperor's palace was to be erected on the Quirinal mountain. Artists and artisans were in full activity, for everything was to be ready in May, 1812, to receive Napoleon. There were several rooms, where, on the top part of the four walls of each, stood an open place for bas-reliefs. No one thought of Thorwaldsen's assistance; for he was going home to the north. The time approached for the completion of the work. The architect, Stern, who had the management of the whole, came by accident to sit beside Thorwaldsen in the academy of St. Luca, and there made to him a proposal to deliver a frieze in plaster for the rooms sixty feet in length; but it must be finished in three months. Thorwaldsen promised it, kept his word, and delivered a masterpiece,—"Alexander's triumphal entry." The report about it went through all countries: in Denmark it rose to enthusiasm. Sums of money were collected to obtain it in marble, and the Danish government gave an order for it.

Thorwaldsen still remained in Rome. New works were produced. We will dwell on two since the year 1815. Weeks and months had run on without his having done anything. He went about in an inexplicable state of melancholy. Early one summer

morning, after a sleepless night, he sat down before the wooden trough, laid the wet clay over it, and in a moment he formed his celebrated bas-relief "Night." During the work the dark mists in his mind vanished; it was day there—the clear, sunlit day—a confident peace that afterwards always greeted him as victor. He had just completed this bas-relief when one of his Danish friends entered, and found him glad and happy, playing with a large cat, and his dear dog Teverino. The same day came the plaster-modeller, to cast it in gypsum, when Thorwaldsen was already busied with his accompanying bas-relief of "Day," and said, "Stay a little while; then we can have them both cast at the same time." Thus these two immortal works were begun and completed in one day.

On the 14th of July, 1819, at four o'clock in the morning, he left Rome, in company with Count Rantzau of Breitenburg, and the historical painter, Lund. Passing through Sleswick, Als, and Funen, Thorwaldsen arrived at Copenhagen on the 3d of October, after an absence of twenty-three years.

It was not his parents' lot to see him. His mother could not press her beloved Albert to her heart, nor hear of the homage paid to him,—hear the exultations that his arrival at home awakened. They had both died long before; but from heaven they looked down on him,—from heaven they had followed him on his earthly life's triumphal progress. A mother's tears on earth and prayers in heaven are blessings!

In all the Italian and German towns through which he passed he was met by high and low with demonstrations of honor, and many an enthusiastic young artist hastened to that town whither he knew that Thorwaldsen would come. At one of the last stages, near Stutgard, a wanderer came and stopped by the carriage in which Thorwaldsen sat. He begged to be allowed to ride; he got permission, and when on the way narrated that he had come on foot a great distance, and that he was going to Stutgard in order to see the great artist Thorwaldsen, who was expected there. Thorwaldsen made himself known. It was one of the greatest moments in the stranger's life. Love and homage had made his journey home a victorious procession. His arrival in Copenhagen was not less so.

See, how they crowded around him, old and young, the first men in the land! A

heartly pressure of the hand, and a kiss on the mouth is Thorwaldsen's good day. All worldly honors and elevations to rank did not corrupt his even mind, his straightforward manner. A suite of rooms is assigned to him at Charlottenborg. His eye wanders about, amongst the many that surround him, in search of one of his elder friends. He sees none but the old porter, who stands modestly by the door, in his red frock. He remembers this old man from the days of his youth. He flies into his arms, and presses a heartfelt kiss on his lips.

Feast succeeds feast in honor of Thorwaldsen. The most brilliant, however, was that given by the students of the university, and held at the royal shooting-gallery. Oehlenschläger made the first speech; at the close of which the poet called on the sculptor to remember the old gods of the north, and to present to the world at least one. Songs were sung, cannons fired, toasts drunk, and also one for Thorwaldsen's "*Graces*" in the "*health to all Danish girls*."

He soon began to long for work. An *atelier* was arranged, and all flocked to see him in activity. To the most of the Copenhageners his was a new art. A handsome lady, who saw him one day modelling with his fingers on the soft clay, said quite *naïvely*,

"You do not, surely, do that work yourself, professor, when you are in Rome?"

"I assure you," he replied good-humorously, "that this is just the most important part!"

About a year afterwards he again left Copenhagen. It is a pitch-dark night, and the sea is calm. An open-decked boat lies still some miles from the coast of Laaland. The seals whine from the banks. The sailor sits listening at the stern, uncertain what he shall do. The surface of the water is suddenly ruffled; a storm is at hand; it approaches on whistling wings, and the waves toss the light boat. It is death here near that terrible coast; but death only mows down the foam of the high waves with his scythe. Thorwaldsen is in the boat; his mission in the kingdom of arts, on earth, is not ended. At daybreak a pilot comes to their aid, and they reach Rostock.

Through Berlin, Dresden, Warsaw,* and

* Thorwaldsen received several orders for different works in Warsaw. The Emperor Alexander was there just at that time, and sat to the artist for his bust.

Vienna, he now goes to old Rome, his second home. In every place are greeting and homage. The Emperor Alexander and the Emperor Francis receive the artist with marks of distinction. The whole journey forms a new addition of triumphs in his life's wanderings.

Again he stood in his airy Roman *atelier*; the roses blooming in the open window; the yellow oranges shining in the warm sun. There he stood creating anew; immortal works spring forth from under his chisel. "Christ and the twelve Apostles,"* "St. John"† and the surrounding group were formed; and Copernicus sat there, in strength and greatness.

On the last day of Lent, in 1823, the bells rang, pistols and guns cracked everywhere. Thorwaldsen's landlady had a little son. After their meal on Good Friday the boy begged him to lend him his pistols, and they went together to fetch them from the bedchamber where they had hung, from the time he returned from his journey. Thorwaldsen takes the one down, and tries it at the open window. The boy has in the meantime seized the other. It goes off; Thorwaldsen falls. The boy sees blood, and screams out. But the ball lay spent within his clothes; for the charge had not been strong enough to cause a mortal wound. The blood only streams from two wounded fingers. His preservation filled the common people in Rome with the belief that he was specially protected by the Madonna.

But here, as always, the heavenly powers watched over him. It is dark night; it is still in Rome's streets, and still in Thorwaldsen's house. A couple of well armed fellows sneak about there. They pick the lock of the door; they sit down on the stone stairs within, and wait for him; for he is out, and they know that he will return late and alone. The landlady and her little son, together with a young foreign artist, are the only other occupants of the house, and their rooms are in the top story. The assassins sit still. The key is turned in the door. They listen. No, it is not Thorwaldsen, it is the young artist who comes home. He springs lightly up the stairs past the lurking murderers. They do not heed him; and yet his hand has touched

* The figures of Christ and the twelve Apostles in marble, are in Frue Kirke (Our Lady's Church), Copenhagen.

† John preaching in the wilderness, and the surrounding group of sixteen figures in burnt clay, surmount the entrance to Frue Kirke

one of their heads in his hasty flight upstairs. He knows that some one is sitting there, and knows they are waiting for Thorwaldsen, who always goes that way to his chamber. Astonished at seeing a light through the key-hole, he opens the door, and Thorwaldsen is at home. There is an entrance to the house from the next street, and through that door he has come this evening, being obliged to do so, having lost the key of the usual entrance door—and he is saved.

"The heavenly powers watch over him," repeated the Roman populace. They even saw the holy father pay him a visit. They saw him extend his hand to him that he might not kneel on taking leave. The Lutheran Thorwaldsen was commissioned to make a monument for the Catholic Pope Pius the Seventh.

Aloft on the tribune stands the daughter of inspiration, the improvisatrice, Rossa Taddei. The assembled multitude listen to the words pouring from her lips, and send forth acclamations of praise. The theme proposed to her is, "*I progressi della scultura.*" Her eye wanders over the assembled listeners, and discovers Alberto; him to whom Denmark gave birth. In her song's flight she points him out, and thus so far forgets the earthly, that she, in the city of the Pope, names Alberto "*figlio di Dio.*"

"The king and the poet shall wander together," says the song; David's harp and the king's crown stand near to each other. In Rome's streets, arm-in-arm, wander King Louis of Bavaria and the poet in marble, Albert Thorwaldsen; a devoted friendship was formed between these two. The latter always spoke of the king of Bavaria in warm and faithful terms.

Though forty years resident in Rome, rich and independent, he lived and worked with the thought of once more returning home to Denmark, there to rest himself; unaccustomed to the great comforts of other rich artists in Rome, he lived a bachelor life. Was his heart then no longer open to love since his first departure from Copenhagen? A thousand beautiful Cupids in marble will tell us how warmly that heart beat. Love belongs to life's mysteries.

We know that Thorwaldsen has left a daughter in Rome, whose birth he has acknowledged; * we also know that more

than one female of quality would willingly have given her hand to the great artist. The year before his first return to Denmark he lay ill at Naples, and was nursed by an English lady who felt the most ardent affection for him; and, from the feeling of gratitude which was awakened in him, he immediately consented to their union. When he had recovered, and afterwards returned to Rome, this promise preyed on his mind; he felt that he was not now formed to be a husband, acknowledged that gratitude was not love, and that they were not suited for each other; after a long combat with himself, he wrote and informed her of his determination. Thorwaldsen was never married.

The following trait is as characteristic of his heart as of his whole personality. One day whilst in Rome there came a poor countryman to him, an artisan who had long been ill; he came to say farewell, and to thank him for the money that he and others of his countrymen had subscribed together, with which he was to reach home.

"But you will not walk the whole way?" said Thorwaldsen.

"I am obliged to do so," replied the man.

"But you are still too weak to walk!—you cannot bear the fatigue, nor must you do it?" said he.

The man assured him of the necessity of doing so.

Thorwaldsen went and opened a drawer, took out a handful of *scudi* and gave them to him, saying, "See, now you will ride the whole way!"

The man thanked him, but assured him that his gift would not be more than sufficient to carry him to Florence.

"Well!" said Thorwaldsen, clapping him on the shoulder, as he went a second time to the drawer and took out another handful—the man was grateful in the highest degree, and was going—"Now you can ride the whole way home and be comfortable on the way," said he, as he followed the man to the door.

"I am very glad!" said the man. "God bless you for it! but to ride the whole way requires a little capital."

"Well, then, tell me how great that must be?" he asked and looked earnestly at him.

The man in a modest manner named the requisite sum, and Thorwaldsen went a sited her father in Copenhagen, where she became a widow; she now lives in Rome.

* She was married in 1832 to the Danish chamberlain, Poulsen, and the year after gave birth to a son, who was christened Albert Thorwaldsen Ludevig; in 1842 she, together with her husband and child, vi-

third time to the drawer, counted out the sum, accompanied him to the door, pressed his hand and repeated, "But now you will ride, for you have not strength to walk!"

Our artist did not belong to the class of great talkers; it was only in a small circle that he could be brought to say anything, but then it was always with humor and gaiety. A few energetic exclamations of his are preserved. A well-known sculptor expressing himself one day with much self-feeling, entered into a dispute with Thorwaldsen, and set his own works over the latter's. "You may bind my hands behind me," said Thorwaldsen, "and I will bite the marble out with my teeth better than you can carve it."

Thorwaldsen possessed specimens in plaster of all his works; these, together with the rich marble statues and bas-reliefs which he had collected of his own accord,

without orders, and the number of paintings that he every year bought of young artists, formed a treasure that he wished to have in his proper home, Copenhagen. Therefore, when the Danish government sent vessels of war to the Mediterranean, in order to fetch the works that were ready for the palace or the church, he always sent a number of his own things with them. Denmark was to inherit these treasures of art; and, in order to see them collected in a place worthy of them, a zeal was awakened in the nation to build a museum for their reception. A committee of his Danish admirers and friends sent out a requisition to the people, that every one might give their mite; many a poor servant-girl and many a peasant gave theirs, so that a good sum was soon collected.* Frederick the Sixth gave the ground for the building, and the erection thereof was committed to the architect Bidesbol.

From the Eclectic Review.

PLEASURES OF BOTANY AND GARDENING.

1. *The Vegetable Kingdom; or, the Structure, Classification, and Uses of Plants, Illustrated upon the Natural System.* By John Lindley, Ph. D., F. R. S., & L. S. With upwards of Five Hundred Illustrations. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1846.
2. *School Botany.* By Dr. Lindley. 1846.
3. *The Gardener's Chronicle, and Agricultural Gazette.* The Horticultural part edited by Professor Lindley. Published weekly.

WHEN the sacred records declare that "the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed," they promulgate a law of the human condition, by which, in a greater or less degree, it must always be controlled. Even if we should concede that the record is a *myth*, and not a description of a real transaction, the result is the same. It is an expression of the Divine will, that man, in every age, shall depend on the fruits of the ground for his support. This law was not abrogated on the expulsion of our first parents from the scenes of their innocence, although it received some alteration in its bearings. Toil now took the lead, and exacted its penalties with inflexible rigor; while pleasure, which had formerly been the ruling power, became the handmaid of industrious exertions. The delicate line of Milton thus becomes allusive to a state of things which has never since existed—

"Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose;"

for, although physically, the roses of Eden doubtless had thorns, their growth was not associated with cares which the love of flowers might lighten or dispel. A merciful Providence has left us the rose, and we thank him for it, although it flourishes among thorns.

"God made the country, but man made the town." When this latter process took place, and the growing necessities of men caused them to live in cities, and cultivate the arts of commerce, the native attachments of their hearts still developed themselves, and they embraced every opportunity of gratifying their tastes for the beautiful scenes and productions of nature. It is to the building of towns, probably, that horticulture owes its existence as a science, introduced and matured for the purpose of compensating for the loss of the operations

* Thorwaldsen himself gave 25 000 rix-dollars (£3,000) towards its erection, which, together with the collected sums, amounted to 100,000 rix-dollars.

of the field on a large scale. It is even now proverbial, that farmers are seldom good gardeners, and the reason is evident. The yearning after nature is amply indulged in the case of a man who rises with the lark, sees daily "hedge-row beauties numberless," and is acquainted from infancy with the wild Flora of the fields and woods. The breath of morn is sweet to him, and he is satisfied with inhaling it; and his spirit has no need to rest on the parterre, nor luxuriate in the green-house. But the child of toil is differently situated. Blue skies and green meadows enamelled with "daisies pied, and violets blue," must, in his case, be sighed after in vain; and, to make the best of his condition, he imitates nature in miniature. The objects of his solicitude receive a degree of attention which nature always rewards with exuberant gratitude; and, what is wanting in extent and magnificence, is made up by symmetry and compactness. Thus floriculture was nurtured and matured, although, when found out, it soon extended its benefits to those whose exigencies did not drive them to discover it, from the greenhouses and hotbeds of suburban villas to the princely conservatories of Chatsworth.*

There are three great principles which present themselves in high relief when we contemplate the grand picture of Nature, inviting the beholder to solace himself in the midst of the abundance provided for him, and compelling him to exertion, if he would obtain the prizes presented to his view. The first is, *the attractiveness of natural*

* The great conservatory at Chatsworth, erected and furnished at enormous expense by the present Duke of Devonshire, may be called one of the wonders of the world. Its arched roof, formed of plate glass, is seventy feet high, and a road runs through it, allowing of carriages passing one another. A writer in the "Gardener's Chronicle" (p. 51, 1842) thus refers to it: "But the great conservatory itself!—how shall I describe it? Its outward aspect has something of the sublime and supernatural, well fitted to sustain those feelings of wonder and veneration with which all sincere worshippers of the Lady Flora approach her mystic precincts. No travel-toiled Mussulman at the sacred postern of Mecca—no Christian pilgrim at the foot of the holy sepulchre—not Mr. Beckford in view of St. Peter's, nor Capt. Harris gazing on three hundred wild elephants in Southern Africa—not Bruce at the source of the Nile, nor Lander at the termination of the Niger—no, nor even

——'Paris at the top
Of Ida panted stronger,'

than did the writer of these notes when the portals of the mighty plant-house of Chatsworth were thrown open to receive him."

productions. For the mere support of the animal economy, the eye need not be pleased nor the taste gratified; yet both these objects are attained to a most bountiful extent by the productions of the vegetable world. If beauty were always allied to obvious utility, the case would lead to this conclusion; but to make the argument stronger, it is often thrown around productions which *appear* to have no important bearing on animal life, so that while the cereal tribes, so essential to man, have an appearance of humble rusticity, others, unused for food, display gorgeous and matchless charms of color and form. Take, for example, the cactaceæ and the orchidaceæ so beautifully illustrated by Dr. Lindley in the volume at the head of this article. What wondrous loveliness do they exhibit, even in this country, so far removed from their own sunny *habitats*, and yet how comparatively useless are they as articles of food for man or beast! Of the orchids Dr. Lindley says, "It often happens that those productions of nature which charm the eye with their beauty, and delight the senses with their perfume, have the least relation to the wants of mankind, while the most powerful virtues, or most deadly poisons, are hidden beneath a mean and insignificant exterior; thus orchids, beyond their beauty, can scarcely be said to be of known utility, with a few exceptions."* (p. 180.) In reference to fruits, the same effort to win attention and please the fancy is manifest, and no one can look upon a fruitful and well-trained peach-tree in the month of September, without feeling that it appeals to his intellectual nature, and in the silent eloquence of a divinely adapted instrument calls for his thoughtfulness and gratitude.

The *second* great principle is, *the necessity of culture* in order to secure the advantages which a bountiful Providence is willing, on that condition, to confer. Auriculas, indeed, grow on the Alps, and orchids in the recesses of forests, without asking for the aid of man; but the question is not whether Nature is beautiful without culture, but whether man, without it, can secure that which is necessary for his comfortable existence. Even in countries which

* The value of orchids in this country is manifested by the prices they fetch at sales. Messrs. Stevens sold a lot at the Auction Mart in London on Wednesday, the 25th of February, and the sum realized was £466 for 142 plants. These had just arrived from their native places, and the purchasers had to run the risk of failure in accustoming them to the climate and treatment of Great Britain.

throw forth spontaneously those productions which man welcomes as luxuries, the skilful hand is necessary to secure the crops demanded by commerce, as in the case of tea in China, the sugar-cane in the West Indies, and rice on the continent of India. But this spontaneous abundance is peculiar to certain regions, and we, in northern latitudes, can expect Nature's comforts and luxuries only as a return for expense, and toil, and exertion. Here, again, an appeal is made to intelligence, and our mental powers are manifestly called upon to be "fellow-workers together with God." The faculties must be put forth to make stubborn materials pliant; to counteract the differences and varieties of climate; and to ward off innumerable impending dangers. The thoughtless citizen, ignorant of the sources of the wealth of nations, may laugh at the zeal evinced by the members of agricultural societies; but he should remember, that these associations are founded in the knowledge of the fact, that brute force never was sufficient to compel the clods to yield a bountiful produce, and that now, more than ever, a high intellectual husbandry can alone follow the leading of Divine Providence, and promote man's physical well-being. This principle runs through all the various stages of vegetable culture, from a few pots in the window of a dwelling-house to the costly conservatory; from the cabbage-ground of the peasant to the largest farm. It is much more clear that Nature abhors idleness than it is that she abhors a vacuum, and she takes infinite pains to engrave this truth upon the tablets of our memory, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

The *third* principle which commands attention in that department of the laboratory of nature devoted to vegetable life is, *the almost creative power which is granted to the exercise of human skill*; a principle well worthy our thankful and reverential regard, and the consideration of which opens up a wide field for thought. That man is able to *create* in other spheres of mental operations is well known; as when he carves an exquisite statue from the rugged marble, or arranges scattered words and phrases into an enchanting poem. But it was not suspected till lately, that while vegetable life can only be called into existence by the Divine Artificer, it is allowed to his servant, man, to turn that life into new channels, and to impress upon it forms of beauty unknown and unseen before. Cultivation will

do much in altering the size and other characters of flowers, but it is by hybridizing that art achieves its most exalted triumphs in this department of nature. That this observation may be understood by those of our readers to whom such topics are new, we will take two illustrations, which must be familiar to all of them—the pansy and the dahlia. In their indigenous growth, these plants are of a very humble and undistinguished character; the former being a native of many parts of the world, and a general favorite as a wild flower from its sweet simplicity; the latter, a native of the sandy plains of Mexico, whence it was brought by Baron Humboldt, in 1798, although, at that time, producing flowers which a cottager would now refuse to cultivate. Both these have become universal favorites; and immense sums have been spent and realized by those who have brought new varieties into the market. By judicious crossing the distinct varieties, and by careful cultivation, these flowers have attained a perfection almost inconceivable by those who have not studied the subject. The dahlias, pansies, and pelargoniums, now found in most gardens, are, to a great extent, works of art, such as the face of heaven would probably never have looked upon, had not man applied his ingenuity to their production. How boundless is the prospect thus presented to the human race in this compartment of nature! As long as man is willing to luxuriate in the midst of flowers, and to spend time and money in their cultivation, new varieties will still reward his care, and a perfection may be attained which is not now anticipated. In all these improvements, nature provides that nothing in bad taste shall be developed, and circumscribes man's power by her own refined laws. *Ars est celare artem*; and nothing savoring of the workshop will ever be seen in these products of combined skill.

Enough has been said to lead to the conclusion, that man is called to be an agriculturist and a gardener; in the first place, by his corporeal necessities; and, in the second place, by the alluring, though silent accents of natural things, which invite his skill and reward his efforts. In the unsophisticated season of childhood, the ear is tenderly susceptible of that eloquence; and the posy culled in the field or the garden, seems to hold sweet communion with the eyes and the heart of the infant worshipper. From the shrine of Flora, man goes, in after life, to the altars of Mammon; and, in

the engrossing pursuits of business, is found sometimes to utter the degrading maxim, that the finest production of the garden is a cauliflower. But such an insensibility to the charms of natural things is an exception, and not the rule. In narrow alleys and crowded streets; in the workshop of the artisan, and the balcony of the wealthy, flowers assert their dominion over the human heart, and tell us, that man, in the elements of his being, was intended for such pursuits. No one can visit London, either in its centre or its suburbs, without feeling convinced that, with an increasing population, floral tastes bear an equal if not an increased ratio of progress. The shops of florists and seedsmen are multiplied; nurseries extend over cultivated acres; and publications devoted to gardening and botany are too numerous to allow us even to catalogue them. This is, we think, a propitious sign of the times; for, while nature is allowed to be heard, although it may be only in the utterance of an admired bouquet, there is hope for man.

We are thus led to the consideration of the *moral* aspect of the pursuits of which we are speaking, and for which such great facilities are now afforded. A general observation may be made without fear of contradiction, that the love of natural objects must exert a refining influence on its possessor. That literature, under ordinary restraints does this, is admitted by all; but the literature contained in the characters impressed by the Divine hand on trees and flowers, is of a higher nature than that which is ordinarily found in books. How can it be otherwise than beneficial for us to follow a guidance so unmistakable as that to which allusion has just been made; a guidance in which beauty and intelligence, and conscious responsibility, combine their efforts to lead us to exertion in the magnificent scenes which surround us! We do not mean to assert that the cultivation of vegetable life must, in all cases, refine and make happy those who engage in it; far from it. Man may (and in many cases unfortunately does), earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in a toil so severe that the iron enters into his soul, and the blue firmament witnesses not his contented smiles, but his tears! The man who is bound to the soil by the tyranny of his fellow-man, or by the heavy shackles of poverty, must loathe that labor which wastes his energies, gives his body a premature decrepitude, and allows him no moments to

contemplate calmly the smallest flower. Of such it cannot be said—

“O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona nôrint
Agricolas! quibus ipsa, procul discordibus armis,
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.”

They know their lot too well, and are convinced by dire experience that it is a bitter one.

If the benign influences of nature fall not on the slave, nor the free victims of ill-requited toil, they refuse also to descend on him who is a florist for purposes of pecuniary profit alone, and estimates tulips, and carnations, and roses, by what they fetch in the market. We allude to this, because it is to be feared that the competitions of flower-shows are too often stimulated by the prizes offered to the successful exhibitor, and that the genuine lover of nature is not always the officiating priest in the floral temple. The adventitious and fashionable modes of cultivation adopted by some amateurs are as much opposed to genuine taste and natural beauty as their *motives* are contrasted with those of the real admirers of gardening and flowers. One man will disfigure his entire domains by the shades and other devices contrived to *get up* his dahlias for the show; another will *dress* a pink or a carnation until it assumes an uniformity in the disposition of its petals which nature rarely patronizes. In proportion as the motive has been sordid, the disappointment when the prize has been refused, is severe. The man who has grown a flower for the pleasure that employment gave him, may wish he had succeeded in eclipsing his competitors; but if he is himself thrown into the shade, he is still repaid for all his care. But the mere gamester, if not rewarded with a prize, has lost the only thing which gave a stimulus to his energies.

The devotion to botany and gardening which we plead for as a pursuit beneficial in all its influences, lies between the extremes of hard labor and mercenary skill; the *type* of which may be seen in Cowper the poet, whose delightful descriptions are the lively and exact reflections of his own experience. We admire the skill in numbers, which could so poetically describe the formation of a hot-bed, that “stercoraceous heap;” and, in a few well-tuned lines, could, with so much technical correctness, lay down the rules for cucumber growing. But the psychologist will admire yet more the beneficial influence exerted

by his pursuits on the mind of the poet. His morbidly sensitive spirit appears to gain a robustness, as his frame glows with manual labor; dark thoughts are driven away while tending flowers in the garden and the greenhouse; and the resources of a hidden and higher nature are poured forth in the meditations of a philosophic morality. We might quote here, but the "Task" is in every house. One sentiment alone we must insert, showing that Cowper regarded his gardening labors as *intellectual*:—

———"Strength may wield the ponderous spade,
May turn the clod, and wheel the compost home,
But elegance, chief grace the garden shows,
And most attractive, is the fair result
Of thought, the creature of a polished mind."

To many, the advantages possessed by Cowper are denied, but thousands who have them, never properly employ them. As it is more the *taste* for gardening for which we plead, than an extensive sphere for its operations, there are few persons to whom our remarks will not apply; and while it is undoubtedly preferable to go forth and cultivate the ground, until health glows in the veins, and contentment beams in the eye, many of the ends of these pursuits may be secured if we possess only a window of a sitting room, and a few exotics to grace it.

While Cowper is fresh in the memory as a poet of gardening, it is only just to notice some others who have thrown the charms of song around this homely subject, and by so doing, have helped to raise it to its proper position as a science. Our Thomson is scarcely a gardener, but his descriptions of rural occupations are fascinating, although they want the conviction of personal experience which those of Cowper convey. Darwin, in his "Loves of the Plants," displays much devotion to his theme, and an extensive acquaintance with the science of Botany, as understood in his day, and he has also some well-modulated lines. But his love of *finery* in writing mars all, and prevents his being popular. The most complete poem on these subjects is the Georgics of Virgil, when read in the original language, for the translation of Dryden loses much of the spirit of the great bard. In agricultural schools it is to be hoped all the classical pupils will be made familiar with this elegant production, for two reasons. The first regards the

style, which confers on an humble theme the taste and refinement it is so well capable of receiving, and so richly deserves; the second respects the real information the poem conveys, not to be despised in these latter ages of artificial manures and steam-ploughs. Virgil also utters some fine sentiments, although he is more sparing of them than Cowper; as when he says, in reference to the *science* of cultivation—

"Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus."

In speaking of the moral influences of rural pursuits, it is impossible not to refer to that large class of Englishmen called agricultural laborers, whom many circumstances have tended to depress, and whose state of mind and heart it has become the fashion to depreciate. The peculiar position of landed property in this country, has entailed on the laborer the curse of low wages, by the adjuncts of which his heart has been vitiated and his spirits broken. In estimating the benefits of a moral character arising from tilling the ground, and constantly associating with the scenes of nature, we must not confound the precious with the vile, nor treat accidental qualities as necessary evils. If the *res angusta domi* does not interfere, we maintain that no happier class of men can be found than the peasants of this land; and we maintain, further, that their happiness depends in a great degree on the rural nature of their pursuits. Who will compare the crowded denizens of manufacturing districts, with the inhabitants of villages and hamlets, with the least hope of proving that the former are best situated for happiness? Man must be degraded indeed, if the glorious and beautiful truths of the book of nature daily uttered in his ears (dull of hearing though he be) have not some effect on the training of his mind and heart.

The possession of a garden, with a disposition to cultivate it, and its non-possession, with a tendency to undervalue such an appendage to a cottage, constitute a broad line of separation between two great classes of the poor. It is impossible to look at the humblest dwelling with a few plants in the window, and a tidy well-cultivated garden in front, without feeling a conviction that its inhabitants must be more contented and happy than their neighbors, whose plots are neglected, and whose

rooms are guiltless of green leaves and flowers. We are not disposed to run into the absurd error of thinking that such tastes are always associated with purity—far from it. But we can affirm, from a long and close acquaintance with the habits of the poor, that a raised state of moral feeling is both the cause and the effect of a love of Nature. The productions we cultivate have a strong charm, and secure the attention with extraordinary power. If, therefore, a working-man has a garden at home, and loves to cultivate it, he will desert the public-house for that spot of quiet and cheering occupation. Domestic misery is in this way often prevented, and children are trained to find pleasure in a harmless and elevating pursuit.

“Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati;
Casta pudicitiam servat domus.”—(Geor. ii.,
523.)

The influence of horticultural pursuits on the middle classes is highly beneficial, although a closer examination and analysis is necessary to trace the modes of its operation on the morals and happiness of this large body of men. That the taste for gardening and flowers is extending in this department of society there can be no question, as the fact is indicated by many unequivocal signs. The *literature* of gardening is, to a large extent, fostered by the middle classes, in the form of magazines, newspapers, and separate volumes, devoted to the various operations of the art. The shops of seedsmen and florists tell the same tale, both by their number, and by the greater attractions they now offer to the passer-by. In our boyish days, the shop of the seedsman was a very lugubrious affair, containing, indeed, the elements of future beauty and usefulness in the shape of sacks, and bags, and boxes, but displaying no taste to catch the eye and win the patronage of the street-walker. The case is now materially altered, for few of the principal streets of London, and other large cities, are destitute of a flower shop. Here the beauties of the season are often displayed. Hyacinths and camellias in the spring, and pelargoniums and carnations in summer, tempt the suburban citizen retiring to his villa, or the ladies, whose husbands, living in the city, can allow them only the balcony and the drawing-room for their gardening operations. But the strongest proof of the increase of this taste in the middle classes is furnished by the decorated windows and pretty

gardens which abound in the suburbs, and even in the heart of our towns. The influence exerted by this admiration of natural beauties, is opposed to sordidness and low habits. Home is rendered more delightful, and the mind, which, if always fixed on business and tied to the counting-house, would expire of atrophy, receives fresh pabulum for meditation and thoughtfulness by watching the growth of a plant or a flower.

It is among the middle classes that the *florists par excellence* abound, who patronize what are called florists' flowers, and attain to an extraordinary degree of skill in their culture. It is necessary to inform the uninitiated in these mysteries, that by florists' flowers a particular class of productions is meant, although its boundaries are not defined with any scientific precision. The nearest approach to a definition is that which describes florists' flowers as those which sport into varieties when submitted to cultivation. As this is true of most plants to a greater or less extent, the definition is not correct; and it may be sufficient to remark, that florists' flowers are those favorites of amateurs which fashion, or intrinsic beauty, or ease of cultivation, have brought into notice. Auriculas, polyanthuses, tulips, ranunculuses, carnations, and pinks, were the principal florists' flowers a few years back, but many others are now included in the list. Some of these, as the auricula and the polyanthus, may be well grown in the most disadvantageous circumstances, and the silkweavers of Spitalfields, and the mechanics of Lancashire, have been renowned for their cultivation. As any back-yard admitting a little sun and air may be made available for the production of exquisite specimens of floral beauty, it is in this department that thousands excel who have no convenience for larger operations. In proportion as the attention is concentrated on a few objects, they become more intensely admired, and florists' flowers have often received almost passionate fondness. It is said that a genuine amateur would rather take a blanket off his bed than allow his pets to be injured by the cold. It will readily be imagined, that this pursuit may easily overstep the bounds of prudence, and occupy more than a reasonable amount of time and thoughtfulness; but in the midst of occasional excesses, there is something pleasing in the fact, that occupations so innocent and tranquil furnish so many with amusement and delight.

If we ascend to the wealthy and aristocratic circles of our countrymen, we find floriculture occupying a conspicuous place among the items of their expenditure, and, apparently, exercising considerable influence over their mental habits. We say *apparently*, not because we doubt the fact, but because it is less susceptible of proof in their case, than in that of the classes before-mentioned. It is not a *sine qua non* of respectability for a man of the lower or middle ranks of society to have a well-ordered garden; but it is so with the wealthy and the highborn. With them it is indispensable to have the luxuries of vegetable life, and, by consequence, the means of producing them; and there can be no question that some wealthy persons spend many hundreds a year on their gardens without a genuine taste for flowers. Fashion demands the sacrifice, and it is made as a matter of course. In labor alone, the garden of a country-gentleman will cost, on a very moderate scale, £150 a year, and often double or treble that sum. To these expenses must be added the cost of new productions; artificial heat; rent of land, and repairs, etc.; so that £1,000 per annum is often spent on the horticultural adjuncts of an establishment. All this *may*, in some cases, be unconnected with an appreciation of natural beauties, but in most instances the taste and the expense incurred go hand-in-hand. Many noblemen and private gentlemen find great pleasure in rural pursuits, and engage in them scientifically. At the head of the former class must be placed the Duke of Devonshire, the great and zealous patron of the Horticultural Society of London. One advantage to society at large is obvious, resulting from these tastes in the aristocracy—they necessarily bring their possessors into contact with their humbler fellow-subjects, and teach them daily the important truth that Nature knows no aristocracy of intellect or talent.

We now pass to the consideration of one aspect of our theme, which will be more didactic than descriptive, and will contemplate more the enforcement of a duty than the statement of a fact; we mean, the desirableness of the study of botany and gardening to men of literary tastes and studious habits. From some inexplicable, or, certainly, insufficient cause, an unnatural divorce is often found to exist between the labor of the wits and of the hands, as though the two were incompatible in one

person, or each had an abhorrence of the other. *Physiologically*, it is clear the two should be united, if a healthy development of body and mind is desired, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Why genius, and wit, and eloquence should be necessarily associated with an unhealthy condition of body, cannot *naturally* be shown. That they often are so, is the result of a breach of nature's laws, which have imperatively demanded, in all ages, the performance of corporeal labor as the price to be paid for the benefits of a vigorous and healthy development. The modern estimate of the capacities of genius is different in this respect from that of the ancients, whose wise and great men appear to have cultivated the bodily powers as well as those of the mind. Homer was a sturdy wanderer, uttering his sweet notes from a frame hardened by exposure to the weather, and inured to the hardships of travel. Cincinnatus could handle the plough. Demosthenes overcame natural imperfections by great corporeal exertions. Cæsar could be luxurious at times, but he was a great classical writer; and the reader of his Commentaries is often at a loss which most to admire, his clear head and masculine understanding, or his capacity for physical toil. We do not remember, in all the compass of ancient literature, profane or sacred, a reference to those topics which modern geniuses have consecrated to their service; such as "the soul being too acute for the body;" "energies wasted by watching the midnight oil;" "a frame unfitted by genius for manly and robust exercises," etc. The sooner all this is expunged from our current language and literature the better. Fine mental endowments and correct tastes are surely more to be admired when set in a chasing of a muscular and vigorous body, than when associated with attenuated features, quick pulse, and an eye of ominous lustre. We beg to express a firm conviction, that a return to nature's laws is imperatively demanded of all men of learning and genius, and that the prospects of the human mind will be brightest when we recognise the claims of the inferior but inseparable casket in which it is lodged.

Perhaps there are no professional men, whose pursuits are of an intellectual character, who would be more benefited by an attention to botany and gardening than Christian ministers. This class, indeed, has acquired renown by the successful pursuit of horticulture, from the earlier efforts

of the recluses of the convent to the more scientific labors of our own Henslow and Herbert. A large proportion of divines of all denominations are favorably situated for such pursuits, either by the ease of their worldly circumstances, or their living in rural districts; their parsonages having generally attached to them some portion of garden ground. That every public and private duty may be conscientiously attended to simultaneously with such operations, is attested by numerous examples, and cannot be reasonably doubted. But it is well known that very many ministers are excluded from any extensive acquaintance with such matters, partly by their situation in large towns and cities, and partly by the numerous engagements which the modern character of the religious world lays upon them. Yet these are the very persons who most need the enlivening influences of floral pursuits, and who would receive from them the largest amount of benefit. A country pastor may never handle the spade, nor tie up a flower; but, whether conscious of it or not, he is moulded and fashioned by the scenes of nature around him, and daily assimilates to himself the healthy nutriment so abundantly provided. But in London, or similar localities, a pastor occupies a different position; is surrounded by contrasted influences; and is, therefore, bound to seek voluntarily that which his sphere of life does not place at his feet—*bound*, we mean, if he has a due regard to his physical well-being, and to the buoyancy and right adjustment of his mind.

How eminently suggestive are all the works of the great Creator! and how easily does the mind draw to itself the stores of wisdom and knowledge furnished by the books of Nature and Providence! If it is supposed that a man of ordinary abilities loses time by a moderate attention to horticulture, or any other physical science, a fatal mistake is committed, which should be rectified at once. The social principle operates in the region of intellect as well as everywhere else, and it is not good for a mental faculty to pursue its investigations alone. Error appears to love the haunts of a man of one book—*homo unius libri*—although that book may be the revealed Word of God. To some minds, the claim to lofty piety appears to be sustained if its supposed possessor despises all literature but that which is sacred; and eschews all knowledge but that which is revealed. But past experience and observation have dis-

closed the fact, that a one-sided application of the faculties has never had the blessing of heaven. It is in the midst of the meeting and blending rays of light from all the quarters whence their Creator darts them, that truth loves to dwell; and in that irradiated sphere she must be sought.

The Christian minister must in every case be the pioneer, and not the follower, of the crowd. The moment he finds himself urged onwards by a pressure from without, he must be prepared either to confess his past sluggishness, or, feeling that his own opinions and practice are correct, to make a dignified and active resistance. Hence, if an exhibition of weakness and dangerous concessions are to be avoided, he must habitually frequent an eminence from which the real state of things may be viewed, and the wisest courses discerned. In large cities he has to do with many whose idolatry is wealth, and whose dangerous disease is inordinate worldly excitement. Unhappy is the condition of both the teacher and the taught, if the former dwells in an atmosphere which prevents him from seeing the common danger, and sounding an alarm! If he is also unduly excited; if public meetings, and numerous engagements on committees; if much company; or even if an excess of pastoral duties, cause him to live in a crowd, and deny him time for calm reflection, he will not be likely to see the excitement of his flock. An association with the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field—quiet musings among the grand, yet silent operations of nature, will place him in a proper position. He will learn, in such circumstances, that man's life—his happiness—consisteth not in the abundance which he possesses; and he will come as a freeman of nature to tell his people, in words of authority enforced by the genuine dictates of his own heart, that a *state of mind*, and not outward circumstance, constitutes happiness. Of course, these great lessons will be learned most advantageously among natural things; but if this is denied, books should supply the place. Every student of divinity should be a naturalist either in theory or practice, and, if possible, in both.

But it is time to say something specific respecting the works placed at the head of this article, although all we have advanced is in perfect accordance with their spirit and intention. "The Gardener's Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette" is, as its title imports, a weekly register of matters concerning the gardener and the farmer; it abounds

in notices of natural history, and may be recommended as an interesting and unexceptionable family journal. The "School Botany" will attract by the beauty of its illustrations, and if used in our seminaries, cannot fail of being highly beneficial to the young, and of drawing them on to a more scientific admiration of the works of nature in after life. The principal work, however, is the "Vegetable Kingdom," the mature product of the long studies of Dr. Lindley; a distinguished monument of his patient industry, general scholarship, and scientific attainments. We will allow the professor to introduce his own work in the following extracts from his preface.

"Its object is to give a concise view of the state of systematical botany at the present day, to show the relation or supposed relation of one group of plants to another, to explain their geographical distribution, and to point out the various uses to which the species are applied in different countries. The names of all known genera, with their synonyms, are given under each natural order, the numbers of the genera and species are in every case computed from what seems to be the best authority, and complete indices of the multitudes of names embodied in the work are added, so as to enable a botanist to know immediately under what natural order a given genus is stationed, or what are the uses to which any species has been applied. Finally, the work is copiously illustrated by wood and glyphographic cuts, and for the convenience of students an artificial analysis of the system is placed at the end.

We need scarcely intimate to our readers that Dr. Lindley's work advocates a *natural system* of botany, and not the artificial one of Linnæus. On the merits of the natural system he thus speaks:—

"The natural system of botany being founded on these principles, that all points of resemblance between the various parts, properties, and qualities of plants shall be taken into consideration; that thence an arrangement shall be deduced in which plants must be placed next each other which have the greatest degree of similarity in those respects; and that consequently the quality of an imperfectly known plant may be judged of by that of another which is well known, it must be obvious that such a method possesses great superiority over artificial systems, like that of Linnæus, in which there is no combination of ideas, but which are mere collections of isolated facts, having no distinct relation to each other. The advantages of the natural system, in applying botany to useful purposes, are immense, especially to medical men, who depend so much upon the vegetable kingdom for their remedial agents. A knowledge of the properties of one plant enables the practitioner to judge scientifically of the qualities of other plants naturally al-

lied to it; and therefore, the physician acquainted with the natural system of botany, may direct his inquiries, when on foreign stations, not empirically, but on fixed principles, into the qualities of the medicinal plants which have been provided in every region for the alleviation of the maladies peculiar to it. He is thus enabled to read the hidden characters with which nature labels all the hosts of species that spring from her teeming bosom. Every one of these bears inscribed upon it the uses to which it may be applied, the dangers to be apprehended from it, or the virtues with which it has been endowed. The language in which they are written is not indeed human; it is in the living hieroglyphics of the Almighty which the skill of man is permitted to inspect. The key to their meaning lies enveloped in the folds of the natural system, and is to be found in no other place."

This volume is beautifully printed, and the contents will afford much interest to the casual reader. It will form a useful appendage to any library.

THE OUTCRY FOR SANATORY REFORM.—In a vast metropolitan concentration of human life like ours, in which occurs a whole sixth part of all the waste of health and life in the three united kingdoms, and in which, from amongst 2,000,000 people, nearly 50,000 die every year,—900 every week,—one every tenth minute,—the mere destruction of 10,000 of these every year,—200 every week,—one every hour, by means of municipal poison alone, insidiously administered along with the air which the doomed ones breathe, may, by comparison, seem to be a matter of minor import; yet, if we estimate the value of a single life at the amount of the popular outcry created by the scarcely more deliberate, though more designed, destruction of that one life by domestic poison, what a mighty and eternal outcry ought to rend the welkin and the walls of every city, town, and village in the empire, till an end be for ever put to this now too well recognised and wholesale system of manslaughter!

THE HUSKISSON STATUE.—The visit of Sir Robert Peel to Liverpool was appropriately chosen for the elevation to its pedestal, in front of the Custom-house, of a bronze statue of Huskisson, the great expounder of the true principles of commercial legislation. The statue, which is of light bronze, was cast in Holland, from a statue executed in Rome, by Gibson, and is a present from Mrs. Huskisson to the town on which the deeply lamented deceased reflected so much lustre as its representative. It is eight feet four inches in height, and, although not of solid metal, weighs 18 cwt. The position is dignified and imposing, and the drapery is arranged with grace and freedom. The pedestal is of granite, and bears, in plain, bronze letters, the simple but sufficient inscription, "William Huskisson." He holds a document rolled up, in the right hand, which rests upon the thigh. The head considerably reclines, and the figure appears looking down upon the spectators.—*Liverpool Albion*.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A SKETCH OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

CHAP. I.—THE FATHER'S RETURN.

ONE golden evening in June, 1832, a travelling carriage was rolling along the high-road which led to the pleasant valley of Koran. Within the coach sat, with folded arms, a strong and powerfully built man of sixty, but fresh-looking as if scarcely fifty years had passed over him. He was simply clad in black, with a hunting cap drawn over his forehead. Danielis was the traveller's name: he was an elder of the church, and was returning from a tour which he usually took every summer, either for health or recreation. The country lay before him bathed in the purple glow of sunset; meadows, woods, and villages, mingled together in undulating luxuriance; but Danielis hardly noticed it. His heart was with the scenes he had just quitted; his thoughts hovered over the bare table-lands of the Suabian Alps, or the ruins of the Abbey Kirtchan; and memory conjured up the pleasant conversations he had held in the shady walks of Rippolstan with dear and intimate friends.

Quickly the images of the past melted into thoughts of the present; and his mind turned to those dearest to him, their interests and welfare. He beheld at a short distance, opposite the town of Koran, his modest but happy dwelling. It was built in the Italian style on the slope of a wooded hill. As the carriage drove on, he saw the gigantic willow, planted beside a little stream which bounded his garden; its wide branches stretched over to the opposite meadow, and the pendent stems waved in the evening breeze. Then the poplars by the fountain, and the dove-cot,—his children's delight,—rose before the father's eyes.

He stood up in the carriage, with emotions more of anxiety than pleasure. His eyes wandered right and left, as if asking every passer by, "Is all well in that house?" Though far from being superstitious, Danielis sometimes allowed his imagination to play him tricks, for which his reason reproached him. He tried to divine from the countenances of the casual passengers who recognised him the welfare of those beloved ones whom he had left behind.

The Elder might well dread any interruption to his felicity. His family, numerous as it was, formed one of those happy households so seldom seen. Riches were not the cause of their happiness; for, possessing but a moderate fortune, they lived as economically as a mechanic or husbandman's family, and yet had more at their command than many a nobleman. The simplicity, piety, and high principle which Danielis had inculcated in each member of his family, his own fatherly kindness, and the tender love of his wife, the best of mothers, combined to render all the household truly happy.

"Most men," said Danielis once, in a letter to a friend, a portion of which we quote to display the character of a man whom his neighbors considered as rather eccentric,—“most men lead an unreal life, because they live only for appearances. In the world there is an equal portion of joy and sorrow; and I would as little part with the one as with the other. Both contribute to beautify existence; both incite us to improvement. Our happiness or misery depends not on chance; for the unseen hand of God, which men call fate, brings neither bliss nor woe but to work out a good end towards us. Riches, power, and honor, are often blessings only in appearance; yet how great sacrifices will men make to obtain them! He who, having been prosperous, is satisfied with an easy competence, and devotes the rest to do good to others; and he who, poor himself, is yet a helping angel to those poorer still; these two depend not on the smile or frown of Fortune. Happiness and peace are theirs. The world obtains no evil influence over them, they are righteous instruments in the hand of God.”

But now let us return to him who thus wrote. The coach stopped at the entrance-gate which led by a side path to the home of Danielis. Joyous sounds from well-known voices arose throughout the garden. A merry troop rushed to meet the father; first the elder children, and after them the merry little ones. Scarcely had he embraced them all, when his loving wife Anna threw herself into his arms, and he fondly

kissed her clear open brow, on which forty-five years had not imprinted a single wrinkle. Near her stood Joseph, the eldest son, with his young wife, whom he had lately married. Then came Else, the favorite of the family, a village girl who had been taken into the household. She carried in her arms her young charge, the little Christian, of four years old, who was struggling to reach his father. The happy parent entered his home in the midst of a body-guard more faithful, loving, and devoted than ever surrounded a king.

CHAP. II.—IMPORTANT COMMUNICATIONS.

In a few days, the first excitement of joy being over, everything in the house of the Elder returned to its usual routine, which was so simple, and free alike from display and annoyance, that no habitation within many miles could vie with it. This quiet uniformity was one source of happiness; the history of a day was the history of a year. Before the dwellers in the neighborhood had shaken off their slumbers, every one in the house of Danielis was up and busy; the father among his books and papers in an upper chamber, or instructing his elder children; the mother in the lower part of the house, superintending her domestics, or teaching the younger branches of the family.

After the morning, which was spent in a cloister-like silence, all assembled round the table to a very simple meal. From that moment merry laughter, noise, and jesting, were heard throughout the house, and resounded in the garden, the meadow, and even to the neighboring heights, while the parents in summer-time sat in the garden conversing with friends and relatives. At evening time the children raised their voices in united song, which rang through the stillness of the country all around, and was repeated by the woodland echoes. This uniform life was seldom broken.

One morning as Danielis was seated at the writing-table of the study, Mother Anna entered the room with serious looks. Before she uttered a word, the expression of her face announced to her husband that she had something important to disclose.

"What is the matter, my dear wife?" asked he, laying down his pen.

"You see it now," she said, in a tone that foreboded ill; "you see it now, I was quite right."

"When were you ever wrong?" replied

the husband, smiling. "But in what particular thing are you right now?"

"In what I have feared so long, and what you would not believe. Our Jacob and Else have fallen in love with each other, and, I doubt not, are secretly betrothed, or will be soon."

"Secretly betrothed!" repeated Danielis, much astonished; and, though yet doubting the fact, unable to conceal the uneasiness it caused him.

To explain this affair, our readers should be acquainted that "our Jacob" was one of the eldest sons of this worthy couple; he was a young man of twenty, and a curate in the town of Zollingen.

"How and from whom have you learnt this?" asked Danielis, after a momentary silence.

"By mere chance. I went into Else's apartment, and found on the ground an open letter in Jacob's handwriting. Fancying it was one of his, which I had dropped by accident, I took it up and read the contents. It was full of exhortations to piety and obedience to us; and then came a confession of the most tender love for Else herself."

As his wife spoke, the countenance of the Elder softened; because perhaps he had gained much self-command in the course of a life of trial, or perhaps from the confidence he had in his son's pure and manly character. "And Else?" asked he.

"She came into the room, and saw the letter in my hand with apparent indifference. When I advised her in future to be more careful of her papers, and not to leave them about, she colored deeply, and looked anxious. But when I inquired into the particulars, she confessed all with innocent frankness, though with much timidity; and it was easy to perceive that she saw nothing wrong in the affair. 'Jacob had always been so kind to her—she owed him so much—it was no wonder that every one loved Jacob, for he deserved it.' I really doubt whether the girl is even aware of the nature of his affection for her."

A smile passed over the Elder's face. "And Mother Anna—what did she say to all this?"

"I did not reproach her, I could not;—and besides it would only have blown an insignificant spark into a flame. I advised her not to say a word about this circumstance, as it might do her harm. Else knows nothing of the world; she is as inexperienced as it is possible for a girl of sixteen to be;

and the more a young maiden is talked about, the more is her fair fame sullied. I told her not to answer Jacob's letter, and promised to reply to it myself."

"Wisely said and wisely done," exclaimed Danielis. "By this means, you keep Else's secret, and we gain time for the future. A word of motherly warning does much. Let there be no secrets between us and our children. I can easily forgive the impetuous boy. Else is lovely and good, enough to set on fire a heart and imagination like our Jacob's."

"Yes, she is certainly pretty," answered the mother; "rather too delicate looking, but modest and humble; and she has made the most of the little education she has received. Let us watch both the young people. Jacob cannot and must not think of marriage yet. It will be some time before he obtains a living, and love affairs like this are soon forgotten."

"Hum! not always, dear child," added Danielis, with a cheerful, meaning smile. "Think of ourselves! Each of my children, like myself, shall be at liberty to make his own choice as soon as he is capable of so doing. In such matters, parents should neither command nor forbid."

"You are quite right, my dear husband; but it is their duty to advise. 'Love,' says the proverb, 'blinds'—"

"True," interrupted the Elder; and pressing his wife's hand, with an affectionate smile, he added, "but you cannot deny that in my case love made me see the clearer. And Else, though inferior in birth, seems one of those rare beings who can not only confer true happiness on a good husband, but even improve a bad one,—praise which I would not bestow on many of our high-born belles."

"I quite agree with you; and I would receive Else as my daughter without any scruple as to her person or mind. But appearances—gossip; think, my dear husband—on one side a clergyman, son of an elder of the church, on the other a village girl!"

Danielis interrupted her, somewhat irritated in his manner, "What! shall we adopt the folly of Cousin Maultasch as our rule of life? Never! Whether princess or beggar, a woman bears no rank in society but what she borrows from her husband. In the eyes of men, peeresses and peasants are alike, while equal in virtue and beauty. They see the woman only, whether clothed in silk or in homespun cotton. This is the

sempstress's creation, not God's. Woman is worthy of love for herself; for her loveliness, the gift of nature; for her talent, acquired by education; for her virtuous qualities; rank and wealth are not essential to her. Therefore it is no marvel that a peasant girl became empress of Russia, nor that a queen left the throne for the arms of a soldier. Now, my dear wife, let us drop the subject; only let us watch the conduct of Jacob and Else."

CHAP. III.—THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

After this conversation it was in vain for the Elder to try to resume his occupation when his wife had left the apartment. An event like the preceding is one of deep moment to one to whom domestic ties are dear and holy. Danielis paced the study, gazing abstractly on the "regiment of his dead," as he was wont to entitle the books arranged along the walls, in different bindings, according to the subjects on which they treated. Then the Elder fixed his eyes on the portraits of friends whom death had taken from him—treasures which he loved to have above his desk, in his daily sight. But vain were all his attempts to divert his mind from the one engrossing topic. What he had said to his wife was what he really felt. But he had not expressed all his mind, which, if spoken, would have been this:—

"The boy is wrong to think of a wife before he is able to support her. He is wrong, if he seeks to gratify his feelings, and by stealing her affections to destroy the peace of a poor and innocent maiden. He is wrong to be wanting in confidence to his parents. This last, however, I can excuse, for there are two things which are usually closely concealed, and which shun all witnesses but God;—first love and heartfelt religion. No, I will not blame the young man. Did I not do the same in my own youth?"

While these thoughts passed through the Elder's mind, Mother Anne wrote her opinion to her son in the following manner:—

"Chance, my dear Jacob," wrote she, "has thrown into my hands a letter to Else from you. Its contents have not surprised me; but I am grieved that you should have placed yourself and this excellent girl in a painful situation. I spoke immediately to Else; and even if I had not loved her before, she would have gained my affection by her rational, modest, and simple-minded conduct on this occasion. The result of

our conversation proves to me that she does not fully understand your letter, and is not aware of the seriousness of your intentions. She has allowed me to answer you, for in her simplicity, she knows not whether she prefers you to another, and therefore does not write to you herself, but deposes me to do so. The best answer I can give is to repeat, word for word, our conversation.

" 'Else,' said I, 'I know Jacob well. He is good—excellent; but so full of impulse that he is frequently led away by his feelings, and a reaction then quickly takes place. I love you too well to suffer you to become the sacrifice of his impetuosity. But I shall not require you to refuse his hand should his affection stand the test of time; especially if you feel for him that love which is necessary to resign yourself and your fate unto a husband, to bear calmly all the changes and trials of life, and to find your own happiness in that of your husband and in his love. Should time enable Jacob to provide for a wife, and he then should ask your hand, you shall be welcomed as a much-loved daughter. That time may be very near or very distant. Jacob was certainly in the wrong to write you this letter, and I think you are wise in not answering it. Behave as though he had not written; continue good, modest, and industrious; I will instruct you in every domestic occupation, and you must cultivate your mind, so as to accommodate yourself to every situation in life.'

"Thus, dear Jacob, did I speak to Else. Your father agrees with me in all, and we expect from your filial affection that your conduct towards this young girl will be extremely prudent, though kind. If you wish to become worthy of respect, respect yourself; and to this end, keep a guard over your own heart. Farewell. With most heartfelt love, "YOUR MOTHER."

CHAP. IV.—EXPLANATIONS.

To make our good Jacob appear less faulty, we now communicate to the reader the origin of his love, and also many circumstances which had contributed to its growth, of which even his parents were not aware.

One day he went with a young companion to take a stroll through the fields. Conversing cheerfully, and allowing their minds to wander in the charming regions of ideal fancy, the two young men contrived to lose

their way. Fortunately, a good angel appeared, to save them from perplexity; a beautiful girl, in the garb of a peasant. Our lost travellers hastened towards the lovely apparition, who seemed more charming still when she gave them a clue to retrace their path. After repeated thanks they took leave of her, saying to themselves that such an angel might well allure poor souls from one labyrinth into another. However, such was not the case now, and the two friends soon forgot their adventure.

The neighboring village of Waldensen was under the pastoral care of Jacob; its inhabitants attended the church in the town on Sundays, and Jacob in the week gave instruction to the young people of both sexes, fitting them to join in the communion. Among the village girls was the heroine of the labyrinth. Her name was Else, and she was the daughter of a sawyer in middling circumstances. Jacob's instruction was given, not only as a duty, but with an earnest zeal which elevated the minds of his young pupils. He was no common priest; he supported schools, was an active friend to the needy and suffering, and besides, as a preacher, he spoke from the fulness of his own heart to the hearts of his hearers.

The attention which Else gave, her talents, and pure religious feeling, interested her teacher deeply. Even after his instructions were ended, Jacob took a lively interest in the welfare of his youthful flock. It was his custom to visit the parents, and give good advice, and assistance on various occasions. Thus when the sawyer of Waldensen determined to place his daughter at a school, at some distance, to study French, needlework, and other feminine accomplishments, the young curate procured her introductions to respectable families in the neighborhood. Jacob was not like many of his clerical brethren, who, when they have strewed the seed, as is the duty of their calling, care nothing for its future growth.

About a year after this, Jacob saw Else among his congregation. She had returned home, a beautiful and blooming young woman. Her appearance delighted him; he seemed raised above all earthly things. He had never before preached so well. Else fixed her eyes on the young preacher with devotion. He, her teacher and benefactor, appeared a being sent to bless the world, for whom all must feel love and veneration. Jacob was much alarmed, when, a few days after, he heard of the

sawyer's intention to send his daughter to be maid at an inn. The young clergyman begged him to desist, and pointed out the rudeness to which Else might be exposed, at such a place, the resort of idle travellers, dissolute soldiers, loiterers, and adventurers. Jacob used every effort to place his young pupil in some respectable family. At last, an attendant and first instructress being wanted for the Elder's youngest children, Mother Anna assented to the earnest wishes of her son, and thus Else became an inmate in the family of Danielis.

CHAP. V.—MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

Her new situation was indeed a blessing to the young girl; for in the Elder's patriarchal household all the domestics, high and low, were treated with attentive kindness. They were regarded as part of the family, they shared every joy and sorrow, and were encouraged in all good by Danielis and his excellent wife. No complaints of unworthy and idle domestics were ever heard in this family. It was a frequent saying of the Elder, that if a wife is worthless, it is often the husband's fault; if children grow up ill, it is the parents' fault; and if the servants are bad, it is the fault of the master and mistress, especially if the latter is incessantly scolding and reproving, or lowers herself by vulgar familiarity. The Elder's wife did not think it beneath her dignity to interest her servants in the proceedings of the family, to instruct in domestic affairs, and in all that might be useful and improving to their minds. Also, when, in the evening, Danielis told his children of the riches and products of the earth, and the wonders it contains, related adventures of travellers, or showed the heavenly bodies through his telescope, some of the household were always present. Else, in particular, never failed to attend earnestly to all she heard, and was never missing from the circle when she had disposed of her young charges.

The neighbors of Danielis thought all these proceedings very ridiculous, even dangerous. One cousin Maultasch, who paid frequent visits to the Elder's family, and wished to rule everything, was quite indignant. She was an excellent specimen of a certain class; a stout, fidgety dame, by no means a bad woman in reality; affable, fond of society and of talking much; always trying hard to have the last

word. Her hawk's eye discovered at a glance the slightest irregularity in any one's dress, and penetrated into every corner in any house she entered. In youth, her affections had been generally bestowed; in age, she atoned for this,—by going assiduously to church, and by displaying her active piety at the tea-tables of her acquaintance, in sharp-tongued, malicious observations upon every one she knew. One day, the good dame surprised her cousin in the act of explaining to his domestic circle, by means of an electrical machine, the aurora borealis, the cause of storms, and the use of lightning conductors. Else, as well as the children, was attentively taking notes.

"Is it possible?" cried she, as soon as she was alone with Danielis,—and we quote the conversation, as it expresses the public opinion of the Elder's conduct,—"is it possible?" exclaimed she, clasping her hands in amazement. "What can you be going to make of Else—a female professor? I beg, my dear cousin, that you will consider what you are doing."

"I have considered," answered Danielis; "as this young girl belongs to my household, I wish to make her as good and intelligent a creature as God has willed her to be."

"But, cousin, with your permission, are you not carrying matters too far? When we engage a domestic, we want no science and learning beyond what is their duty, and we give them maintenance and wages, as—"

"Mules, oxen, and asses," quietly observed the old man.

"Let me speak!" exclaimed cousin Maultasch, in some ill-humor. "To give the common people knowledge which they can never use, is encouraging an obscurity of ideas, of which they have already too much. Really, my good cousin, this is strange; as if there were not schools enough to teach poor people all that they need to know."

"Yes! there are schools where children are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and are left in the grossest ignorance concerning every-day occurrences: yes! of even what is most necessary for their future life. What are girls taught of the aims and management of domestic life?—what instruction does the village lad gain in husbandry? The workman leaves school ignorant of the commonest knowledge of nature; the mechanic is totally unacquainted with the powers and qualities of bodies on

which his labor is to be bestowed. From this cause arises the helplessness of the people, and the increasing poverty of the lower classes."

"Cousin, that is no concern of ours; it is the business of the government to remedy such things."

"No;—it is our concern; for we also belong to the people; and the improvement of the people must spring from themselves. Government have other things to attend to. Each man should try to improve those in his immediate circle."

"Cousin Danielis, I really am not able to understand you."

"There is the misfortune. Well, we will turn to another subject,—the state of religion among the people,—mankind are educated in outside devotion; they go to church, hear sermons, learn prayers; and yet few of those who consider themselves Christians ever really know God."

Frau Maultasch opened her eyes wide, exclaiming, "Good heavens! you cannot mean that we are heathens in spite of our churches and schools?"

"Very nearly so, I fear. Our youth know the forms of religion, but not the Christianity of the heart. I lead my children and my household, not only to the church built of stone, but to a temple formed by the Almighty's hand, where he shows himself through his works in all nature; in the infinity of suns and revolving stars, between which our earth hovers like a grain of sand; in the great world of animalculæ, among which we breathe; in the mysterious government of the wonderful powers of nature. See, my good cousin, this is God's temple, to which I guide my children,—where they learn to become pious and sincere Christians."

Cousin Maultasch shook her head. The conversation lasted some time; but these fragments are sufficient to give an idea of it.

CHAP. VI.—ANOTHER VISIT.

The mother's tender and earnest letter made a deep impression on her son. She had said to him exactly what he, as a teacher and friend, would have said to another under like circumstances; and Jacob was conscientious enough to demand from himself what he would have required from another,—obedience to the dictates of reason and duty.

Our daily experience proves how much

easier it is for a clergyman to shine in the pulpit, than to be always true and faithful in his intercourse with mankind, and just and honest in his own heart. Jacob would have blushed to become an actor in the priestly garb: he used strong efforts to command his passions and feelings. He could not banish from his soul the beloved image; but when it rose up before him in all its beauty, he fixed his mind on some engrossing subject, which diverted his thoughts, in a measure, from his love. He denied himself the pleasure of frequent visits to his home; and when occasionally he allowed himself that gratification, it was only for a short space; he never spoke to Else, and scarcely ventured a glance towards her. She, on her part, seemed to look calmly at his coming or going, and tried neither to meet nor avoid him. But the mother, with a woman's delicate perception, thought she could trace a faint glow on Else's fair cheek when, by any chance, she and Jacob met. The anxiety of the parents ceased by degrees, as they witnessed the prudent conduct of their son, and they fancied they had made the affair of too much moment.

The threatened outbreak of war, in consequence of the Revolution of 1830 in Paris, excited and alarmed every one. Italy, Belgium, and Poland, were in a disturbed state, striving against their rulers, who, proud of their restoration to power, mistook the spirit and the just desires of the people which they professed to govern.

These stirring times made Danielis, like most others, an eager newspaper reader; but he often threw the Gazette aside, disgusted at its servile party spirit. One day he stepped to the open window of his room, which looked out on a smooth lawn, surrounded by gay flower-beds; his eyes wandered over fields, meadows, the river, and through the neighboring town, as though he sought to calm his mind, now ruffled by thoughts of the malignant barbarity of his fellow-creatures.

"One could almost imagine," said the Elder, giving utterance to his thoughts aloud, "that this beautiful world was destined as a place of correction for fallen spirits."

"Not for all! not for all!" answered a gentle female voice. It was Else, who was in the garden with little Christian, chasing him in play up and down the gravel walk, as if seeming anxious to take from the

laughing child his basket of flowers which he had gathered for his brothers.

"She is right," thought Danielis, looking down at the playfellows with silent pleasure. "Not for all! Your innocent souls have heaven only around them. Oh! forsake not your God." And, pursuing his reflections, he added, "Why do we love our children so tenderly? Is it only through a blind impulse of nature? No! it must be something higher. It is because we feel their innocent bliss, which we have in a great measure lost; it is because we know how much purer they are than ourselves."

Else knelt down before the little one, played with him, and held fast his tiny hands, while she sang a baby-song, "*Ainsi jout, jout, jout, les petites Marionnettes.*" The fair-haired Christian jumped up and down, in imitation of his pet playthings, and then threw himself, laughing, upon Else, who kissed him fondly, and carried him away in her arms. The young girl's movements were full of grace. Her rustic dress, far from disfiguring her slender form, heightened its beauty. The dark, violet-colored jacket, fitting close to the figure, the scarlet-bound petticoat, scarcely covering the delicate ankles and small feet; the black velvet neck-band, with silver spangles, setting off the exquisite whiteness of her graceful throat; all exhibited Else's beauty as much as the richest attire could have done. Her dark eyes, glistening with playful mirth; her cheeks and lips glowing with health; her hair falling in thick curls over her snowy forehead, made diamonds and pearls useless.

"The boy has not bad taste," said the old man, as he thought of his son. "Even the caprices of Fortune show the infinite wisdom of the Creator. In the lowest of mankind we sometimes perceive the greatest intelligence,—a Socrates, a Phocion, a Cincinnatus, a Franklin, or a Washington Irving, often stands unknown with his brilliant talents behind the plough or the loom, while mediocre spirits rule at the head of the government, the army, and the church. So also we find among women many who, fitted by nature to be princesses, live in obscurity: while others, whom she has treated like a cruel step-mother, move in the highest ranks. Yes, indeed," mused the Elder, "the boy has not chosen ill; strange that he should so lightly have given up his fancy."

A noise behind him interrupted his me-

ditations, and in a moment Danielis was embraced by the son who was uppermost in his thoughts.

"What brings you here so unexpectedly, my dear Jacob?" asked the father, after the first welcome, with an anxious expression of feature.

"An affair very near my heart, dear father; and a most important one. I want your advice and consent," answered the young man earnestly.

"An affair of the heart—an important one," repeated the Elder, scarcely able to conceal a smile; "I know it already; I understand you."

"No, father, you do not understand me,—it is impossible you could," Jacob eagerly said, coloring deeply the while. "But are you at leisure? May I lay the whole matter before you?"

"Let me hear it, my dear son; I am quite curious to know what it is."

CHAP. VII.—CHRISTIAN FEELINGS.

"You know as well as I do the unsettled state of the neighboring country," said the young clergyman, after a pause, as he leaned against his father's writing-desk. "The consequences are, lawlessness, bloodshed, and the destruction of all civil and domestic rights, under the guise of liberty and justice."

"I know—I know," answered Danielis. "But go on; why this strange introduction to the matter on which you are about to speak?"

Jacob continued, "The worst of all appears to me to be the want of religious and moral feeling. The machine of state is soon put right; but social virtues are not so easily restored. For months there has been no public worship; the clergy have fled, or been driven away for their political opinions, and the schools are empty."

"I almost fancy you wish to become a missionary to the disturbed districts; is it really so?"

"Yes," answered Jacob. A request has been sent to me in the name of several parishes; they wish me to try to restore the worship of God. Children are unbaptized, marriage rites not celebrated, the sick and the dying in vain long for religious consolation, and the services of the church are quite neglected. My own lot, in the midst of civil war and dissensions, will be most unsafe. Not even one parish, not a

regular stipend is secured to me, the whole country is so unsettled."

"And what answer did you give?"

"That I would do nothing without your advice."

"And that advice, my dear son, is that you should not quit your own country, to which your services are due."

"But, father, is not the whole world our country, created by the hand of God? Is not every one our neighbor whom we are commanded to love as ourselves?"

"Right, my dear child; but I imagined that the neighborhood of your parents, the opportunities you enjoy of association with the friends of your youth, would bind you to your home with links of iron; and that even an affair of the heart would make it difficult for you to tear yourself away, and risk your life and happiness in a foreign land."

As the Elder said this, Jacob cast down his eyes; conscious what his father alluded to, he hesitatingly replied, "Yes, very difficult; but the greater the sacrifice, the more acceptable is it in the eyes of God."

"You have well said," answered Daniel, to whom the blushes and hesitation of his son revealed the secret of the young man's heart, and one cause of his departure. After a long pause, the Elder, to give a fresh turn to the conversation, continued:—

"But, my son, reflect a little; you are still so young; here you have everything necessary for the improvement of your mind; the judgment of enlightened persons must have a favorable influence on your preaching; and the duties of the pulpit are the most important functions of a clergyman. It is a difficult office. Eloquence is not alone a gift of nature, but requires study. I fear that in the country, among rude, ignorant people, you will neglect this and become an every-day preacher, who performs his duties mechanically, and thinks only of his own advantage."

"Dear father, he who is not inspired by his divine calling will receive inspiration from neither town nor village. It seems to me that not less art and study are required to elevate to holy things the mind of a peasant than that of a dweller in towns."

"That may be true, Jacob. But are you indifferent to leaving your present circle, where you can do so much good, for an unknown and circumscribed district?"

"That does not alarm me. Man's activity and goodness depend not on the ex-

tent of his sphere of action. His own will, strength, and deeds, create the region of his operation."

The assenting nod of the Elder seemed to approve of his son's opinions, but he added: "Although there are two sides to every subject, pray bear in mind, that, to do much good, it is needful to think of one's self and one's circumstances. Independence is a necessity to a man whose wishes tend to universal benevolence. He who is needy, and requires help himself, can do little to aid others, and only builds castles in the air. Even Archimedes required a firm support for his feet before he engaged to raise the earth with his lever; and a moderate independence and good position in society, whether earned by our exertions or the result of our calling, alone give us this support."

The expression of the young man's face showed that he did not quite comprehend his father's observations, or thought them unsuitable to the subject. He replied in an absent manner, "Undoubtedly."

"Well," continued the Elder, "you are at present in an enviable situation, with good prospects for the future. In a few years, you will have a profitable living, which will secure you from want for life. Poverty is the bitterest of all cares, because the most contemptible, and yet the most pressing of our sufferings. When you have left your parish, as you desire, to devote yourself to the service of others, you will soon be forgotten, and on your return those who have not quitted the service of your church will be preferred to you. I allow the pressing need of our revolutionary neighbors; they want honest and active pastors; but from their own unsettled state, they cannot secure to you either a provision for life or even daily bread. Consider well, my dear boy, and when you take a loving partner for life, as you most likely will, think how you are to support her."

The countenance of Jacob became crimson, but his was not the blush of shame, but was the glow of inspiration. Earthly love might have mingled with his feelings, but it soon subsided, and religious enthusiasm alone remained. He raised his eyes to heaven, then walked up to his father, and seizing his two hands said, in a tone of voice which seemed to crave forgiveness for the warmth of his language:

"Dear father, I know you well, your love and your principles. If one of the apostles had come to his Heavenly Master, as

I have come to you, would he have received the like answer?"

The Elder was silent. He looked for some time at his son with much surprise, and then said with deep kindness and affection,

"If this is your way of thinking, my dear Jacob, I can have nothing to say against it. Go, fulfil your duty as your conscience bids you; God will be with you. Even should your Christian feeling lead you into earthly sorrow, it will ensure you a glorious resurrection and a throne in heaven. Go, my son, and may God bless you."

The father pressed his son to his breast with emotion, and the moistened eyes of the young man showed how deeply he felt.

CHAP. VIII.—SELF-DENIAL.

The mother consented to Jacob's departure, though with a heavy heart. She felt much for poor Else, who, in various ways, heard many words which informed her of Jacob's resolves, although it was never openly discussed. The news seemed to fall like a sentence of death upon her quiet and silent happiness. She could not oppose her lover's departure, and even had she dared, she would have died rather than have betrayed feelings which she could scarcely understand herself. She carefully avoided a meeting with Jacob, towards whom her whole being felt attracted by the unseen influence of love. If obliged to address him in his parents' presence, she spoke calmly, and yet she felt as though her soul was longing to pour itself out in affectionate words. And when by chance her eyes turned upon him, their expression was one of complaint and gentle reproach, to which he answered by looks of love, consolation, and hope.

But what the young lovers succeeded in concealing from every one else, almost from each other, did not escape the penetration of Mother Anna, and she felt the secret sorrow of Jacob and Else, even more than her own. One day when alone with her son, she said to him,

"Your departure grieves me much, my dear boy. I feel that I shall seldom see you; the path of danger you have chosen, and the sacrifice you make of home, of your living, and of your prospects, contribute to my sadness; but I trust in God. I confess to you, that for one reason only do I rejoice at your plan,—it may restore peace to Else and to you. Your presence is destructive to her quiet; and her welfare, as

well as yours, lies near my heart. For this cause and no other, I can bear you wandering in a strange land. Else is little more than a child; her affection is a dream, from which you must not awaken her, if you love her truly. Go, my child, be wise and happy. To persist in wishes we cannot gratify, is wrong. Go, and God be with you! Forget everything except yourself, and the reward of your own good conscience."

Jacob looked fondly at his mother, and took her hand in his, as he replied, "Dear mother, you cannot be serious. Must I forget my mother, my father, and Else? No, I must first forget myself. While memory endures, you three will be there enshrined. But calm your uneasiness. Because I love innocence and holiness, I must love this dear girl, who is so pure from all guile. Whether she will ever be my wife, I know not; but she will occupy my thoughts during my whole life. Do not think me a coward who can lose his reason in a Werther fever. I love with open eyes; therefore, the happiness of this noble girl is dearer than my own. If a worthier than I were to offer his hand, and he could make Else happier than myself, I would lead her to him, though with a bleeding heart."

The mother embraced her son with tender love. At last the parting hour arrived. Parents, brothers, and sisters, uttered a tender farewell, whispering hope and courage. But Else stood at the door of the house, timid and shrinking from view. Jacob extended his hand as he passed her,—their eyes met; his, full of love, made a tender and mute appeal: the answer was a tear. Else fled away to her own room, while the young pastor hastened through the garden to the highroad.

Jacob now entered on the path he had chosen, in the midst of confusion and party strife. He visited his father's house at very rare intervals; but his letters gave proof of an energetic spirit, which rose above all trouble. He had chosen for his head-quarters a little village, from whence he diverged, and performed his clerical duties to the desolate community. On Sundays he preached three or four times a day, sometimes at one place, sometimes at another; a conveyance being in waiting to convey him to the different churches. During the week the young preacher walked cheerfully from village to village, giving good advice, praying with the dying, celebrating marriages, and re-establishing schools. Denying himself every comfort,

his home was a deserted, half-empty house, barely furnished, but provided with arms against any surprise. His daily intercourse was with a wild, ignorant people; he even accompanied them to battle to give aid, spiritual and temporal, to the wounded.

Yet all these privations could not drive the young man from the path in which he trod without fanaticism, though with all the zeal of a fanatic, and in which he persevered without hope of reward, exposed to the taunts and reproaches of his acquaintance. Even Danielis did not escape censure from those who think that in providing for their children comfortably and well without consulting the will of God, they have fulfilled their highest duty. The Elder was not affected by their reprehensions, nor hurt by their offensive expressions and forebodings of ill. "Be it so," he would say to his wife: "the unjust reproaches of man bring the favor of God. What my son is now doing, was done by the noblest of men in olden times; and though their meed was death, from the barbarity of the age in which they lived, yet now they are revered as martyrs and saints. Let our Jacob pursue his path as a messenger of peace and an apostle of the Gospel, following in the rear of his predecessors, the benefactors of mankind."

CHAP. IX.—THE FESTIVE MEETING.

A year passed away,—a year rich in blossoms and harvests—like every other that we welcome so warmly, and so coldly see depart. Nature's creating hand, as if wearied with daily toil, sought repose on its wintry bed; and the snow-flakes fell like dreams upon its resting place, while the hoarfrost melted by the pale sun-beams, was dissolved from the branches of the trees.

Christmas, the pleasantest of the domestic feasts in the Elder's family, drew near. All the household were busy preparing their gifts in secret. Such hiding and seeking, such counselling and guessing, such jests and whispers, were never seen or heard, as the memorable day approached. On Christmas-eve every one delivered his or her gifts to the parents, to be deposited on the table under the mysterious folds of a white cloth. All then left the room, that the presents so carefully concealed might be duly arranged by the father and mother.

The night seemed interminable to the impatient members of the family. Before

dawn, the father lighted the numerous wax-lights on all the tables, and in the branches of the Christmas tree, and then went in search of the eager troop, who were assembled in Else's chamber. Full of expectation, they walked in couples to the festive hall, where they gave vent to their pleasure, surprise, and admiration, in loud and joyous acclamations. Jacob, alone, was absent. Every one missed him, wished for him, and pitied him for being so far away from the happy scene. All spoke of him, all felt their own pleasure diminished, since it could not be shared with him. Else, alone, was silent; but a deeper sorrow than even theirs oppressed her heart, and she would willingly have given vent to her feelings in tears. He whom she loved more and more each day, as she appreciated his self-devotion, he was not there; *his* place was vacant,—there was no gift for *him*.

But a few hours passed, and the regret of all was changed into gladness. A letter came from Jacob announcing his return home that evening. A friend had undertaken his duties, and with a mind free from care, he was coming home to fulfil his heart's dearest wish. "He could not," he said, "relinquish the pleasure of celebrating with the beloved household a day which had ever been to him the most solemn and the most esteemed in all the days of the year."

"But for heaven's sake," exclaimed Mother Anna, as soon as she was alone with her husband, and free from the noisy mirth of the family; "how can we make this a happy day to dear Jacob! We have no festive gift for him. Advise me what to do. I can offer him sweetmeats; but what a trifle—what a poor acknowledgment of the joy his return gives us,—his safe return this dreary winter weather! Or would you place some money among my sweets? he may want it, poor fellow."

Danielis shook his head, as he answered, "Money! that is dry nourishment for heart and spirit, though useful for corporeal wants and necessities. Let us think of a nobler gift; he deserves it! He has made a sacrifice to the highest of duties, and has resigned the most easy and pleasant life, one that all would desire, for a gloomy existence, surrounded by troubles and dangers. He may sink under it. No one, except God and his own conscience, can reward him as he merits; but let us now gratify the strongest of his earthly wishes. Come, I have a happy thought."

He whispered something to his wife with a smile.

Mother Anna at first looked at him doubtfully, as if quite alarmed; but the expression of her features soon changed, and her face beamed with a joy which lighted up her whole countenance.

"It is a charming idea," exclaimed she; "but how shall we gain time? for evening will quickly be here, and great preparations will be needful. Where shall I find flowers? and an invitation must be sent to all our relatives. As to the feast, there will be plenty of good things, for I am always prepared on a day like this. Then, the goldsmith;—I must go into the town myself. No! I can send. But there is no time to be lost; evening is at hand. Go, my dear husband; and do your part."

Mother Anna set to work so eagerly that she put all the house in motion; but no one could guess the reason of these extraordinary preparations. One messenger was sent to the town; another to the wood; a third to invite the guests; a fourth to the goldsmith and the jeweller.

And when evening came, and the happy Jacob arrived, and had embraced his parents, brothers, and sisters, all was prepared to make the holy day a most happy one for him.

Much time was spent, as may be well imagined, in questions, answers, caresses, and rejoicings over the newly arrived guest. At length the father made his way through the joyful family group, and raised his voice above the rest for silence. He took Jacob's hand, and said:—

"To business, my children, to business! before we sit down to supper. Our young missionary has not left his post to-day in vain. He expects his Christmas gift. Ah! poor Jacob, you were too late to share with the others. But it would grieve your mother's heart to leave you uncared for at this happy time. Come, mother, lead the way into your drawing room and we will follow. Now, young people, after us;" cried the father, smiling merrily at his flock.

No sooner said than done. The family entered Mother Anna's saloon, which was gaily lighted up. At one end of the room, near a sofa, stood a table adorned with confectionery of all sorts. To this table the father and mother led their son. Both watched his looks, smiling, and enjoying his surprise. Jacob embraced them both, exclaiming:—

"How affectionate, how good you are to me!"

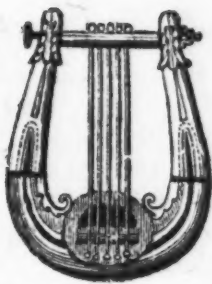
"Affectionate, certainly," repeated the Elder; "but good?—no, Jacob. This table, so trifling a gift, contradicts your assertion. However, I can, should you wish it, add something to these nothings. It is a jewel which many will covet, and yet many will reproach you for taking it. Reflect before accepting it, for if you do so, you must keep it for ever. It is not mine, yet I can give it to you. It cost me nothing, yet it will cause you much expense, which expense may increase yearly. It delights all who look upon it, and I confess it charms me by something magical in its form and color. But in a few years the gold frame will tarnish, and then the worth or the worthlessness of the jewel will be discovered. Dear Jacob, look not so astounded, even though I speak in riddles. This jewel is itself an enigma to which time alone can give you a clue. Yet, I feel certain, that the more anxiety it costs to obtain, the greater happiness will it bestow on you. But why say more? Come, my son, see it with your own eyes, and then decide."

While the Elder thus spoke, the whole family stood around him in a circle, listening with much curiosity. Danielis opened the door of an adjoining room, and exclaimed, "Follow me!"

There, beneath the flower-garlands and ivy branches which adorned the chamber, more beautiful in her simple white robe than if glittering with jewels,—sat Else; her head bowed down, and her hands clasped in deep anxiety. The whole household looked on amazed; then followed a deep silence. Jacob stood as though petrified with wonder; but joy and ecstasy flashed from his eyes. He stretched forth his arms to his beloved; Else rose, trembling, and sank fainting with happiness upon his faithful breast.

The father and mother looked on with joyful tears, and the rest soon found their tongues in affectionate congratulations to the young lovers, who threw themselves into their parents' arms.

Scarcely a year from this joyful betrothal, the marriage of Jacob and Else was celebrated. The Elder and his wife live their own young days over again in witnessing this happy union; and every coming year adds to the bliss of the pastor and his beloved Else.



From Howitt's Journal.

GO TO THE FIELDS.

BY J. A. LANGFORD.

If thou art sorrowful and sad,
And thought no comfort yields;
Go leave the busy, bustling world,
And ramble in the fields,
Blessed Nature will have sympathy
Both with thy sufferings and thee.

Have friends proved false; doth fortune frown;
And poverty depress?
Ne'er, ne'er with unavailing grief,
Increase thy wretchedness.
Go to the fields, and Nature will
With pleasant thoughts thy bosom fill.

If thou have placed thy youthful trust
Upon some maiden's love,
And she, regardless of her troth,
Should false and faithless prove,
Ne'er mope nor pine. In pleasures holy,
Drive away thy melancholy.

If thou have seen thy cherished hopes
Like bubbles burst to air,
Ne'er let thy manly courage sink
In cowardly despair.
Go list the lark's ethereal lay,
'Twill soothe thy gloomy thoughts away.

Kind Nature solace offers all;
Gives joy in storm or calm;
For every pain a pleasure has;
For every wound a balm.
A mightier physician she
For heart-ills than philosophy

Go to the fields, and Nature woo,
No matter what thy mood;
The light heart will be lighter made,
The sorrowful imbued
With joyous thoughts. The simplest flower
Has o'er the soul a magic power.

Alone, communing with thyself,
Or with congenial friends;
If joy expands thy soaring soul,
Or woe thy bosom rends,
Go to the fields, and thou wilt find
Thy woe subdued, thy joy refined.

A VISION.

BY W. J. LINTON.

Only the Beautiful is real:
All things whereof our life is full,
All mysteries that life enwreathes,
Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel,—
All are but shadows; and the Beautiful
Alone is real.

Nothing but Love is true:
Earth's many lies, whirl'd upon Time's swift
wheel,
Shift and repeat their state;
Birth, life, and death,
And all that they bequeathe
Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
Continually:
Love doth anneal,
Doth beautifully imbue,
The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one:
If life may expiate
The wanderings of its dimness, death be known
But as the mighty ever-living gate
Into the Beautiful;—All things flow on
Into one Heart, into one Melody,
Eternally.

SPIRIT SOLACE.

BY THOMAS WADE.

Perpetual moanings from the troubled sea
Of human thought, and wail from the vex'd wind
Of mortal feeling fill our life's wide air:
Yet, let thereof the breather not despair;
For wind and wave obey a high decree,
Which we perceive not in this transit blind
From body unto soul. Oh! the clear calm
Of that wild ocean, and its sunlit splendors,
And even the rainbows of its tempests fierce,
Beget a tranquil spirit-trance, which renders
Its terrors dreadless: and the flower-fed balm
Of that mind, lulled to zephyrs, doth so pierce
The immortal sense with an odorous hope,
That earth seems verged on heaven, and all hea-
ven's portals ope.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE DUMB GIRL.

BY ANNE A. FREMONT.

Oh! for the harshest sound
To break this weary silence, and to be
Like the glad ones around,
So prodigal of speech, and full of glee—
I am too sad my hair with flowers to dress,
Nor can the mute one sing of happiness.

And when some childish grief
Cometh to cloud their brow, or wet their cheek,
Ah, me! its stay how brief,
For they in list'ning ears the cause can speak;
Each word is breathed more touching than the last,
And when the tale is done, the woe is past.

But must I hide mine deep
In the recesses of my own sad heart,
For I can only weep.
And when they ask what I can ne'er impart,
How weak, how impotent, seems look or sign!
Ah! even words were vain for grief like mine.

But there is one, the best,
The sweetest, gentlest, most beloved of all;
For me she'll leave the rest,
And oh! how gladly seem her words to fall,
Though all unanswered by the silent lute,
Whose chords are broken, and the sweet voice
mute:

And with a skill, love-taught,
Will read my feelings on my varying cheek,
Unlock each sealed thought
And give it utterance: if these lips could speak,
Oh, my sweet sister! ev'ry word should be
A heartfelt blessing, and breathed forth for thee!

THE TRUEST FRIEND.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There is a friend, a secret friend,
In every trial, every grief,
To cheer, to counsel, and defend,—
Of all *we ever had* the chief!—
A friend, who watching from above,
Whene'er in Error's path we trod,
Still sought us with reproving love;
That friend, that secret friend, is God!

There is a friend, a faithful friend,
In every chance and change of fate,
Whose boundless love doth solace send,
When other friendships come too late!
A friend, that when the world deceives,
And wearily we onward plod,
Still comforts every heart that grieves;
That true, that faithful friend, is God!

How blest the years of life might flow,
In one unchanged, unshaken trust;
If man this truth would only know,
And love his Maker, and be just!
Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend,
Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,
But in each need, His hand doth lend;
That friend, that truest friend, is God!

REALIZATION OF A DREAM.

"I thought he loved, and blushed to think
A maiden's heart should feel
A hope, a trust, a joy which yet
She could not but conceal.

"I thought he loved; the anxious eye,
Upraised in doubt to mine,
Spoke in a language which the heart
Can easily divine!

"I thought he loved: it was not once
Our eager glances met;
But times too many to recount,
Too happy to forget!

"Oh! blissful thought! oh! daylike dream!
It seemed the dawning bright
Of hope beyond anxiety,
Of a day without a night!

"And moments passed, and happy hour
In silence glided by;
And I felt the magic of his voice,
And the lightning of his eye:

"But oh! when sorrow on me fell,
And tears from hope were wrung,
I felt the living tenderness
That trembled on his tongue!

"I felt he loved! few words were spoken
In that eventful hour,
For faith and truth live in the eyes,
And silence hath its power!

"And then no more a maiden's blush
My own fond heart reproved,
For I could only think of joy
When I only felt he loved!"

"JUDGE NOT."

BY MRS. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

Scorn not the poet's wildest lay,
But rather think your own eyes dim;
The light of inspiration may
Seem faint to *you* but bright to *HIM*.

How can you tell but some great plan
May in his high-wrought fancies lie,
To benefit his fellow-man,
And teach him how to live—not die!

Think your *own* judgment may be weak
Your heart not trained to comprehend
The earnest truth which others seek,
To make themselves the world's best friend,

Fling not your taunts upon the schemes
Of those who labor for your good;
Reject not that which idle seems,
Because by you not understood.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

THE CHARM OF FRIENDSHIP.

Sweet comes a calm to weary mariners,
Who long have struggled with the ocean wave's
Tempestuous fury—toss'd on billows high,
'Mid lightning flash, and thunder's deaf'ning peal.

Some wild excitement—hope—or stern despair,
Endured by turns, for days; each passing hour
To them a day, and every day—a year.
All hope resigned their home again to see,
Where a fond mother, sister, wife, doth weep
Through the long night, and for their safety pray
As steals through lattice pane the taper's lonely ray.

How sweet to these the morning calm! but far
More sweet, methinks, to one who, crushed by woes
And by the crowd, which in prosperity
Had fawned and flattered, left to weep alone,
To find one gen'rous, faithful friend, whose soul,
Scorning the world's harsh taunts, will gladly share
His sadden'd friendship,—spurn with bold disdain
The open charge or secret slander, calm
His troubled soul, and be the world to him.

Such to Orestes was his Pylades;
Such to a Damon, Pythias. One friend
Thus found will sweeten ev'ry bitter cup
Misfortune holds in store; will teach our minds
To love the world our selfishness had cursed,
And lead us back in quiet peace to Him
Who bade us "Love our neighbor as ourself."

MEMORY.

I am an old man—very old
My hair is thin and grey;
My hand shakes like an autumn leaf,
That wild winds toss all day.
Beneath the pent-house of my brows,
My dim and watery eyes
Gleam like faint lights within a pile,
Which half in ruin lies.

O'er happy childhood's sports and plays,
Youth's friendship, and youth's love,
I oftentimes brood in memory,
As o'er its nest the dove.
In fancy through the fields I stray,
And by the river wide;
And see a once beloved face
Still smiling at my side

I sit in the old parlor nook,
And *she* sits near me there;
We read from the same book—my cheek
Touching her chestnut hair.
I have grown old—oh, very old!
But she is ever young,
As when through moonlit alleys green
We walked, and talked, and sung.

She is unchanged—I see her now
As in that last, last view,
When by the garden gate we took
A smiling short adieu.
Oh Death, thou hast a charmed touch,
Though cruel 'tis and cold;
Embalmed by thee in memory,
Love never can grow old.

INFANCY.

BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

How beautiful is infancy!
The bud upon the tree,
With all its young leaves folded yet,
Is not so sweet to me.
How day, like a young mother, looks
Upon the lovely thing;
And from its couch, at her approach,
How rosy sleep takes wing.

Oh! this makes morning's toilette-hour
So beautiful to see;
Her rising wakens all young things—
The babe, the bird, the bee.
The infant sunbeams, from the clouds
That curtain their blue bed,
Peep forth, like little ones that fear
Lest darkness be not fled;
Till morn assures them, and they wave
Their saffron wings, and take
The rapture of their rosy flight
O'er lee and lawn and lake,
Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies
That float about like flowers,
And the bee abroad on busy wing
To seek the budding bowers,
And breezes up-sprung from the sea
And hurrying o'er the hills,
Brushing the bright dew as they pass,
And rippling all the rills.
But infancy—sweet infancy!—
Thou'rt sweeter than all these—
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,
Or bower, or beam, or breeze:
Far sweeter is thy bloomy cheek,
Thine eyes all bland and bright,
Thy mouth the rosy cell of sound,
With thy budding teeth all white;
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,
Thy gushes of glad mirth,
The clapping of thy rosy hands,
Thou merriest thing on earth!
Thou gift of heaven—thou promise-plant—
On earth, in air, or sea,
There's nothing half so priceless, or
So beautiful to me.

PRINCIPLE AND OPINION.

Principle and Opinion!—of the last
I deem but lightly: 'tis a thing of change;
Holds not the earnest man, or holds not fast;
But which he holds, subjected to the range
Of thought and time and chance. A man can
yield
Opinion, hide it, quit it, or defer.
Not so with Principle: he anchors there;
It is his lever; it hath power to wield
His life, to make him ever minister
To its behests; it is his soul, his life;
And whether it shall bring him peace or strife
Is wide o' the mark; it is his sword, his shield,
His dominant chord.—They are thus different;
That Principle is fate, Opinion accident.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF CANOVA.—At sunset I found myself on the summit of a crest of rocks; it was the last of the Alps. At my feet stretched Venetia, immense and dazzling by its light and its vast extent. I had emerged from the mountains, but towards what point of my course? Between the plain and the peak from which I gazed, stretched a fine oval valley, protected on one side by the sides of the Alps; on the other, raised on a terrace above the plain, and sheltered from the sea winds by a rampart of green hills. Directly beneath me was a village, planted on the declivity in picturesque disorder. This poor hamlet is crowned with a vast and beautiful temple of marble, quite new, of dazzling whiteness, and seated with a proud air on the top of the hill. I do not know what was the exact idea personified, that this monument at the time struck me with. It seemed to have the air of contemplating Italy, spread before it like a map, and from that point commanding it.

A workman who was quarrying in the marble of the same hill, told me that that church, of Pagan form, was the work of Canova, and that the village of Possagno, seated at its foot, was the birthplace of this great sculptor of modern times. "Canova was the son of an old quarryman," added the mountaineer; "he was originally a poor laborer like myself."

How often has Canova seated himself on that rock, where he himself reared a temple to his own memory! What looks has he cast on that Italy which has decreed him so many trophies! on that world over which he has exercised the peaceful royalty of his genius, by the side of the terrible royalty of Napoleon! Did he desire—did he hope for his glory? When he had cut out and cleared away a part of this rock, did he know that from that hand, accustomed to rude work, should proceed all the gods of Olympus, and all the kings of the earth? Could he divine this new race of sovereigns who were to come to light and seek immortality from his chisel? When he had the eyes of the youth, and perhaps of the lover, for the beautiful mountain girls of his valley, could he imagine such a thing as the Princess Borghese in nature's own dress before him?

The valley of Possagno has the form of a cradle; it seems made for the birthplace of the man who issued from it. It is worthy of having served as such for a genius; and one can conceive the sublimity of intelligence unfolding itself with ease in a country so beautiful and under a sky so pure. The clearness of the streams, the warmth of the sun, the strength of

the vegetation, the beauty of the human form in this part of the Alps, and the magnificence of the far-off views which the valley commands from all parts, seem made expressly to nourish the loftiest faculties of the soul, and to excite the most noble ambitions. This kind of terrestrial Paradise, where intellectual youth can bloom with all its spring sap about it; this immense horizon, which seems to appeal to the present, and to summon up thoughts of the future; are not these the two chief conditions for the fulfilment of a beautiful destiny?

The life of Canova was fertile and generous as the sun which shone over his birthplace. Sincere and simple as a true mountaineer, he always regarded with a tender affection the village and the poor cot in which he was born. He had it very modestly embellished, and he went to rest there in the autumn of his annual labors. He then delighted himself with designing the Herculean forms of the peasants, and the truly Grecian heads of the girls. The villagers of Possagno say, with pride, that the chief models of the rich collection of the works of Canova have come from their valley. It is enough to pass through it, to detect there at each step the type of the cold beauty which characterizes the statuary of the empire. The chief attraction of these mountain girls—and precisely that which the marble cannot reproduce—is their freshness of color and transparency of skin. It is to these that can be applied, without exaggeration, the eternal metaphor of lilies and roses. Their eyes have an exceeding clearness, and an uncertain shade, at once green and blue, which is peculiar to the stone called aquamarine. Canova particularly loved the delicious softness of their fair hair, abundant and heavy. He painted them himself, before copying them, and disposed of their tresses according to the various forms of the Grecian statue.

The girls have generally an expression of sweetness and *naïveté*, which, reproduced with finer lineaments and more delicate forms, have been able to inspire Canova with the delicious head of Psyche. The men have the colossal head, the prominent forehead, hair thick and fair—eyes large, lively, and bold—the face short and square; nothing thoughtful nor delicate in the physiognomy, but with a frankness and boldness which recall the expression of the antique statues.

The Temple of Canova is an exact copy of the Pantheon of Rome. It is of beautiful white marble, traversed by red and rose-colored veins, but soft and already mouldering by the frost. Canova, with a philanthropic aim, had erected this church with

the view of attracting a concourse of strangers and travellers to Possagno, and thus procuring some additional trade and income to the inhabitants of the mountain. He intended to make it a kind of museum of his works. The body of the church was to be surrounded by sacred subjects, the product of his chisel, and the galleries were to be devoted partly to the reception of profane subjects. He died before he was able to accomplish his purpose, leaving considerable sums behind for the completion of the work. But although his own brother, the Bishop Canova, was charged with the superintendence of the building, a sordid economy or a monstrous bad faith has presided over the execution of the last wishes of the sculptor. Excepting the fabric of marble, on which there was no further time to speculate, his executors have most sordidly attended to the necessity of filling it. In place of the twelve colossal marble statues which were to occupy the dozen niches of the cupola, there are erected twelve grotesque giants, which an able painter has ironically designed, it is said, to revenge himself on the sordid shuffling of the directors of the undertaking. Very little of the sculpture of Canova adorns the interior of the monument. Some bas-reliefs of small size, but of a most pure and elegant design, are incrusting round the chapel. You have seen them at the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and regarded them with admiration. You have seen there, also, the group of Christ in the tombs, which certainly embodies the coldest of Canova's ideas. The bronze of this group is in the Temple of Possagno, as also the tomb which contains the mortal remains of the sculptor; it is a Greek sarcophagus, very simple, and very beautiful, executed after his own designs.

Another group of Christ in his shroud, painted in oil, decorates the high altar. Canova, the most modest of sculptors, had pretensions to being a painter. He passed many years in retouching this picture, happily the sole child of his old age, and which, through affection for his virtues and respect for his glory, his heirs ought sacredly to preserve amongst them and enshrine in their tenderest regards.—*George Sand.*

PICKWICK, BOZ, AND OTHER MATTERS.—“In the course of the last dozen years,” says Mr. Dickens, in the preface to the new edition of his works, “I have seen various accounts of the origin of these *Pickwick Papers*, which have, at all events, possessed for me the charm of perfect novelty. As I may infer, from the occasional appearance of such histories, that my readers have an interest in the matter, I will relate how they came into existence. I was a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published, in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend, Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers; then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I served my apprenticeship to life.

When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, the first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and

trembling, in a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet-st.—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by-the-by—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen, and so fell to business. The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be made a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour, and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or of my visitor (I forget which), that a “Nimrod Club,” the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these.

I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so, in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour.

We started with a number of 24 pages instead of 32, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before a second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of 32 pages, with 2 illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be everybody now knows. “Boz,” my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly cover of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of my pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honor of the Vicar of Wakefield, which being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became Boses, and being shortened, became Boz. “Boz” was a familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it.”

LITERARY PROVISION.—Mr. Albany Fonblanque is to succeed Mr. Porter in the Statistical department of the Board of Trade. The whole liberal party will feel grateful to Ministers for this recognition of services to which that party is so deeply indebted. It would not be easy to name any single agency through which liberal principles have been so successfully recommended to the educated classes as they have been through the writings of Mr. Fonblanque. Nor is this so much the effect of that exquisite style which will place his collected writings amongst the classics of our language, as it is owing to the unswerving consistency, the integrity, and manliness which have characterized the career of the conductor of *The Examiner*. We heartily join in thanking Lord John Russell for this acknowledgment, inadequate though we may think it, to one to whom we all owe so much.—*Morning Chronicle.*

AFFECTATION.—Amongst the whole number of Rochefoucauld's "Maximes," there is none more constantly verified by what we see in every-day life than this one—"On n'est jamais si ridicule par les qualités que l'on a que par celles que l'on affecte d'avoir."—"People are never so ridiculous in consequence of qualities they really possess, as of those which they affect to have." If a thorough conviction of the truth of this maxim could by any means be impressed on every one to whom it is applicable, it would go a good way towards revolutionizing the manners of half the population. But those to whom it is most applicable, are precisely those unthinking persons on whom all reasoning would be utterly wasted. There are, however, a very large number who have sense enough to see the truth, if they can only be induced to pay attention to it, and whose tendency to affected habits would be easily checked, if they could be made to see them in the same light as others do. Of the motives which regulate our ordinary life, there is none greater than the desire of our neighbor's respect, or fear of his ridicule. Wounded vanity or diminished self-respect is the bitterest and most unforgiving enemy you can raise up. A man may know that you hate him, and yet become your friend afterwards; but if he knows that you despise him, he is, and will be, your enemy for life. Now, of all the defects and infirmities under which a person labors from natural causes, or others over which he has had no control, there is none which brings the person into contempt. Sometimes, it is true, children and others may laugh at some of those mistakes or accidents occasioned by these things—as, for instance, at a deaf person's making an irrelevant answer to a question, &c.; but this is unaccompanied by the slightest particle of disrespect. But if the individual having these imperfections endeavors foolishly to conceal them, they become forthwith objects of ridicule. Now, nobody would attempt this concealment, unless he imagined that he was gaining in respect by it; whereas the natural imperfections would never have raised a sneer, whilst the attempts at hiding them are just what people laugh at. But the great mass of the affected have no such excuse as the desire to cover over natural defects. These are generally purely gratuitous attempts to make one's-self look very grand, or very handsome, or very wise: whilst every bystander is exclaiming, "What an ass that fellow is making of himself!" It is really astonishing how quickly everything like showing off is detected. Insolent and vulgar people take a wicked pleasure in mortifying all such affected persons to their faces (and really sometimes they deserve it); whilst better-mannered spectators are quietly laughing "in their sleeve." Let us take a few examples in illustration. Perhaps one of the most frequent, though trifling causes of people making themselves ridiculous, is dress. Now, I have often thought it a great pity that the poorer classes (especially) cannot be convinced that they look every bit as "respectable" in their everyday working clothes (if clean), as if dressed out in the gaudiest Sunday finery. And it is precisely their overdoing it on Sundays that marks out their want of good taste. There is something dignified in the appearance of a number of masons or carpenters, &c., going to their work, which cannot have a stronger contrast than in the tawdry finery—rings, gilt chains, pins, and nobody can tell what rubbish besides—with which the conceited shopman decks himself on Sundays, looking, nevertheless, stiff and ill at ease. The grand characteristic of gracefulness is to be quiet, easy, and natural. How many ladies are there in

Great Britain who can walk gracefully? The reason of there being so few who do so, is, that they are not accustomed to it; it is not *natural* to them. Now, all the dancing-masters in existence can never make them do that gracefully which is not acquired naturally. Let them become as much *accustomed* to walking as the signoras of Spain, and they will do it as gracefully.

Again, take the tone of voice and accent as an example. If anything will sicken and disgust a man, it is the affected, mincing way in which some people choose to talk. It is perfectly nauseous. If those young jackanapes, who screw their words into all manner of diabolical shapes, could only feel how perfectly disgusting they were, it might induce them to drop it. With many it soon becomes such a confirmed habit, that they cannot again be taught to talk in a plain, straightforward, manly way. In the lower order of ladies' boarding-schools, and indeed too much everywhere, the same sickening mincing tone is often found. Some specimens I have heard, which make me feel sick even to think of them. Do, pray, good people, talk in your natural tone, if you don't wish to be utterly ridiculous and contemptible; for there is nothing which more inevitably marks a coxcomb and a fool than this same sentimental mealy-mouthedness. They fancy that it is "aristocratic!" I have not the entrée at Devonshire House myself, but I would refer the men to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the ladies to our Queen, believing in neither will they find any precedent for their fooleries. All travellers amongst the native Indians of America remark the gracefulness and dignity which characterize their actions. There is no reason why ours should not be the same. Only be natural, and you avoid most of what is *ungraceful*; and by being content with your own natural character and appearance, you will certainly escape that contemptuous ridicule which invariably falls on every species of Affectation.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE DULCE AND THE UTILE.—When Sir John Carr was in Glasgow, about the year 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The travelling knight recommended this brief record—"Glasgow to Nelson." "True," said one of the bailies, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add, 'Glasgow to Nelson ix. miles,' so that the column might serve both for a milestone and a monument."

THE WARS BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The following table relative to the wars between England and France, and the periods of their duration, since the war which commenced in 1116 and lasted two years, will be read with interest:—

1141	lasted 1 year.	1557	lasted 2 years
1161	" 25 "	1562	" 2 "
1201	" 15 "	1627	" 2 "
1224	" 19 "	1666	" 1 "
1294	" 5 "	1689	" 10 "
1339	" 21 "	1702	" 11 "
1368	" 52 "	1744	" 11 "
1422	" 49 "	1756	" 7 "
1494	" 1 month.	1778	" 5 "
1512	" 2 years.	1793	" 9 "
1521	" 6 "	1803	" 11 "
1549	" 1 "		

Hence it appears, that in the space of 713 years war has been carried on between England and France for the period of 262 years.

A COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER MARCHIONESS OF EXETER.—Sarah Hoggins was the second wife of Henry, afterwards Earl and Marquis of Exeter, to whom she was married October 3, 1791; she died January 18, 1797, aged 24 years. The Earl died in 1804. This amiable woman, whose virtues gave a lustre to the title of Countess of Exeter, and who died lamented by all who knew her, has something so uncommonly interesting in the history of her life, that a detailed sketch cannot but be acceptable to every reader of sensibility. When the Earl was a minor, he married a lady from whom he was afterwards divorced. After the separation had taken place, the Earl (his uncle) advised him to retire into the country for some time, and pass as a private gentleman. Mr. Cecil accordingly bent his course into a remote part of Shropshire; and fixing his residence at an inn in a small village, he amused himself there for some months, passing by the name of Jones. He took a dislike to this situation, and sought out a farm-house where he might board and lodge.

Several families refused to receive him, but at length he found a situation which answered his purpose; and in consideration of his liberal offers, and the knowledge of his possessing money, a farmer fitted him up rooms for his accommodation. Here he continued to reside for about two years; but time hanging heavy on his hands, he purchased some land, on which he built himself a house. The farmer, at whose house Mr. Cecil resided, had a daughter, about 17 years of age, whose rustic beauties threw at an infinite distance all that he had ever beheld in the circle of fashion. Although placed in an humble sphere, Mr. Cecil perceived that her beauty would adorn, and her virtue shed a lustre on the most elevated station. He therefore frankly told the cottagers that he was desirous of marrying their daughter, and the celebration of their nuptials was accordingly consummated. Shortly afterwards, the news arrived of his uncle's death, when he found it necessary to repair to town. Mr. Cecil (now Earl of Exeter), taking his wife with him, set out on his journey, and called at the seats of several noblemen, at which places, to the great astonishment of his wife (now of course a Countess), he was welcomed in the most friendly manner. At length they arrived at Burghley, where they were welcomed with acclamations of joy. As soon as he had settled his affairs, the Earl of Exeter returned to Shropshire, discovered his rank to his wife's father and mother, put them into the house he had built there, and settled on them an income of 700*l.* per annum. He afterwards took the Countess with him to London, introduced her to the fashionable world, where she was respected, admired, and adored, until it pleased the Great Disposer of events to call her spirit to a more lasting region of happiness.

PRIZE ESSAY ON HYDROPHOBIA.—A non-professional gentleman has offered a fifty-pound prize for the best essay on hydrophobia, as it affects the human subject, its causes, pathology, prevention, and treatment. The competition open to all writers. The judges, Professors Christison, Simpson, and Miller, of the Edinburgh University. The essays to be lodged with Mr. Blair Wilson, Secretary to the University of Edinburgh, on or before the 1st of May, 1849. Considering the importance of this subject, and the difficulties attending its study, we suggest that the medical boards of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, should jointly contribute 150*l.* more, making the prize 200*l.* The subject might then receive the attention which its peculiar and serious nature merits.—*People's Journal.*

SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.—The earliest quarto editions of the plays of Shakspeare, wherein the title-pages are given exactly as they stand, and in the form in which they are printed in the original editions. It has generally been said that there are 20 quarto editions of plays by Shakspeare, printed anterior to the folio of 1623; but the fact is that, exclusive of "The Taming of the Shrew," the title-page of the quarto edition of which bears date in 1631, there are only seventeen quartos. Steevens, in 1766, to make up the number, added the two parts of "The Troublesome Reign of King John," 1611, which nobody in modern times has imputed to Shakspeare, although "Written by W. Sh." was inserted fraudulently on the title-page by the old printer: he also reprinted among his "Twenty Quartos" the two parts of the "Contention between the two Houses of Lancaster and York;" but he strangely omitted "Pericles," which had much more than an equal claim to the distinction. The undoubted plays of Shakspeare, which came from the press in quarto before 1623, were the following, and our list is made out according to the dates of publication:

Romeo and Juliet - 1597	Merchant of Venice 1600
Richard the Second 1597	Henry the Fifth - 1600
Richard the Third 1597	Titus Andronicus 1600
Henry the Fourth,	Merry Wives of
part 1 - - - - 1598	Windsor - - - 1602
Love's Labors Lost 1598	Hamlet - - - - 1603
Much Ado about	King Lear - - - 1608
Nothing - - - 1600	Troilus and Cressi-
Midsummer Night's	da - - - - - 1609
Dream - - - 1600	Pericles - - - - 1609
Henry the Fourth,	Othello - - - - 1622
part 2 - - - - 1600	

Thus it will be seen at once how irregularly Shakspeare's dramas came from the press, viz., three in 1597, two in 1598, six in 1600, one in 1602, and another in 1603, one in 1608, two in 1609, and one in 1622. Why six separate productions were crowded into 1600, while in various years none at all appeared, is matter of curious and interesting speculation: five of these six were printed from good manuscripts, whether derived from the theatre or from any other source, while the sixth was indisputably surreptitious, and never could have been authorized by anybody.—*Mr. Collier, in the Shakspeare Society papers.*

HEATHENISH CHRISTIAN NAMES.—It is not a good thing to be Tom'd or Bob'd, Jack'd or Jim'd, Sam'd or Ben'd, Natty'd or Batty'd, Neddy'd or Teddy'd, Will'd or Bill'd, Dick'd or Nick'd, Joe'd or Jerry'd, as you go through the world. And yet it is worse to have a Christian name, that for its oddity shall be in everybody's mouth when you are spoken of, as if it were pinned upon your back, or labelled upon your forehead—Quintin Dick for example, which would have been still more unlucky if Mr. Dick had happened to have a cast in his eye. "The Report on Parochial Registration" contains a singular example of the inconvenience which may arise from giving a child an uncouth Christian name. A gentleman called Anketil Gray had occasion for a certificate of his baptism: it was known at what church he had been baptized, but on searching the register there, no such name could be found: some mistake was presumed, therefore, not in the entry, but in the recollection of the parties, and many other registers were examined without success. A length the first register was again recurred to, and then, upon a closer investigation, they found him entered as Miss Ann Kettle Gray.—*The Doctor.*

THE VOCATIVE OF "CAT."—The Archbishop of Dublin, who knows as well as any one how "*desipere in loco*," teased by some grammarian, challenged his tormentor to decline the commonest noun—"cat," for example. The pedant contemptuously proceeded—

"Nominative—a cat, or the cat.
Genitive—of a cat, or &c.
Dative—to or for a cat, or &c.
Accusative—a cat, or &c.
Vocative—O cat!"

"Wrong," interrupted the Archbishop: "*puss* is the vocative of cat all through the United Kingdom, and wherever else the Teutonic dialects are spoken."

REVIVAL OF THE EARLDOM OF STRAFFORD.—The revival of the Earldom of Strafford, by the elevation of General Lord Strafford to that title, is a revival which takes place for the third time. The first occurred in the reign of Charles II., who restored the title to the son of the great Earl of Strafford, sacrificed by Charles I. to the popular hatred. The second revival of the title was made by Queen Anne, who conferred it on a male relative of the same family; and the third takes place under Queen Victoria, by whom it is now conferred on the brother of the late member for Middlesex, and may, doubtless in some measure, be regarded as a tribute to the memory of that most consistent public man, who, during the course of a life spent in his country's political service, upheld firmly, under good and evil report, those principles of civil and religious liberty of which his family have ever been the staunch and undeviating adherents.—*Globe*.

CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS.—Lord Campbell has just completed the two concluding volumes of his "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England,"—containing those of Lords Loughborough, Erskine, and Eldon. The whole of Lord Loughborough's papers and correspondence have been submitted to his lordship by the present Earl of Rosslyn, his representative; the Earl of Auckland has lent a large collection of letters from Lord Loughborough to his father, and the present Viscount Melville a curious collection respecting Catholic Emancipation in 1801. For the life of Lord Erskine, his lordship has obtained "an exquisitely beautiful letter, written by him when he was a boy, at St. Andrew's, about to become a soldier or a sailor," and all the note-books compiled by him when he was a student of law, when he was at the bar, and when he was Chancellor. Nor will the Life of Eldon be found without its attractions—Sir Robert Peel having placed at the discretion of his lordship all the letters which passed between him and Lord Eldon, from the time of Sir Robert's appointment to the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, in 1822. These letters were either withheld from Mr. Twiss, or, perhaps, never applied for.—*Athenæum*.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR THE YEAR 1846.—2 marquesses, 6 earls, 23 viscounts, 32 lords, 34 right honorables, 60 honorables, 60 baronets, 10 knights, 7 lord lieutenants, 109 deputy and vice-lieutenants, 2 lieutenant-generals, 7 major-generals, 26 colonels, 24 lieutenant-colonels, 7 majors, 5 admirals, 50 captains in army and navy, 12 lieutenants, 7 cornets, 75 barristers and advocates, 4 solicitors, 53 magistrates, 22 bankers, 27 East and West India proprietors, 84 placemen, 101 patrons of Church livings, having 232 livings between them.—*People's Almanac*.

CAMELS IN AUSTRALIA.—A correspondent of the (Sydney) *Australian Journal* recommends strongly the extensive introduction of the camel from India, which, having been successfully imported into the Mauritius, might doubtless be brought safe to Port Essington (or to Swan River), and thence be generally introduced. The best camel (he says) as a beast of burden is that of the Marwarre breed, purchasable in India at 60 to 100 rupees, 6*l.* to 10*l.*, and, being a browsing rather than a grazing animal, is easily sustained by leaves or young branches gathered by itself *en route*, or brought to it by a careful driver, who can easily manage three of these animals. They travel in single file, the nose of one being attached by a rope through the cartilage to the crupper of another, carrying 400*lb.* if very moderately laden, up to 700*lb.* or 800*lb.* upon emergency, and averaging 3½ miles an hour. So that, for the purpose of an expedition or a long journey in Australia, a band of six camels would carry 1,600*lb.* of provision and kit, and 800*lb.* of water in mussucks or skin bottles. Like the horse, the camel breeds annually, produces one at a birth, and seems just adapted to perform good services in journeying through the most sandy and scrubby wastes of Australia.—*South Australian Register*.

FINANCES OF RUSSIA.—The finances of Russia are very considerably and rapidly on the increase, and the revenue is at this time certainly above 500,000,000*f.* The duty on brandy is the chief source; this amounted in 1844 to about 128,000,000 of paper rubles. The revenue of the Customs is the second item, and since 1840 has amounted to above 100,000,000 of paper rubles; the poll tax produces about 80,000,000; the contributions imposed on the cultivation of grain, 30,000,000 to 40,000,000; that imposed upon commerce, 20,000,000 to 25,000,000. The Post Office returns in 1843 were 3,174,963 silver rubles, and the actual revenue may be calculated at about 1,000,000*f.* The patents yield from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000, and timber the same. The mines belonging to the Crown, and the duties imposed upon the washing of gold in the mines belonging to private persons, give from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000. To these sources of public revenue must be added that of the ground rents, the monopoly of tobacco, and of playing cards, the tax upon salt, upon the Crown manufactures, &c.—*Dutch Paper*.

LAST COMPLIMENT TO JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind has left us; but ere she had half crossed the Channel, an English mermaid rose ahead of the ship; the paddles were stopped, and the Syren begged of the Swede to accept as a slight memorial, her comb and mirror. Jenny, of course, received the gifts with her usual sweetness. She then begged the Syren to sing a song; but the mermaid, shaking her head—as much as to say, "Since you've been heard, it's all up with mermaids,"—with a bubbling sigh dived to the bottom of the deep.

A GENOESE RAPHAEL.—The painting by Raphael, known by the name of the "Virgin of Loretto," of which there are numerous copies, though the original has long been believed to have been lost or destroyed, has been at last found at Genoa, by the Marquis de Spinola, Grand Chamberlain, and President of the Albertine Academy. The distinguished connoisseur, instead of converting this precious discovery to enrich his own collection, has offered it to the King of Sardinia, who at once decided upon making the acquisition. All the artists of Turin have examined it, and pronounce it to be authentic.